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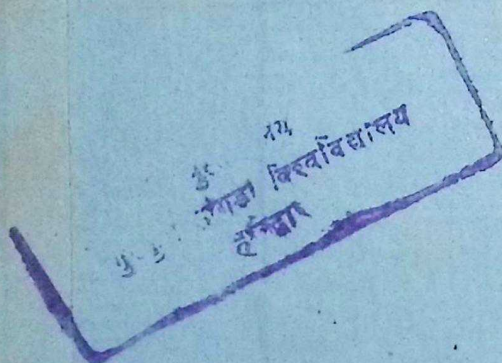


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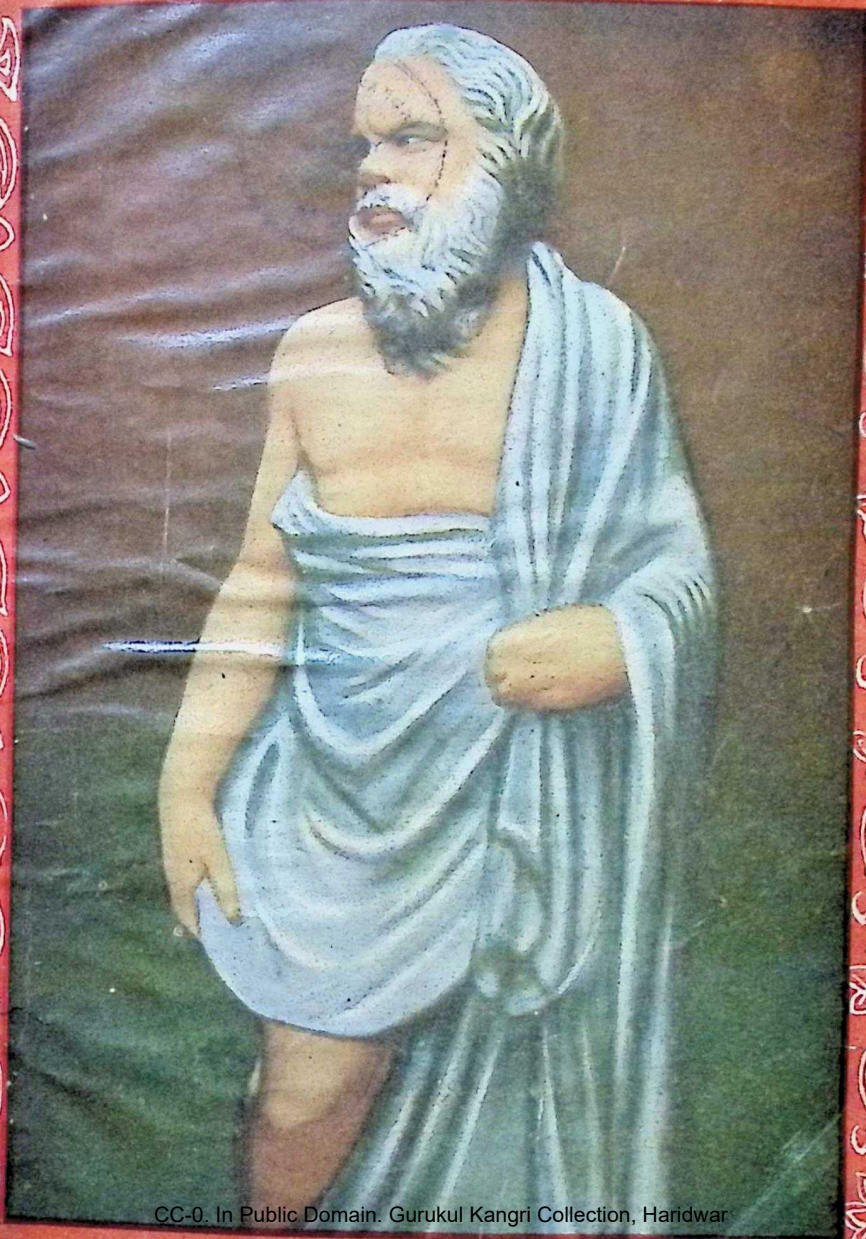
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Vol. VI

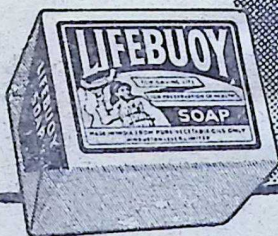
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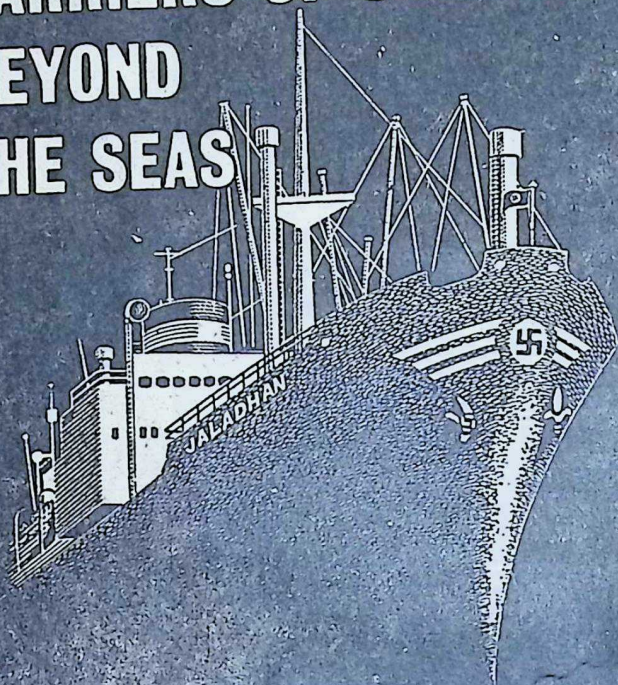
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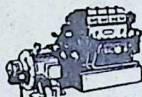
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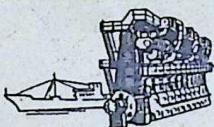
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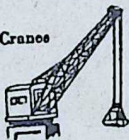
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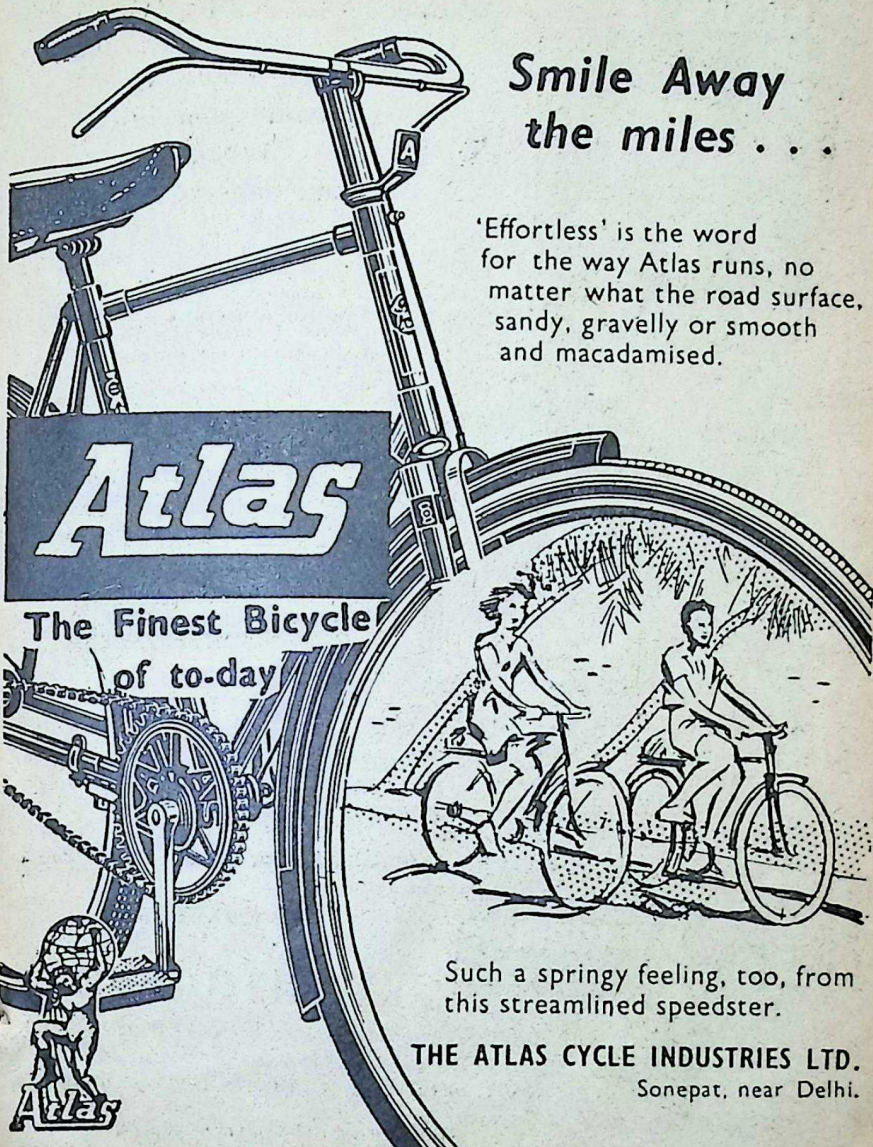
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Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

Vol. VI

JULY 10, 1960

No. 25

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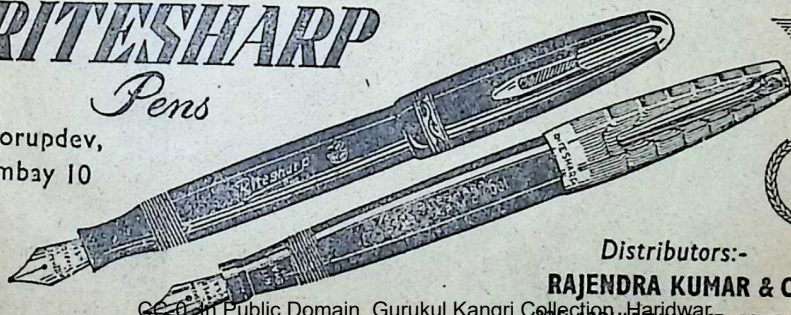
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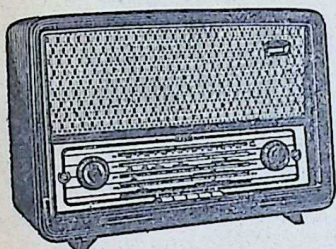
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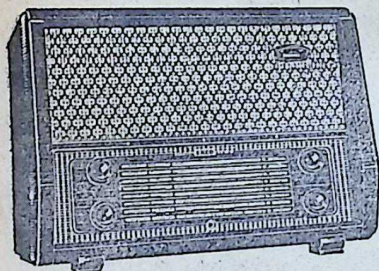


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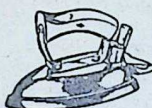
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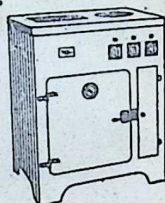
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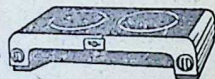
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 Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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Vol. VI

JULY 10, 1960

No. 25

SECRET OF SUCCESS

दिघसेनैव तत्कुर्यात् येन रात्रौ सुखं वसेत् ।
 अष्टमासेन तत्कुर्यात् येन वर्षे सुखं वसेत् ॥
 पूर्वे वयसि तत्कुर्यात् येन वृद्धः सुखं वसेत् ।
 यावज्जीवं तु तत्कुर्यात् येन प्रेत्य सुखं वसेत् ॥

Do that in the day-time by which you will be happy at night;

Do that during the first eight months that will give you happiness in the four rainy months;

Do that in youth what assures you comfort in old age;

Do throughout your life that which will bring happiness in your life hereafter.

—Mahabharata



अ म त त वि द्या

Kulapati's Letter

ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 209

★ OUR PRESENT EDUCATION ★ WESTERNISM ★ ITS EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Bombay.

JULY 10, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

THE creative art of life can best be learned during the early years of a man's life. That is why education—though it goes on all through life—assumes importance when related to this formative period.

There is a vast dissatisfaction with our present-day education in India. Quite a number of remedies are suggested in the addresses which are delivered annually in the country, leaving aside the recommendations of the Reforms Committee and the Vice-Chancellors' conferences. Most of them are forgotten; few of them are tried; fewer still have succeeded. And the universities are slowly turning out generations of young men who have not been armed with character or moral purpose.

I am convinced that no patch-work remedy is likely to succeed; the whole national outlook on education requires to be changed. Education must be looked upon as a training in the creative art of life; in other words, education must be made creative.

Unfortunately for us the problem has been complicated by our authoritarian outlook on education. Its content, method, and even the details are regulated and, in many cases, even regimented from above by the universities and the government departments. Very little, if any, freedom is left to the individual institution or teacher to vary the method, alter the goal, or infuse a new spirit in the education imparted.

There is a movement to officialise text-books; to acquire official control over the recruitment or removal of teachers; to prevent a departure from the prescribed routine methods of teaching, however soulless they may be to find solutions by a change of form rather than change of content. No wonder education has no vitality left to acquire new creativeness.

In the last hundred years, several attempts were made to alter the content, method and goal of the British imposed system of education. The

main object of such changes was to inculcate a national outlook, a sense of discipline and a moral purpose in the students.

Swami Shraddhanand founded the gurukul system; it was inspired by an ambition to impart discipline, strength of character and faith in our Vedic heritage.

During the days of the Partition of Bengal, Sri Aurobindo made a short-lived attempt to found an educational system which would develop in the student an ardent nationalism informed by a sense of mission to liberate the country from alien rule.

Another experiment was made by Mahatma Gandhi when he founded the Gujarat Vidyapith. Its aim was to inculcate discipline, simplicity and spirit of service among the students.

None of these experiments took root. The financial support was attracted to each of them, not in the interest of an educational revolution, but because of people's faith in the founder's religious or political mission.

The latest experiment of this kind is being made by the Mother at the Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. The University, as it is called, has for its object the training of young men and women in the spiritual doctrines of Sri Aurobindo against an international background of unity and harmony.

None of these experiments had or has the least influence on the university education. It has continued to grow—down—not in words, but in deed—
 • • • • •
 All responsibility for being creative, that is, for training the student to develop a sense of discipline, a moral purpose and a spirit of dedication.

The university education has held:



*The Mother,
Sri Aurobindo Ashram.*

the Indian mind in its grip primarily because it is a paying one. A degree from a recognised university provides a passport to careers. It also brings social status to the holder. Therefore, it remains the biggest single factor among the influences on national life, however uncreative it is.

I am convinced that there are two main reasons, more or less interdependent, as to why education has remained so barren: first, its domination by what I call 'Westernism', and second, our confused thinking on what creative education is.

• • • • •

Westernism is the philosophy of life which, for the last seventy-five years and particularly after the World Wars, has been gaining acceptance in many parts of the world. However, it should not be confounded with all that comes from the West. There are many in the West who have escaped

its virus and quite a few in this country who have fallen victims to it.

I have called this philosophy of life 'Westernism' because it had its origin in Europe in the 16th century, when modern science began its active career. Then the Christian Church, finding its rigid dogmas slipping from under it, reacted by persecuting the scientists. As a result, the intellectuals of Europe came to be divided into two warring camps—one upholding Religion, the other Science.

Religion, philosophy and mysticism are based on the truth of faith; so is the strength of fundamental values like love, beauty and truth. Because of the antagonism of the Church, however, Science denied the truth of faith and treated the truth of the senses as the *only* truth. With the truth of senses as its only foundation, the pro-science intellectuals were driven towards rearing a philosophy of life which I have ventured to call 'Westernism'.

When the conflict between religion and science in Europe followed the Industrial Revolution, Westernism squarely built itself on the dogma that life is worth living only when it is lived in terms of material values, which Science alone was expected to provide. Even the unbiassed protagonists of the new outlook could not perceive the Science was amoral, asocial, aspiritual; that life to be well lived had to be based on the truth of faith and one's readiness to suffer for it.

Once material values were accepted as the ultimate good, material comforts were equated with happiness. Money, success and power became the sole means to fulfil one's desires.

nism was raised into virtue. Nothing was sacred. No standards—social, ethical or spiritual—were absolute. Even God was to be accepted only if He was found to have cash value.

Material success in terms of money or power became the goal of life. Those who made money or those who wielded power became demi-gods. Corruption, however bitterly decried in public, became a well-recognised way to gain the end of life, and when the seeker of power failed to make money, he imposed coercion in the name of 'economic justice'.

While the philosophy of life reared on the conflict of Religion and Science led the world towards decadence, it undoubtedly gave a stimulus to modern science. The bounds of knowledge were widened. Old superstitions and social barriers began to fall away. Diseases, one after the other, were conquered. Distances were annihilated. Thinking men became acutely aware of the economic imbalance between man and man.

These were not the products of Westernism; they were the results of the march of Science. And the truth of senses, on which it was based, would have marched hand in hand with the truth of faith all the way they did in Ancient India, had not the peculiar conditions of Europe forced a bitter conflict, which fathered monstrous progeny, Westernism.

In India, when science was developed, the truth of faith and the truth of science were never treated mutually exclusive. Philosophy, religion, yoga and the sciences—till about the 16th century India was scientifically more advanced than

most countries in the world—were to us aspects of the same truth.

Since we came into contact with the West, many of our intellectuals, dominated by Westernism, have been accepting the truth of the senses as the exclusive truth as implicit in the nature of things. With them, money and power have become divinities. Greed has been glorified as the need for higher standards of life. Learning has been thought of only in terms of the money it brings.

Luxurious buildings and costly furniture are held essential to higher education, which naturally make it more and more expensive. As a result, higher education has been placed beyond the reach of the poor student, however deserving he may be.

Westernism, having rejected the truth of faith, accorded to the knowledge of facts a pride of place in the scheme of life, ignoring faith. This led to a theory of education being propounded, which is sometimes called 'Electivism'. It connotes that all the subjects taught have equal educational value; that the study of the physical and social sciences has the same formative influence on the student as the classical, philosophical, religious or historical studies; that, anyway, studies which form character, sense of discipline and a spirit of dedication, have less importance, if at all, than the acquisition of scientific knowledge.

Under Electivism, multiple courses are provided in several varieties of subjects. A knowledge of elementary chemistry is presumed to have the same formative influence on the

student as the study of a literary masterpiece, or the history of one's ancient past. The underlying idea behind it is to equip the students for success in life by manipulating knowledge and intelligence in the interest of technical progress.

The influence of this outlook on education has even affected the studies in the formative subjects like literature, philosophy, religion and history. The student is not taught to approach these studies in the humble attitude of absorbing the values they enshrine, but in the 'scientific spirit' of criticism, analysis and comparison, thus considerably impairing their formative influence.

No one can legitimately quarrel with the proposition that the study of science and technical knowledge or the development of the creative spirit are indispensable in the modern world. We must have them; survival in the modern world depends upon them. But they are only instruments; survival depends upon the strength provided by courage, tenacity, sacrifice and the urge to live a life consecrated to higher values. And they are only developed when educational system provides and fosters values.

Electivism goes even a step further. It claims that the teacher or the parent can decide whether a child is fit to take up arts, science, commerce or law. Selection of a technical course is now being pushed back to an early stage when the child's mind is so unripe as to make selection impossible. As a result, the organic unity of education, rendered possible by a minimum general course, has been disappearing.

Adorations to Veda Vyasa

Brahmananda

The 8th of this month is hallowed by the Jayanti of Bhagavan Vyasa. Chaturmasya commences on this day.

On this holy day let us re-dedicate ourselves to the pursuit of at least some of the great ideals Sage Vyasa set before Bharata-Varsha.

The following is a famous prayer in praise of Sage Vyasa. Its constant recital makes one become learned.

कलमलास्तविवेकदिवाकरं समवलोक्य तमो-
वलितं जनम् ।
करुणया भुवि दर्शितविग्रहं मुनिवरं तमहं
सततं भजे ॥

Adorations always unto that Great Sage who, moved to pity by the sight of the complete warping of the sun of *viveka* or discrimination by the dert of Kali and the people surrounded by nescience or *tamas*, manifested himself into this world in human form.

भरतवंशसमुद्धरणेच्छया स्वजननीवचसा
परिनोदितः ।
अजनयत्तनयत्रितयं प्रभुर्मुनिवरं तमहं सततं
भजे ॥

Adorations always unto that Great Sage who, ordained by the words of his mother, procreated three sons for propagating the progeny of Bharata.

मतिबलादि निरीक्ष्य कलौ नृणां लघुतरं कृपया
निगमावधेः ।

समकरोदिह भागमनेकधा मुनिवरं तमहं सततं
भजे ॥

Adorations always unto that Great Sage who, seeing the state of mind of the men of Kali Yuga, codified the ocean of Vedas into several easy parts.

सकलधर्मनिरूपणसागरं विविधचित्रकथा समलं
कृतम् ।
व्यरचयच्च पुराणकदम्बकं मुनिवरं तमहं सततं
भजे ॥

Adorations always unto that Great Sage who compiled a bouquet of Puranas which are an ocean demonstrating Dharma in all its aspects and which are adorned by multi-coloured stories.

श्रुतिविरोधसमन्वयदर्पणं निखिलवादिमता-
न्ध्यविदारणम् ।
ग्रथितवानपि सूत्रसमूहकं मुनिवरं तमहं सततं
भजे ॥

Adorations always unto that Great Sage who also composed the groups of Sutras or aphorisms which are verily the mirror reconciling the apparently conflicting postulations of Sruti texts and which break through the blind alley of the opponent's views

यदनुभाववशेन दिवं गतः समधिगम्य महा-
स्त्रसमुच्चयम् ।

कुरुचमूजयद्विजयो द्रुतं मुनिवरं तमहं सततं
भजे ॥

Adorations always unto that Great Sage by whose might and power Arjuna was able to go to Heaven, obtain the group of great weapons and win the Kuru hordes in no time.

समरवृत्तविबोधसमीहया कुरुवरेण मुदा कृत-
याचनः ।

सपदि सूतमदादमलेक्षणं मुनिवरं तमहं सततं
भजे ॥

Adorations always unto that Great Sage who out of deference to the request of Dhritarashtra, the blind, to have a vivid knowledge of the progress of the Epic War, gave the blessed vision to Suta immediately and with pleasure.

वननिवासपरौ कुरुदम्पती सुतशुचा तपसा च
विकशितौ ।
मृततनूजगणं समदर्शयन्मुनिवरं तमहं सततं
भजे ॥

Adorations unto that Sage who gave to the Dhritarashtra couple who were emaciated by dwelling in the forest, berievement and Tapas, the vision of their dead-sons!

PORTRAIT OF VEDA VYASA

The *Bhavan's Journal* has pleasure in inviting artists from all over India to submit original portraits of Sage Veda-Vyasa in colour, preferably in oil.

The portrait must be realistic in style and conform to known puranic details about him and have proper background and suggestion. There is no entry fee.

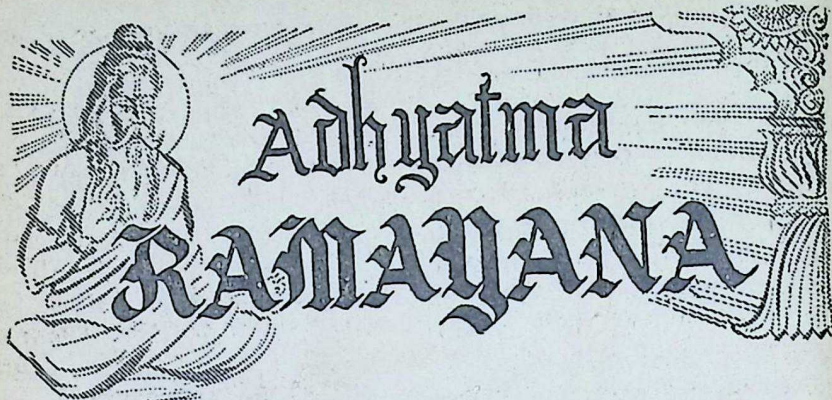
The entries will be scrutinised by a panel of Scholars, Historians and Art critics.

The most outstanding among them, if there is one according to the Judges, will be awarded a cash prize of Rs. 250/- with sure chances of further work.

The prize-winning portrait which will become the property of the Bhavan, will be published in the *Bhavan's Journal*.

Editor,

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL



of Vedavyasa—7

Sri Rama Guards the Sacrifice

किञ्चिद्देशमतिक्रम्य राममाहूय भविततः ॥
ददौ बलां चातिबलां विद्ये द्वे देवनिर्मिते ।
ययोर्ग्रहणमात्रेण क्षुत्क्षामादि न जायते ॥

They had gone a short distance when Sage Vishwamitra affectionately called Sri Rama aside and with grace ineffable gave him the divine mantras, *Bala* and *Atibala* which had the efficacy of eradicating hunger and fatigue for ever.

तत उत्तीर्य गङ्गां ते ताटकावनमागमन् ।
विश्वामित्रस्तदा प्राह रामं सत्यपराक्रमम् ॥
अत्रास्ति ताटका नाम राक्षसी कामरूपिणी ।
बाधते लोकमखिलं जहि तामविचारयन् ॥

Then they crossed the Ganges and entered the forest where Tataka, a demoness, lived. Vishwamitra then told Rama, the embodiment of Truth and Valour, "O, Prince, here, in this

very forest, lives the demoness, Tataka who, capable of assuming any form at her will, is spreading great terror among those who live here. Without a second thought, it, therefore, behooves you to put an end to her life."

तथेति धनुरादाय सगुणं रघुनन्दनः ।
टङ्कारमकरोत्तेन शब्देनापूरयद्वनम् ॥
तच्छ्रुत्वासहमाना सा ताटका घोररूपिणी
क्रोधसंमूर्च्छिता राममभिदुद्राव मेघवत् ।
तामेकेन शरेणाशु ताडयामास वक्षसि
पपात विपिने घोरा वमन्ती रुधिरं बहु

At once, Sri Rama made a twang on the chord of his bow (which was a challenge), the dreadful noise which reverberated through the forest. Blinded by rage, the fearful demoness rushed to the scene like a black rain of cloud. Immediately, Rama shot

with a single
arrow at her
breast, at which
she fell down in
the forest vomiting tons
of blood.

ततोऽतिसुन्दरी यक्षी सर्वाभरणभूषिता।
शापात्पिशाचतां प्राप्ता मुक्ता रामप्रसादतः॥
नत्वा रामं परिक्रम्य गता रामाज्ञया दिवम् ॥

Thus, with the grace of Sri Rama,
Tataka was liberated from her dread-
ful state to which she had been con-
signed by a curse. Again she as-
sumed her beautiful form of *Yakshi*

and, after circumambulat-
ing and prostrating herself
before the Lord, the Apsara pro-
ceeded to Swargaloka.

ततोऽतिहृष्टः परिरभ्य रामं
मूर्धन्यवधाय विचिन्त्य किञ्चित्।
सर्वास्त्रजालं सरहस्यमन्त्रं
प्रोत्थाभिरामाय ददौ मुनीन्द्रः॥

Greatly pleased at this, Sage Vish-
wamitra embraced Sri Rama and im-
parted to him the *vidyas* relating to
Astra and *Sastra*, together with their
appropriate *mantras*.

तत्र कामाश्रमे रम्ये कानने मुनिसङ्कुले।
उषित्वा रजनीमेकां प्रभाते प्रस्थिताः शनैः॥
सिद्धाश्रमं गताः सर्वे सिद्धचारणसेवितम्।
विश्वामित्रेण संदिष्टा मुनयस्तन्निवासिनः॥
पूजां च महतीं चकू रामलक्ष्मणयोर्द्वयम्।

Spending the night at the beautiful
Kamasrama, the home of many
Rishis, Rama and Lakshmana toge-
ther with Sage Vishwamitra resumed
their journey in the early hours next
morning. The three then reached Sid-
dhasrama which was worshipped by
Siddhas and Charanas. As desired by
Vishwamitra, the Rishis there receiv-
ed Sri Rama and Lakshmana and treat-
ed them with all the respects due to
them.

श्रीरामः त्रैलोक्यं गतः सन् दीक्षां प्रविश्यताम्
दशयस्व महाभाग कुतस्तौ राक्षसाधमौ।

Rama then said to Vishwamitra: "O, Sage, you may enter *diksha* here. Just show us where those wicked demons, Maricha and Subahu, are."

तयेत्युक्त्वा मुनिर्यष्टुमारोभे मुनिभिः सह ॥

Well pleased, Sage Vishwamitra, with the help of other Rishis, began to perform the sacrifice.

मध्याह्ने ददृशाते तौ राक्षसौ कामरूपिणौ ।

मारीचश्च सुबाहुश्च वर्णन्तौ रुधिरास्थिनी ॥

रामोऽपि धनुरादाय द्वौ बाणौ सन्दधे सुधीः ।

आकर्णन्तिं समाकृष्य विससर्ज तयोः पृथक् ॥

तयोरेकस्तु मारीचं आमयच्छतयोजनम् ।

पादयामास जलधौ तदद्भुतमिवाभवत् ॥

द्वितीयोऽग्निमयो बाणः सुबाहुमजयत्क्षणात् ।

अपरे लक्ष्मणेनाशु हतास्तदनुयायिनः ॥

About noon, the two demons—Maricha and Subahu—were seen pouring blood on the sacrificial place and scattering bones round about. At once, Sri Rama took two arrows, and placing them in position on his bow-string, pulled it so far as to touch his ears, and on being let off, one after the other they darted forth at both

the demons. One made Maricha fly up to a hundred *Yojanas* and then threw him into the sea, and the sight was awe-inspiring. The other arrow, emitting fire, instantly conquered Subahu. Their followers were quickly killed by Lakshmana.

पुष्पौघैराकिरन्देवा राघवं सहलक्ष्मणम् ।

देवदुन्दुभयो नेदुस्तुष्टुवुः सिद्धचारणाः ॥

विश्वामित्रस्तु संपूज्य पूजार्हं रघुनन्दनम् ।

अङ्गकेनिवेश्य चालिङ्ग्य भक्त्या बाष्पा-

कुलेक्षणः ॥

From above, the gods showered flowers on Rama and Lakshmana and blew trumpets. Siddhas and Charanas sang in their praise. And Sage Vishwamitra with devotion and eyes full of tears, seated on his lap, embraced and greeted Rama who was fit to be adored.

भोजयित्वा सह भ्रात्रा रामं पक्वफलादिभिः ॥

पुराणवाक्यैर्मधुरैर्निनाय दिवसत्रयम् ॥

Feeding Rama along with his brother with ripe fruits, Sage Vishwamitra entertained them for three days with sweet puranic accounts.

Wealth, men, women, poesy—none of these, O Lord of the universe, do I desire; in every birth of mine, may there be unmotivated devotion to you, the Lord.

Bhagavata Purana.

In consequence, modern education has largely ceased to be formative. It fails to teach permanent values to the student at an impressionable age and only arms him with more effective weapons wherewith to satisfy his egoistic ambitions. Such a student could never become a man of culture. His interests are bound to be narrow. He would be trained to look at life from the angle of the special subject which he has chosen or which is chosen for him. He may be a super-developed mechanic, a technological expert or a successful man, but an under-developed human being all the same. He would have little equipment for a complete life; his sense of moral and spiritual values would be warped.

During the last fifty years, the world had had enough of such men. Lacking moral and spiritual values, they have built up militant organisations of monstrous materialism and developed a characteristic way of life. They have no respect for the sanctity of homes. They find joy of life only in smut and sensation. They stand for easy and swift divorce. They deride self-discipline. They mock at responsibility. They deny the possibility of a high destiny for man. They admit nothing higher than the knowledge which subserves the immediate practical ends of changing externals. Universities, to them, are nothing more than service stations to supply the practical needs of man.

It is forgotten that it is such men who have staged purges, mass murders, Belsen horrors, the wicked displacement of men, women and children by millions. Where such men have not destroyed, they have stu-

bled soulless regimentation. Thus a spiritual crisis has been forced upon the world. Dr. Sorokin rightly concludes: 'Hence the striking incompetence of the Western Science in performing the task of rendering man's conduct altruistic, of teaching him self-control, of curing his mental and moral disorders, of making him competent and happy.'

In U.S.A. where these new experiments have their field day, there has been a growing conviction of late that in view of this moral crisis, the educational system requires to be remodelled. There is a growing demand that through a change in the educational system the Americans be made 'to stop self-indulgence, to develop a higher degree of personal consciousness, accept great engagements towards common effort looking towards a better civilization both here and in other parts of the world.' However, this change involves setting up an educational system based on values, on training students according to that system and a public life which respects and stimulates those values.

If this crisis is to be tided over, in this country as elsewhere, we must go to creative education.

I shall deal with the nature and scope of such creative education in a future letter.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. M. M. M.

Mahabharata Re-interpreted

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Swami Sankarananda

THE Adi Parva or the First Book of *Mahabharata* consists of nineteen sections.

The first five sections describe the process of genesis, as is common to all epics and scriptures.

The seventh section, known as Sambhava Parva, describes the birth of the Pandavas and the Kauravas. Here in a nutshell is the story:

I

Vichitra Veerya, the son of Santanu and Satyawati, dies young, leaving his two wives childless.

To continue the lineage, they beget a son each from Vyasa, with the permission of Satyawati, their mother-in-law. Pandu is one, and Dhritarashtra is the other.

Later in life, Pandu marries two wives, Kunti and Madri. Dhritarashtra marries Gandhari.

Pandu is cursed for a sin while hunting, hence is not permitted to unite with his wives. Kunti begets three children by Yama, Indra and Vayu consecutively, and Madri has twins through the celestial physicians, Aswini Devatas.

Dhritarashtra has one hundred and one children by his wife Gandhari.

Pandu passes away, and his sons, the Pandavas, are under the protection of Dhritarashtra, whose own sons are

known as the Kauravas.

The Pandavas and the Kauravas grow up together under the tutelage of the grand old man, Bhishma.

The Pandavas are brave and intelligent; the Kauravas are unable to tolerate them. They plot to destroy Bhima, the strong man among the five brothers, but fail repeatedly.

Then the Pandavas decide to live separately at Varanavata or Hastinapura.

Aiming to destroy the Pandavas, the Kauravas construct a house of lac (wax) and fill it with many combustible substances and plan to set fire to the house on a particular night.

Vidura, a step-brother of Pandu, acquaints them with the impending danger and advises them to escape.

Bhima opens an underground tunnel and

carries away all the brothers and the mother Kunti.

Now they go and live in Ekachakra Nagara in the guise of Brahmins, undergo various experiences and drift to the country of Drupada for his daughter's wedding. The wedding is in the Kshatriya style, a Swayamvara.

The Pandavas stay in a potter's workshop, and attend the Swayamvara in the guise of Brahmins.

Draupadi, the Princess, can wed only that person who would pierce



Bhagwan Vyasa

the eye of a fish hanging above. The arrow has to be shot through a ring, while the person is looking down at the fish's image in a cauldron of oil placed directly below.

All the Kshatriyas try, but fail to hit the fish.

Then, Prince Dhrishtadyumna, the brother of Draupadi, announces that anyone of the Brahmins in the assembly may try his skill in archery and see if he can win the Princess.

Arjuna is successful in piercing the target.

The Princess comes with the Pandavas to their abode. They inform their mother that they have that day brought 'valuable alms'. The mother tells them from inside the cottage to share the Bhiksha equally. Later she comes outside and sees that the Bhiksha is a Princess and not food, but as she had already given utterance, what she had demanded had to come to pass. So, Princess Draupadi becomes the wife of the five brothers.

The Pandavas go to Indraprastha and meet the elders. Bhishma advises the Kauravas to give the Pandavas a half share of the kingdom. The Pandavas receive their share and go to Khandavaprastha to live.

Sage Narada arrives and advises the mode of life to be conducted by the brothers in order to avoid causing ill-feeling while sharing a single wife, and they follow his instructions.

Arjuna goes on a pilgrimage for one year, travels over many lands, arrives at Dwaraka and marries Subhadra, Sri Krishna's sister.

One day, while Arjuna and Sri Krishna are spending some time on the bank of Yamuna, Agni, the Fire God,

comes in the guise of a Brahmin and asks alms of them. They promise to feed him. Then, Agni discloses his real identity and tells them that he is suffering from indigestion, as a certain king performed a great sacrifice and fed him with a very large quantity of ghee as Ahuti. If they help him to burn the Khandava Vana of Indra, Agni would be free from his sickness.

Arjuna offers his support; Agni starts burning the Khandava Vana. Indra pours rain and hailstones, but Arjuna protects Agni.

In gratitude, Agni fetches for Arjuna a wonderful bow, Gandiva, from Varuna. Maya, a resident of Khandava Vana, is allowed to escape from death by Arjuna.

In gratitude, Maya constructs for the Pandavas an excellent palace of precious stones and valuables, and the Pandavas live there.

II

Now let us look into the allegorical or spiritual meaning of this section.

In a chapter in the Aswamedha Parva, this human body is described as being divided into two parts, called the Antaratma, and the Bahiratma. The five Vayus—Prana, Apana, Udana, Samana, Vyana, with the Buddhi and the Individual Soul, altogether totalling Seven, are known as Antaratma.

The Ten Senses, with the Mind (the Eleventh) constitute the Outer Body or Bahiratma.

These two (Antar and Bahir Atmas) always fight with each other for supremacy over the body.

The enlarged edition of this war

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between the Eighteen is the Battle of Kurukshetra.

The Five Brothers have later given their names in Virata Parva (Book IV) which tally with the names of the five Vayus* in the body. The Yogi conquers his body through Pranayama and overcomes the enemies in the path of spiritual progress. Kunti is the Kriya-Shakti in the body that directs the duties of the different Vayus.

The tenant in this town of Nine Gates (the human body) decides to have total control over the body. He cannot get on with the inner enemies. He decides to live separately. He goes to Varanavata.

Varana or the Elephant (tusker) is the symbol of the Turiya-avastha (the fourth stage). The tusker, when separated from the herd, shuns company and spends its time in seclusion. It is said that the tusker does not lie down and sleep at this stage, but spends its time in the standing position, never sleeping soundly. So this is used as a symbol to explain the state of turiya-avastha or Samadhi.

The human body is the 'Iac palace', the abode constructed of wax and filled with nerves and veins—the hemp-cords described in the story. The force of latent impressions causes the person to sit in Samadhi, but he has not annihilated the enemies—lust, anger, etc. They burn the Nadis.

Before this fire spreads, Bhima (the Apana Vayu) carries away the other brothers and Kunti, and leaves the palace through the underground tunnel. Death occurs through the Tenant leaving the house by the backdoor!

* Prana, Apana, Udana, Samana and Vyana.

The Yoga-Bhrashta gets a new birth soon. This is explained in the succeeding sections.

The Ekachakra Nagara is the human body where the embryo, consisting of the five Vayus and the Kriya-Shakti, has found abode. The Swa-yamvara is the process of creation of this body. The male body is the potter's workshop and the display of archery is the process of creation.

Just as the potter puts a little earth over the wheel and turns it with his rod and creates pots, so the male places a little earth on the wheel (Sree Chakra) and gives it a turn. The wheel rotates and in the course of time this earthen pot (the human body) is created.

Arjuna shoots the arrow through a ring looking at the reflection of the fish's eye in a cauldron of oil; the conception of the human embryo and its passage through the fallopian tube is a process of blind shooting.

The Princess is Buddhi (intellect) the owner of the new abode whom the Princes marry and start living with in the house. (Vide *Bhagavata*, Purana jana Akhyana).

Now let us consider the Khandava Vana Dahana episode.

In the Maha Prasthan Parva, where the five brothers and Draupadi are on the march, bound heavenward, colossal figure, Saptarchis, stands their path and tells them:

"O sons of Pandu, O heroes, I am Agni the Saptarchis, the seven-tongued. I helped Arjuna and brought him the Gandiva bow from Varuna. Let him discard it."

Saptarchis, the seven-tongued one, another name for Vaishwanara, the

*Let us purge our dictionaries of all
inhuman words, O Nations, and thrive
in the light of saintly speech.*

*There are words like pools of poison
that drug man's heart and make
him dead to love.*

*Who taught us words like "enemy,"
"savage," "barbarian," "heathen,"
"foreigner," "nigger"?*

*Did they who coined these words vindicate
man's Divine Creator?
Do they who glibly mouth them help
to unify the sundered human races?*

*Man forgives even the basest ingratitude,
but the memory of unkind
words is as a thorn in the flesh.*

*Let us say to our tongue: "Thou wert
created boneless that thou might'st
utter naught but gentle, kindly words".*

*Down with Religion, down with Patriotism,
if these like canker-worms
eat into the heart of man to batten
on the milk of human kindness.*

*In a corner of the Cosmos the gods
once planted a little hamlet of
straw cots for breathing beings;
with the flaming brand of incendiary
words man has set fire to them—
and now the children of men are homeless.*

*O Saints who dwell on continents and
islands and peninsulas, come forward
and strike out words of Hate
from the dictionaries of nations
and teach new words of Friendliness
to children who would grow
to be worthy of the name of
"man", of the name "woman".*

PROPHECY COME TRUE

BALARAM'S anger was at white heat; he would have answered the challenge in his own characteristic way when first Chanur gave it. But, in matters of time and propriety, he always waited for a lead from his younger brother and would not take the initiative unless he had his tacit approval. Once Krishna accepted Chanur's challenge, Musthika, the tall athlete with the whipcord muscles, leered at Balaram. 'And you! Why do you hesitate? Are you a girl too?' he asked as he stepped near Balaram.

Balaram's eyes flashed with terrific anger. Krishna's willingness to wrestle with Chanur was enough for him. He would not wait to take off his head-dress, nor his scarf, nor his *dhoti*. He got up; his powerful right arm shot out; the unwary champion, hit in the face, reeled, tottered and narrowly saved himself from falling.

In a moment Balaram stepped into the arena, and Musthika, recovering his balance, jumped upon him like a tiger. And the two giants were locked in a fierce embrace, rocking each

other. Soon body locked with body, they were rolling on the ground. The spectators watched the two athletes breathlessly. Many stood up in excitement. And whenever Musthika was worsted, cries of '*sadhu, sadhu*' (well done, well done) issued from thousands of throats.

Krishna had also stepped into the arena, coolly eyeing the man-mountain, his huge hands, his rolling eyes. Then he slapped his biceps and thighs in defiance, and when Chanur tried to engage him, began to step back little by little towards the royal enclosure.

Krishna observed the champion athlete, his body, his steps, his ways, warily. Chanur's eyes were fascinating like those of a hungry python; they invariably paralysed his antagonist. But Krishna saw that it was no more than a trick. The athlete's greatest asset, however, was his heavy body and powerful muscles enveloped in rolls of flesh; they always gave him tremendous crushing power; but, saw Krishna, they could be turned to his advantage also. He also perceived what few could: the champion's left leg fell softly and unevenly on the ground; some accident had made it less reliable than the other.

Step by step Krishna led Chanur on to the front of the royal enclosure, moving deftly and quickly, apparently responding to Chanur's attempts to lock his arms with his, but in fact evading blows all the time.

Now they were in front of Kam but keeping pace with Krishna's swift movements over some distance already had had some effect on Chanur. He had begun to breathe a little hard. He was also annoyed that Krishna, who

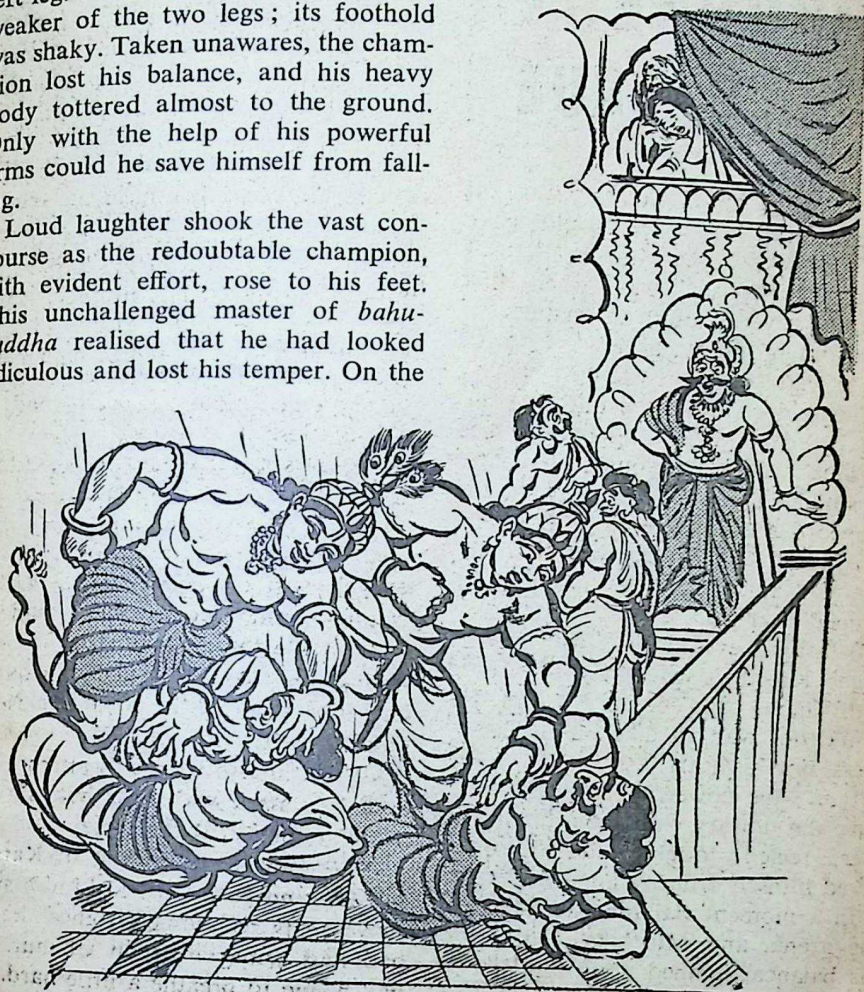
he thought but a beginner in the art, was so active as to elude his grasp. He set his lips hard, came near and swept his arms together to lock Krishna into them.

With a swift dive, Krishna escaped the athlete's grasp, passed him by, and while passing, gave a hard kick at his left leg. Krishna was right; it was the weaker of the two legs; its foothold was shaky. Taken unawares, the champion lost his balance, and his heavy body tottered almost to the ground. Only with the help of his powerful arms could he save himself from falling.

Loud laughter shook the vast concourse as the redoubtable champion, with evident effort, rose to his feet. This unchallenged master of *bahuyuddha* realised that he had looked ridiculous and lost his temper. On the

other hand, his nimble antagonist, balancing himself on springy feet, was awaiting him as calm and fresh as ever.

Both the combatants halted, each eyeing the other, when their attention was distracted by loud shouts of '*sadhu, sadhu.*' Applause was in the air;



....the champion's heavy body almost tottered to the ground....

children jumped with joy; the elders looked on with enthusiasm. Balaram had thrown Musthika on the ground with such terrific violence that the skull of the champion had been crashed. He lay on the field unconscious, blood trickling from his nose.

Chanur was wild; Krishna as cool as ever. They came near each other. Their arms were locked in each other's. Then followed a grim wrestle. Each one tried his favourite trick, only to be foiled by the other. Chanur had the advantage of his weight and experience; Krishna, wrestling with friends in the forests of Vrindavan, had developed unorthodox tricks and ways to foil them. If one had long arms, the other had a lithe body and superhuman agility. Chanur was impatient to assert his superiority; his antagonist was patient and cool.

Chanur soon realised that he was getting out of breath, while Krishna so far had shown no signs of being tired. He therefore decided to use his fist which had never failed. When faced with a doubtful issue he would do so. He would with his long and powerful arms suddenly catch hold of the antagonist and gathering his heavy weight in one effective effort of his muscles, throw him on the ground. Once the antagonist fell on the ground, he would throw himself on him with such terrific pressure as would crush his ribs or choke him into unconsciousness by the sheer weight of his body. The trick had invariably proved irresistible and often fatal to the antagonist. Apparently the death would appear to be accidental; the rules of the game would remain unbroken in the letter.

Chanur, in an attempt to play the trick, bore hard upon Krishna with all his strength. Krishna tottered. He was on the point of falling on the ground. But with rare presence of mind, he brought the steely strength of his muscles to bear on the champion's arm and twisted it. Both fell to the ground at the same time, but Chanur, as he had expected, could not fall upon Krishna with his crushing weight. By a side movement, the antagonist had evaded the full and direct impact of the champion's weight and, though still locked in his arms, had saved himself.

Chanur, frustrated, was mad with fury. His favourite trick had failed. He was out of breath. He had made himself ridiculous. His murderous instincts were therefore roused as he saw Krishna slipping out of his grasp; he remembered the orders of his master; and his hands sought the throat of Krishna.

Krishna had anticipated the move. Before his neck could come in the fatal grasp of the champion, he had twisted himself free from his side and bounced away. 'Dhik, dhik, Chanur (Fie unto you, Chanur), he said.

The spectators who had by now fully entered into the spirit of this combat, also shouted at Chanur: 'Dhik, dhik' (Fie, fie).

Chanur fumbled in the air; the weight of his arm, rose from the ground. He glanced at Krishna with blood-shot eyes and went for him. Krishna sprang from side to side backwards and forwards. He would just touch the opponent's arm, elude his grasp and jump aside.

Chanur was coming to the end

his strength; he could not keep up this struggle against this cunning antagonist. His vision was also failing.

Then, before Chanur could sense it, Krishna jumped with the agility of a panther upon the athlete and pressed him down to the ground. The champion fell like a mighty tree struck by lightning. Krishna continued his hold over his antagonist, and was astride his chest. Unruffled by the thunderous applause which greeted his ears, Krishna looked at the champion's blood-shot eyes.

'Chanur, admit defeat,' Krishna said. 'Save yourself.' The only response was a sudden movement on his part to throw Krishna off. But Krishna held on to Chanur's head and kept it firmly pressed to the ground. Though the champion's attempt to throw off Krishna was foiled, he continued to wriggle himself free. But his strength was failing. The muscles of his neck, because of his vain effort to raise his head were swollen. But he was helpless. Krishna continued to keep his head firmly pressed to the ground.

Chanur made yet another frantic effort. He tried to get at the throat of Krishna. His fingers clawed at it.

Krishna could see what the champion was at, and decided to show him no mercy. He suddenly gave up holding the champion's head pressed to the ground, smashed the nose of Chanur with his fist and hammered at his eyes, mouth, his ears.

Chanur's nose was broken. His teeth were cracked. His eyes were all but blinded. Blood flowed copiously from his nose and mouth and the champion fell back unconscious, his face all but bloody lump.

Thunderous shouts of '*sadhu, sadhu*' rent the air. In rapturous enthusiasm, the Yadavas broke out of their respective enclosures and rushed forward to hail Krishna.

Things moved fast, as if in an instant. Krishna cast a glance at Kamsa. He saw that no sooner had Chanur become unconscious than the Prince growled as a wild beast; rose from his seat with sword in hand; rushed out of the royal enclosure—only to be intercepted by Akrura.

In that moment, he also saw an armed warrior, apparently a Magadhan, aiming his sword at his father, Vasudeva, who had risen simultaneously with Akrura. But, before the stranger's sword could fall, the Magadhan was struck down by General Pradyota. The royal guests had stood up, each in his seat with his bare weapon in hand, ready to defend his life if necessary.

The next moment, Krishna heard a sudden uproar from the royal enclosure where the Yadava chiefs could be seen with weapons in hand. The Magadhan chiefs had fallen upon them.

Though all this happened almost at the same time, Krishna understood its full significance. He stood up from the chest of the dying champion, and took a step forward to where Akrura had intercepted Kamsa.

Akrura had tried to stop Kamsa. 'No, no' he had shouted. Krishna had also noticed the grim murderous look with which Kamsa turned towards the saintly chief of the Vrishnis and gave him a blow so hard as to send him sprawling on the ground.

Kamsa, having felled Akrura on the

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ground, turned towards Krishna. As he did so, his diadem fell away from his head; his long hair were within easy grasp. Krishna jumped behind him, caught hold of his hair and pulled him to the ground. Kamsa was dazed. His sword fell from his hands. He felt that he was being dragged on the ground by his enemy. In a momentary flash, the memory of the prophecy and of his efforts to escape it came to him. He saw his arch-enemy triumphant as a god, and the fear of God whom he had always repudiated entered his heart.

In the meantime, Balaram had sensed the danger which surrounded Vasudeva, and, snatching a mace from a Magadhan warrior, rushed to the help of the fighting Yadavas who were trying to protect his father.

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Utter confusion prevailed. Unarmed people were fleeing. Women were shrieking. Arms clashed, the Yadavas and the Magadhans closed on one another.

Krishna saw that there was only one way to stop this mad carnage. THE MOMENT HAD COME.

He picked up Kamsa's sword which lay near his feet. It flashed; descended; and Kamsa's head, severed from the body, rolled on the ground.

He picked up from the ground the gold-bordered conch which once had hung on the shoulders of Kamsa and blew on it a sharp, shrill, imperious blast.

The tumult was stilled. The people were first taken aback. Then they realised what had happened. They saw Vasudeva's son standing with sword in one hand over the severed body of the tyrant, blowing the trumpet blast of victory. Inspired by a wave of exultation, they rushed to hail the Saviour.

Krishna threw the sword away and went to the spot where Vasudeva stood, protected by Balaram's mace. He prostrated himself before his father and said with humility: 'Father, give me your blessings.'

Vasudeva broke down, lifted his son and embraced him. As he did so, he sobbed aloud, his head over the shoulders of the son for whom he had waited so long. THE PROPHECY HAD COME TRUE.

[To be continued]

ALL ABOUT

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SALIGRAMAS

● Nishkinchin ●

आजन्मकृतपापानां प्रायश्चित्तं य इच्छति ।
शालिग्रामशिलावाहि पापहारि नमोस्तु ते ॥

Obeisance unto you, O Water, sanctified by the washing of Saligrama! You grant deliverance unto him who seeks you, from all the sins accumulated from birth.

—*Bhavishyottara Purana.*

AMONGST the valued possessions and hallowed objects of worship in a devout Hindu home are the Saligramas, those pebble-like objects, smooth to the touch, spheroid in shape and black, red or mixed in colour and kept closed in the *puja* box.

That they are for the most part a hereditary possession of the family handed down from generation to generation is sufficient testimony to the veneration bestowed upon it by our ancestors. Not to be purchased or sold, it is a prized gift or *dana*; and it is given as a valued gift to the bridegroom, along with the bride!

The Saligrama-sila is considered as the embodiment of Vishnu. Its *mantra* has Sri Bhagavan for *rishi* or *drashta* and Narayana as its *devata* or the object of worship.

The Saligrama is a peculiar kind of stone which is normally found in the river Gandaki in Nepal.

PHED says the *Bhavishyottara Purana*:

गण्डक्यां चोत्तरे तीरे

गिरिराजस्यदक्षिणे ।

दशयोजन विस्तीर्णा

महाक्षेत्र वसुन्धरा ॥

The concept of Saligrama worship is so catholic and superb that its propagation at the present time is most necessary and useful.

Its common spheroidal shape points to the universality of the Divine Spirit. The fact of its legendary association with worms right up to Brahma and Siva; its comparative freedom from the rigours of ritualism in its worship; and the almost fondling care one is permitted to bestow upon it—all these entitle it for our widest adoption.

शालिग्रामो भवेद्देवो

देवी द्वारावती भवेत् ।

उभयोस्सङ्गमो यत्र

मुक्तिस्तत्र न संशयः ॥

"To the north of river Gandaki (also called Narayani) and south of the Himalayas there is the holy region of Saligrama which is 10 Yojanas extent, where Dwaravati merges into Saligrama. Undoubtedly such a place is capable of vouchsafing *moksha*."

Actually, about 140 miles from Khatmandu is situated Muktimati or Muktikshetra, also called Saligrama-kshetra.

Saligramas are distinct from the oval *lingas* in that the former have some sort of a natural cavity

drilled into them. Besides, there will be several natural markings like Sankha, Chakra, etc. on them.

Legend has it that once Brahma was exasperated at the rate of increase of sinners among his creation. Then drops of sweat rolled down his cheeks (Ganda) ultimately collecting themselves into the form of a female child calling herself Gandaki. She took it into her head to do a severe penance which became so overwhelming that the Devas started trembling before her. As usual, they offered her the bait of a boon in return for her stopping her penance; but the Devas met a Tartar in her, for she wanted to mother all the Devas!

Not being in their power to grant such a boon, the Devas pleaded inability, at which Gandaki became furious and cursed all the Devas to be born as worms on earth below. The Devas on their side placed a counter-curse on her head that she should become a *Jada*, or inert matter.

Naturally, Brahma was concerned with this unexpected development. Unable to find a way out, he consulted Indra and Rudra. With them also he drew a blank. Finally, all the three turned to Vishnu, who said: "Inasmuch as the curses have been pronounced, they cannot be revoked, and both the parties affected must suffer them. The trouble is how to make them work to mutual and universal benefit."

After thinking a while, Vishnu said: "I shall take up my abode in the Chakra Teertha near Saligramakshe-
tra. You, Devas, shall migrate to the slopes of this hallowed region as Vajrakīṭas eating into pebbles. Gandaki

shall in the form of a river fill the universe, enveloping the *shilas* hal-
lowed by Me."

Thus, it would seem Saligrama stones are but divine manifestations of Lord Vishnu *cum* Devas. There are other legends too.

There are also found on Saligrama slabs certain stripes looking like the conch or the discus etc. which are usually seen on the outside as well as inside. Based upon these distinct markings, the Saligramas are classified as different manifestations or *avatars* of Lord Vishnu. Here are some:

नानावर्णमयं चैव नाना भोगेन वेष्टितम् ।
तथा वरप्रसादेन लक्ष्मीकान्तं वदाम्यहम् ।

One that is multicoloured and surrounded on all sides by snake-like hoods is called Lakshmi-Kanta. It is a veritable treasure, as it is capable of giving one all one wants.

नारायणोद्भवो देवः चक्रमध्ये च कर्मणः
तथा वरप्रसादेन लक्ष्मीकान्तं वदाम्यहम् ।

That which carries the symbol of discus inside is also called Lakshmi-Kanta with identical results.

कृष्णे शिलातले यत्र सूक्ष्मं चक्रं सुदृश्यं
सौभाग्यं संतर्तितं धत्ते सर्वसौख्यं ददाति च ।

That Saligrama which being black colour carries a fine replica of the discus in it is capable of bestowing on its owner great happiness, wealth, health and children.

श्रीधरः सुकरे वामे हरिद्वर्णस्तु दृश्यते
वासुदेवस्य चिन्हानि दृष्ट्वा पापैः प्रमुच्यते ।

That which contains emblems of Krishna, like green colour on the left side will drive away sins at the first sight of it.

That which contains the symbol of the tortoise or the foot of the elephant is called Varaha. Yellow colour denotes Devas; red ones are fearful.

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they have Narasimha form, but are capable of giving *moksha*. One with the symbol of a Conch is Vamana. Damodara will be a large one, at the centre of which will appear a discus. Also, there will be yellow rays and a large cavity.

The shape of an umbrella will make one a monarch; a circular one will give plenty of wealth. One that has the shape of a flat nose will bring grief and that which has a pointed edge will lead to war.

If the forehead of the Saligrama has the look of a serpent-hood, or has the golden shin, or a discus of golden hue, it is Vamadeva, and good.

If the Saligrama has a resemblance of Lakshmi-Nrisimha, black on the left and brown on the right, or the figure has an elongated lip, it will bring utter penury; if it has reddish lips, disaster; if holding the *chakra*, will cause ill-health; if actually cleaving, positive death.

It is clear from the above that icons too are permitted to be carved out of Saligrama stones, as indeed are the idols of Badrinath Temple and other famous temples. Adi Sankara is reputed to have established a Saligrama Nrisimha at Badari. Famous deities are made to wear garlands made out of Saligrama beads.

Now, there attaches no blemish to the Saligrama even if it is broken, the fractured, burnt in fire or otherwise disfigured. It does no harm.

The worship of Saligrama does not entail elaborate *puja*; not even our *mantras*, sacred water etc., are necessary. Its very presence assures happiness.

Normally it is worshipped by means of *Purusha-sookta mantra*. Its presence at *sraddha* ceremonies is most pleasing to the *pitrus*.

ब्रह्महत्यादिकं पापं

मनो वाक्काय संभवम् ।

शोधरं नश्यति तत्सर्वं

शालिग्रामशिलाचर्चनात् ॥

All sins like *brahmahatya* and those accruing out of the activities of our mind, word and body—all die instantaneously with the worship of Saligrama.

One should sprinkle the water sanctified by the bathing of a Saligrama on one's head and wear the *tulsi* used in its worship on the head and partake of the food offered to Vishnu (in the shape of a Saligrama). One who does so will live for several eons in Vaikuntha. The sipping of the sanctified water purges one of all the sins of crores of birth. Therefore, one should not spill the sanctified water on the earth; spilling will multiply one's sin eightfold!

In the *Padma Purana* Lord Sankara explains the significance of Saligrama to his son Skanda wherein he quotes Vishnu as having affirmed:

निवसामि सदा शंभो

शालिग्रामोद्भवोऽश्मनि ।

"O, Siva, I live always in the Saligrama stone!"

What more proof should we need than Lord Siva's own declaration:

मल्लिङ्गकोटिभिर्दृष्टैः यत्फलं पूजितैः स्तुतैः ।
शालिग्रामशिलायां तु एकस्यामिह तद्भवेत् ॥

"The *punya* accrued by seeing and worshipping crores of my *linga* form is equivalent to the doing of all with a single Saligrama."

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SAYINGS OF SOCRATES

It is much better, and much easier, not to silence reproaches, but to make yourself as perfect as you can.

* * *

It is a much harder thing to escape from wickedness than from death; for wickedness is swifter than death.

* * *

If death had been the end of all, the wicked would have had a good bargaining in dying, for they would have been happily quit not only of their body, but of their own evil together with their souls. But now, inasmuch as the soul is manifestly immortal, there is no release or salvation from evil except the attainment of the highest goodness and wisdom.

* * *

There is one true currency in terms of which all things can be exchanged, that is wisdom.

* * *

How singular is the thing called pleasure, and how curiously related to pain, which might be thought to be the opposite of it; for they are never present to man at the same instant, and yet he who pursues either is generally compelled to take the other, as if they had two bodies but were joined by a single head.

* * *

The soul is the very likeness of the divine, and immortal, and intellectual, and uniform, and indissoluble, and unchangeable: and that the body is the very likeness of the human, and mortal and unintellectual, and multi-form, and dissoluble and changeable.

* * *



SOCRATES

THE first great philosopher of the western world in the pre-Christian era is Socrates. His name is a byword for wisdom and humility in the history of western civilization.

Socrates had an ugly face, a flat nose, and prominent eyes, thick lips, eyes set wide apart; he was like a satyr. He was stalking like a pelican rolling his eyes. It was not the outward personality of Socrates that attracts us, it is his faith in Truth and the right cause, his superhuman passion to stick to values that have entitled him to undying fame.

Born about 470 B.C. as the son of a sculptor, he was a citizen of Athens. For some time he followed the same calling, but having other ambitions, joined the army and was present at

the battle of Potidaea and also at the battle of Delium. In the first he saved the life of Alcibiades and in the second, that of Xenophon. Returning to Athens, he devoted himself to study and began to exhort people on public questions and the conduct of life.

In 406 B.C. he was made a member of the Senate of Five Hundred, and

Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao

had other honours accorded to him and he continued his teaching alternately with his public duties.

The Athenians of his time were also treated to a discussion of philosophy by a school of teachers called the Sophists. The Sophists took money from the rich and taught

their children the art of argumentation and speech-making. They traded in learning and dished out information for sale. They made the good look like evil and painted the evil as good. They were clever men who did not have any ideal before them.

The great names among the Sophists were Protagoras, Prodicus, Gorgias and Hippias. Socrates set himself the task of attacking these false teachers of Greece. Clever and smart rather than earnest and truthful, they confused men by their epigrams, paradoxes, quibblings and verbal feats. The effect of the Sophists' teaching was to undermine the belief of men in truth and morality. It spelt the decay of all the values.

The Sophists held that "truth is subjective." "Man is the measure of all things." There is no one truth or morality that is to be respected by all. What is moral for one is immoral for another.

The mission of Socrates was to establish the objectivity of *truth* and *morality*, in the teeth of the Sophist opposition. He also equated virtue with knowledge. He believed that "all virtue is one". Virtue is the knowledge of the good. Virtue can be taught. Knowledge has the power of making us good. Ignorance is vice. We can conquer ignorance by knowledge. He laid a great deal of stress on definition. A good logical definition makes things clear to us.

The story of the life of Socrates has to be gathered from three sources: (1) Plato, i.e., his disciple: *Socratic Dialogues*, i.e., *Cratylus*, *Phaedrus* and the

Apology; (2) the Comedian Aristophanes's drama *The Cloud*, and (3) Xenophon's *Memorabilia*. Socrates himself did not write anything. Of all these accounts, we get the best picture of the man and his great teachings from his celebrated disciple Plato's memorable *Dialogues*.

An account of the life of Socrates is interesting. He was the son of a working sculptor and a midwife. He was poor and never was after money. A comic poet wrote, "I hate Socrates who has thought everything out, but ignored the problem of how to provide himself and his family with food." He wanted to live the life of a thinker and he had utter disregard for the temporal values of life, wealth, fame, power and position. He married late in life one Xanthippe. Popular legends represent her as the incarnation of shrewishness. It is reported that Xanthippe once was so irritated by the indifference of Socrates to his family that she railed against him and showered abuses on him. Socrates stood firm like a stone. The irate Xanthippe was so upset at the callous calmness of her husband that she was determined to provoke him. So, she poured a pot of dung-water on him. After the 'refreshing' bath, Socrates exclaimed, "After thunder comes rain!"

But in the *Dialogues* of Plato there is nothing to suggest all this. Xanthippe "is no worse than a woman with no control over her emotions and no power of entering into her husband's mind."

Socrates had not only mental courage but also was physically very bold. In the age of forty-seven, he was in-

interested in physical and natural sciences. Later he interested himself in the study of human problems. He says, "As a young man, I had amazing passion for the branch of knowledge known as natural sciences—to know the cause of things, why they come into being, why they are destroyed, why they exist." He says he ran the risk of losing the "eye of the soul". "I am afraid my soul might become altogether blind if I looked at things with my eyes or tried to grasp them through the medium of the senses..." Other methods were needed to seek the Truth of what is (Phaedo 196).

Hence, Socrates took to the study of the nature of man's soul and the right destiny he should seek. He believed that we should examine the views presented to us and sift the facts and then accept the kernel of "truth in it". He believed in the power of reason as the solvent of our troubles. Hence he went about Athens persuading all to give their first and foremost care to the perfection of their souls and not, till they had done that, to think of wealth, power, body, etc. *Virtue does not come from them and every good thing that men have whether in public or in*

private, comes from virtue.

Socrates had neither a library nor a school, and the place to find him was in the market or the gymnasium.

Socrates did not allow any Athenian with whom he came in contact to remain undisturbed: he would question him about the way others lived and the views about things others entertained. He exposed to ridicule, without rancour, those who gave themselves the air of knowledge, without really having it.

Socrates had an ardent love of truth. He hated cant and hypocrisy. He held the view that "philosophy is the noblest of all studies, the study of what man should be, and what he should pursue".

Socrates had a favourite method of tackling his opponents. It is called the method of dialectics. He

would ask his opponent, first of all, to define the term he uses. The opponent very often cited an instance, instead of a definition. Socrates proceeded to pick holes in the definition. The game went on for some time and towards the end, the opponent was led to accept a position which he rejected when he began the argument. This irritated many who held discussions with him.



The Delphic Oracle once declared that none was wiser than Socrates. He tried his best to prove the Oracle was wrong. So he sought the poets, politicians, priests, craftsmen, who held that they were wise. He questioned them, and none could give a clear account of what they talked about. In the end he understood what the Oracle meant: he is wise who knows his ignorance!

Socrates was wise, for he knew that he was ignorant. Others seem to be wise when they are not. The nature of the Socratic method is very effective in bringing home to us the truth. He was not shocked by the strange views men held about things and he was fearlessly frank in his discussions with others. His advice to men has been most beautifully summarised to us by Sir Richard Livingstone, the authority on Greek Studies: Think well, think hard, and think much and closely. Search for the truth. Be confident you will find it. Be intellectually humble, hold convictions firmly, but not arrogantly and, welcome criticism. Be self-critical always. An unexamined life is not worthy of man's acceptance. Man is a rational animal. Reason is the divine in man. Men can know the truth if they search for it. Truth has the compelling power of imparting right conduct. Knowledge is the greatest asset of man.

Socrates believed in the dialogue method. The true approach to knowledge is not through books and lectures, but through conversation, discussion, question and answer, two or more persons thrashing a subject till the chaff is winnowed from the wheat.

Socrates played the role of an in-

tellectual midwife in the delivery of thought. He tested every opinion, detected the fallacies and then revealed the truth.

This was an occupation very unpopular with the world. There is no greater mistake we can make than believe that the ordinary man desires most of all to know the truth. He, on the other hand, desires to be told what fits in with his prejudices and what completes or harmonises with his picture of the world and life.

Socrates believed that it was his mission in life to set men thinking about the good and the true. He believed in the objectivity of values. He was not a mere thinking shop or a cloud-gazer. He combined his intellectual powers with his moral genius. His interest in knowledge was directed to achieving ethical perfection.

Knowledge does not merely subserve action but governs it. For Socrates it is not enough that men should do what is right, but also must know why they do it. Morality is not an unmethodical, unconscious process. To know what is right and still do the wrong is difficult if not impossible. All moral excellence is at bottom wisdom. Once ignorance is destroyed, the compelling power of knowledge cannot but draw the individual to the right action. Wrong doing is involuntary for the uncultivated. All the different individual virtues flow from one centre, namely wisdom. By wisdom Socrates meant not mere information. He meant what the *Gita* describes as *Jnana*. "There is nothing here that purifies like knowledge

(*Nahi jnanena sadrsam pavitram* it-
vityate) — IV. 38.

Socrates declares in the *Phaëdo* that there is only one currency in which all things can be exchanged and that is wisdom. Socrates applied his mind to the correct definitions of not only great subjects but ordinary topics also. He severely examined men and leaders of Athens who bandied about words like justice, good, liberty, etc., and condemned their ignorance. He struggled to dissipate vague and foggy thought to clear the mind, to penetrate to first principles and to rule thought and conduct by them.

Many of the Sophists and some leaders of the governing party were dissatisfied and got infuriated with Socrates. They wanted to get rid of him. So at the age of seventy, Socrates was brought to trial by three men, Meletus (a minor poet), Lycon (an orator of the day) and Anytus (one of the chief democratic leaders) on charges of not believing in gods in whom the State believed and also of introducing other strange divinities and corrupting the young. We have the picture of the trial, one of the most famous in the history of the western world, from the pen of Plato, the devout disciple of Socrates, in the celebrated dialogue, *Apology*.

The jury were over five hundred. The three prosecutors presented their case undefended, for in those days in Athens nobody could be represented by a counsel though his speech might be composed for him by a professional speech-writer.

The speech of Socrates at the trial is the finest we have from a philosopher in a law court. He pleads that he is not well-versed in the art of legal presentation but still hopes to con-

vince the jury with arguments and never resorts to a plea for mercy by invoking self-pity or by bringing his weeping children before the judges. He sticks to the rightness of his cause. He speaks of his mission and chooses to obey his inner voice. He says that his mission is God's order and he would risk it, even if he should fall foul of the State.

The verdict of death sentence was passed on him by a majority of sixty. Under the Athenian law the defendant in a court had the right to make a counter-proposal which the jury would accept as substitute for their judgment. Socrates would not compromise. He suggested that for his services to the State, he should be honoured in the city hall at public expense. This irritated the jury and there were 110 votes more in favour of the death penalty.

Socrates defends his position and declares to the court: "If you say to me, 'Socrates, this time we will not mind Anytus, and you shall be let off, but upon one condition, that you are not hereafter to inquire and speculate in this way any more and that if you are caught doing so again, you shall die:'—if this was the condition on which you let me go, I should reply: Men of Athens, I have the warmest affection for you; but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength, I shall never cease from my practice and teaching of philosophy, exhorting anyone whom I meet and saying to him to seek virtue. ... I shall never alter my ways, not even if I have to die many times."

Socrates is, unaffected and he analyses

the death state to which the jury have condemned him. He says Death should not be feared. It is one of two things: it is either a state of utter unconsciousness or leads to life in another world. If it is a dreamless sleep, it is enjoyable. If death implies life in another world, Socrates says that he can talk there undisturbed with Orpheus, Musaeus, Hesiod and Homer and they certainly do not put a man to death for asking questions. There can be no greater delight than in conversing with them and asking them questions. Socrates asks of the court only one favour. He says, "When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, my friends, to punish them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about 'virtue'; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing—then reprove them, as I have reproved you."

Socrates leaves the court with words that have remained forever great. He says, "The hour of departure has arrived and we go our ways; I to die, you to live, which is better God only knows." Yes, God knows and so too does mankind.

The speech of Socrates in the court gives us the measure of the man. "The whole of the *Apology* is the property of Socrates. The greatness of the soul of Socrates gives colour to this marvellous creation. There is the fusion of sober sense and fervid enthusiasm, the disdain of all externals, the faith in the victorious might of reasoned thought, the firm conviction that the good man is proof against all the strokes of fortune, the cheerful confidence with which a great man goes

his way and suffers neither fears nor hopes to divert him from the fulfilment of his task." The *Apology* is a lay breviary of strong and free spirits. It is a virile book.

Socrates, the sage, was carried to the prison. Normally, the execution of Socrates would have followed immediately after the sentence, but it was postponed till the sacred ship sent to Delos for the festival of Apollo had returned. Till its return, no public execution could take place. Hence the delay. On the eve of the execution day, some of Socrates' friends offered him an easy opportunity to escape from prison with different arguments. Socrates answered them all, one after another, and did not agree to escape. He told his friends not to bring his wife and children to the prison for that will create a scene before all. He drank the cup of hemlock quietly and walked a little to make the drug work. He died after some time.

He was the first intellectual martyr of the western world. Of him we cannot get a better description than the testimony of his disciple Plato, "Of all the men of his time whom I have known, he was the wisest, the best and the most just, I know."

Socrates the sage, with his acute mind and playful humour, hid under the simplicity of his manner, the soul of a hero and the virtues of a saint. In the history of philosophy, Socrates is famous for his inductive reasoning and the fixing up of general concepts. He brought philosophy from the heavens to the market-place. He was noted for his sobriety. Socrates maintained the right attitude to life and in the most trying moments till the

end. He was considerate to others, courageous, composed and proud, and as Russell puts it, in an unself-conscious way, fought shy of excessive display of emotions all his life. John Stuart Mill declared: "Socrates is a man unique in history, of a kind at all times needed.... The world cannot too often remember that Socrates had existed."

Socrates, according to modern research in Greek philosophy, represents the cause of individual freedom and vigour and manifold diversity. Livingstone observes, "No method has ever been discovered as that which Socrates devised and no age has ever needed that method more than our own age. But he has not been reincarnated in our generation and one of its tragedies is that when it needed a Socrates it got a Shaw."

To us in India, the chief lesson of Socrates is his insistence on the knowledge of the Self. The Socrates' exhortation to 'know the self' does not mean simply to be conscious under all circumstances of what one is or is not. It meant entering deep into one's own soul, beyond the particular and fleeting, to find the one identical, permanent substratum. It meant finding that secret nature we carry about everywhere with us, and which contains within itself the conditions of our wisdom and happiness. It is a true and authentic echo of the Upanishads *atmanam viddhi*.

Vanamahotsava

PLANTING THE FUTURE

M. BENSAL

In a barren and arid country a tree means many things. It is a testimony of triumph of life over death.

In the desert, where nothing stirs, the moving branches of the tree spell "there is life."

It is a promise of the better future.

The tree's message to man is—do not despair. The rocky hills do not have to remain barren. Where one tree grows, others can be planted. The vegetation will change the land, improve the climatic conditions, make colonisation by man possible.

It is a memorial of man's victory—of his victory over the only real enemy—the conditions he was born into. This memorial, although not of stone and bronze, will be cherished by generations.

It is a frontier pillarstone—defining the boundary between the desert and the conquered land; between the barren and the fruitful; between the existing and the promised.

It is a symbol of man's unselfish endeavours for others; whoever planted the tree, it is doubtful, whether he himself enjoyed its shade and fruit. When we are planting trees today—we are not planting them for ourselves, but for generations to come.

The tree means all this for us.

A tree has a special meaning—an additional meaning—of friendship.

NATIONALISM is a mighty and relentless force. No conspiracy of power, no compulsion of arms can stifle it for long.

Constructive nationalism is a noble, persistent, fiery inspiration, essential to the development of a young nation. We respect this quality in our sister nations.

Free men, free nations, make their own rules to fit their own needs within a universally-accepted frame of justice and law.

Under freedom, thriving sovereign nations of diverse political, economic and social systems are the basic

Each of us as an individual is different from every other individual. Physically, mentally and in possession of the world's goods, we are somewhat different. But I submit there is one field where no man, no woman, no nation need take a secondary place and that is in moral leadership.

—Eisenhower

FREE WORLD MUST G

economically, militarily and sp

healthy cells that make up a thriving world community where freedom and independence for each is in the interest of all.

The voluntary association of free peoples produces—from the sharing of common ideals of justice, equality and liberty—a strength and moral fibre which tyrannies never attain by coercion, control and oppression.

Such tyrannies can, of course, concentrate upon a single objective—the toil of millions upon millions of men and women; working endless hours; denied even the smallest happiness of human living; sometimes whipped,

Dwight Eisenhower these

sometimes cajoled, always treated you n
robots bereft of human dignity. streng

For a space of years, particularly less e
the peoples they regiment have know use o
little of freedom or of a decent pr stimu
perity, such dictatorships may seem self-es
achieve marvels. and h

But in their denial of human in the
nity—their destruction of individuen.
self-esteem—they write the event Som
doom of their system. being

Long before many of us were bothe
Jose Rizal, in vivid and eloquidomin
language, foretold the eruption Oth

Since 1945, 33 lands that were once subject to western control have peacefully achieved self-determination. These 33 countries have a population of almost a billion people. During the same period 12 countries in the Sino-Soviet sphere have been forcibly deprived of their independence. The question might be asked, who are today the colonialists?

—Eisenhower

of eventual supremacy over continents and even the world: constant in their boast that eventually they will bury all the systems of freedom.

That boast never will come true.

Even in the lands with an iron rule, the eternal aspirations of humanity cannot forever be suppressed. The truth enunciated by Jose Rizal is universal in its application. But tyrannies, before their fated deterioration and

STGROW

and spiritually

these tyrannies and predicted their ultimate fate. He said:

"Deprive a man of his dignity, and you not only deprive him of his moral strength but you also make him useless even for those that wish to make use of him. Every creature has its stimulus, its mainspring. Man's is his self-esteem. Take it away from him and he is a corpse...."

Tyrannies of many sorts still exist in the world. All are rejected by free men.

Some authoritarian governments, being narrow in ambition, content themselves with local and confined dominance.

Others are blatant in their boasts



disappearance, can sometimes for many years engulf and enslave free people unable to resist them.

In that knowledge, the free world—two-thirds of the earth's population—step by step moves toward a more effective partnership that freedom, human dignity, the noble heritages of many centuries may withstand successfully.

Some still are reluctant to commit

themselves fully; others are divided in commitments already made. Minorities in some—possibly the victims of subversion or of bribe; possibly confused by propaganda and threat—oppose even the most obviously profitable associations, but most stand firmly together.

The free world must increase its strength—in military defences, in economic growth, in spiritual dedication.

We must, all of us, move ahead with imagination and positive programmes to improve conditions in which human freedom can flourish.

We must, collectively and individually, strive for a world in which the rule of law replaces the rule of force.

The continuation of provocations, subversion, and terrorism while negotiations are underway serves only to compound the difficulty

of arriving at peaceful settlements.

The door to peaceful negotiations should never be closed. Reason and commonsense must prevail over senseless antagonism and distorted misunderstandings and propaganda. The arms race must be brought under control and the nuclear menace that is poised in delicate suspension over the heads of all mankind must be eliminated.

This, I am convinced, can be done without appeasement or surrender, by continuing a course of patient, resourceful and businesslike dealings.

The goal of a world at peace in friendship with freedom is so worth the attaining that every feasible and honourable avenue must be explored.

The support, understanding and participation of all who cherish freedom is essential to this noblest endeavour in history.

BHARATI

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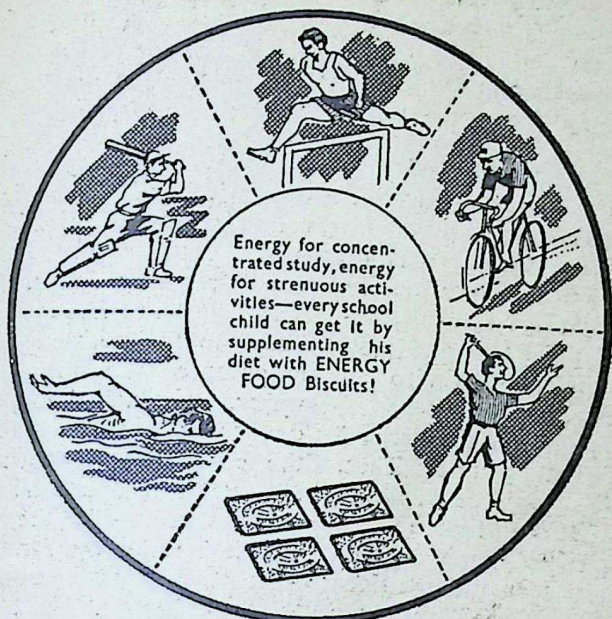
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SERPENT-LORE OF INDIA

M. V. SRIDATTA SARMA

IN India, the worship of serpents is in vogue from time immemorial.

The finds in the ancient sites of Harappa and Mohenjo Daro include the seals bearing Naga symbols, besides the sacred pipal tree and indicate that the serpent was also an object of worship.

In Hindu mythology, the serpent plays a predominant role. Thus, Vishnu has for his couch the thousand-headed Sesha. At the time of the churning of the ocean, the serpent-king Vasuki served as the rope for being tied round the Meru. Siva makes use of the serpents for purposes of ornamentation. To Ganapati, the serpent serves as a belt. Skanda assumed the form of a serpent to atone for his impudence in having captured the four-headed Brahma. In warfare, one of the missiles used against enemies was the Sarpayudha.

The Nagapasa was made use of by Varuna. The mythological accounts reveal that demons or fiends inhabiting the nether world possessed reptile bodies with human heads. We also hear of the Naga nymphs of the same form.

The Puranic accounts disclose that the serpent-race owed its origin to Kadru and Kasyapa, while the feathered race sprang from Vinata and

Kasyapa. In a dispute between the two wives of Kasyapa about the colour of the celestial horse Uchchaisravas, Vinata, the mother of Garuda was defeated by Kadru. Consequently Vinata lost her freedom and was reduced to the position of a slave in accordance with the terms of the wager. Garuda had to purchase freedom for his mother by bringing down the celestial beverage after a hard struggle with Indra. Vinata obtained her release while the Amrita was snatched away by Indra just at the time when they were about to partake of the beverage. The serpents licked the Kusa grass on which the pot had been placed by Garuda, when their tongues were divided. Garuda became an implacable enemy of the serpent. While the members of the feathered race soared high in the skies, the serpents selected the nether regions as their stronghold.

In Hindu cosmology, it is believed that the serpent-king Sesha supports the entire universe on his thousand heads.

In *Taittiriya Samhita* (Khanda I, Prasna V, Chapter iv), there is an interesting account of the serpents offering oblations to the household fire (*Garhapatya*). They had realised that they were decaying bodies. They approached a ser-



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by name Kasarnora and discovered a charm (*mantra*) by destroying their decaying bodies. They assumed new bodies free from decay. Kasarnora vowed that he would never partake of any impure food so that the body may not decay.

सर्पा वै जीर्यन्तोऽमन्यन्त। स एतं कसर्णोरः
काद्र्वेयो मंत्रमपश्यत्।
ततो वैतेजीर्णस्तन् रपाघ्नत। सर्पराज्याया
अग्निर्गार्हपत्यमादधाति।
पुनर्नवमेवैनमजरं कृत्वाधत्तेऽयोपतमेव पृथिवी-
मन्नाद्यं नोपानमसंतम्॥

This refers to the casting of the scales by the serpents with the growth of fresh skin, when they feel rejuvenated.

According to an account given in the *Sahyadrikhanda*, the serpents were frequently chased by eagles, so much so that they were compelled to seek shelter. The site selected was near the Arabian sea-shore on the slopes of the Sahyadri (region between Gokarna and Cape Comorin, otherwise known as Parashuramakshetra). In this connection, they approached Parashurama near Konkan for support. Parashurama in turn led a deputation of serpents to Lord Siva. The Lord was thus addressed: "Oh Lord of Lords! We are seized with panic owing to the depredations of the eagle, who is a terror to us. We, who were sheltered by Rama, have now approached You for succour. We are placed in the interior of the earth calling to mind the good offices of Rama."

भगवन्! देवदेवेश वैनतेय भयादिताः

त्वामद्य शरणं याता राम संस्थापिता वयं।
अन्तर्भूमिस्थिता नित्यं रामसंस्मरणाद्विभो॥

(*Nagarahasya Mahatmya*, I, 27-29.)

At this juncture, the eagle bird greatly pinched by hunger arrived on the spot to have his meal of snakes. The serpents fled panic-stricken seeking refuge in Siva. They entwined round the limbs of Siva and adorned him.

Siva in turn decreed "Oh son of Vinata, you do not deserve to devour the Nagas who have surrounded me."

Hearing the command of the Lord, Garuda abandoned the Ramakshetra.

From that day onward, Siva is known by the epithet Nagabhushana.

In Harsha's *Nagananda*, the subject matter or theme is selected from the story of the attacks of serpents by the celestial eagle near Gokarna.

The term *Sarpa* indicates the winding or gliding motion of the reptile. The hymns to the *Sarpas* contained in the *Rigveda Samhita* refer to the different species of Nagas which dwell in the earth, in waters, celestial zones as also intermediate regions between heaven and earth.

The *Ajagara* is the boa-constrictor, the swallower of goats. It is said to be free from poison (*Ajagaraṁ nama sarpah sarpiraviso mahan*) and used for fording the rivers, etc.

It is said that *Kalika* is a powerful snake as formidable as a thousand young snakes. This serpent dwelt at the bottom of the Jumna (a spot that was rendered inaccessible to Garuda by virtue of a curse inflicted by the sage Saurabhi). The serpent was constrained to remain in a deep pool for fear of being dispossessed of its ve-

nom (*Janmabhoomimatikranto nir-viso yati kalikah*): By a praise of Vishnu, it is said that this dragon would be rendered gentle. Krishna crushed this serpent while he was still a boy.

Karkotaka is one of the eight principal Nagas. It is stated that the very sight of this cobra is poisonous. At the time of Nala's persecution (at the hands of Kali) this serpent who was saved from a conflagration so deformed him that none could recognise Nala during the days of his adversity.

Aswatara is one of the Naga chiefs residing in the infernal regions.

The river Narmada is said to be the home of venomous serpents. (cf:

नमोऽस्तु नर्मदे तुभ्यं त्राहि मां विषसर्पतः ॥)

According to the Puranas, the principal Nagas are Ananta, Vasuki, Samkha, Padma, Kambala, Karkotaka, Aswatara, Dhritarastra, Sankhapala, Kaliya, Taksaka and Pingala. They are worshipped on the Nagapanchami day.

The Nagapanchami, otherwise known as Garudapanchami, falls on the fifth day of the bright half of Sravana. It is believed that on this day Garuda and the members of the serpent-race will be in cordial terms! The snakes lurk out from their hideouts without fear of being chased by their agnates. This is a festival when brothers and sisters meet together. After entertainment, they smear the milk offerings on their backs with the prayer that they may be spared to live long. Offerings are made to the snakes. People throng to the serpent-hills to feed the snakes with milk.

The different chiefs of the Naga

race are invoked with prayers that the members of the family be freed from their attacks (*Sarvada matkule mastu bhayam sarpavisodbhavam or mama sakutumbasya saparivarasya sarvada sarvatah sarpabhaya nivrittipoorvakam* i.e. with a view to ward off all fears of serpents or infection of snake-poison in the family). Hemadri in his *Vratakhanda* prescribes for worship Naga images (five-hooded ones) made of either wood or earth.

In Krishna *Yajurveda*, there is a hymn which refers to a truce that existed between the members of the Naga race and men. A hymn addressed to the chieftain of snakes makes it obligatory on the part of all those snakes lurking on the ground (within the vicinity of the house) to remain at a reasonable distance of about two miles (*krosa*) with a view to suspension of hostilities. *Ye dandasookah parthivasthan swamitah parogavyooti nivesaya*. (Ekagni Kanda, Prasna 11, Kh. 17, M, 13).

In connection with a ritual known as Sarpabali, all the serpents are thus addressed: "We are in possession of hoofed animals (cattle and bovine animals). Those cattle and other animals which trample you with their hoofs are sheltered in our household. The persons who charge you with sticks also live with us. If you do not cause any harm to us, our cattle as also our men who are equipped with sticks will certainly not hurt you." *Santi vai nassabhinassanti. Santi dandinastevo neddhdinasanye dyooyamasman hinasata*. (*Op. cit.*). Thus, there was a demarcation of limits beyond which the snakes were not to lurk about.

In the *Mahabharata*, there occurs

the episode of sage Jaratkaru, who married a Naga nymph, the sister of Vasuki. According to this story, Jaratkaru was resting on the lap of his beloved. When the Sun was about to set, the wife thought that it was time for her husband to offer the evening prayers. She gently roused him. The husband was angry for the disturbance thus caused. He abandoned her never to return. He however assured her that her expectant son would be her support and also saviour of the serpent-race. Later, she gave birth to a son by name Astika in accordance with the prophecy.

When Janamejaya had determined to exterminate the entire serpent-race at a sacrifice instituted by him to avenge the injury caused to his father Parikshit, Astika intervened and saved the Naga Takshaka from destruction to which he was doomed. The *Sarpasookta* in the *Rig-Veda Samhita* refers to this anecdote. There is a direction for the serpents to remain at a distance reminding them that they owed their lives to Astika who was their saviour.

यो जरत्कारुणा जातो जरत्कन्यां महायशः।
तस्य सर्वोऽपि भद्रं ते दूरं गच्छ महायशः॥
भो सर्पं गच्छ भद्रं ते दूरं गच्छ महायशः।
जनमेजयस्य यज्ञान्ते आस्तीक वचनं स्मर॥
आस्तीक वचनं श्रुत्वा यः सर्पो न निवर्तते।
शतधा भिद्यते मूर्ध्नि शिशवृक्षफलं यथा॥

"Oh! You celebrated serpents, the serpent who is related to that renowned personage (Astika) sprung from Jaratkaru and his beloved maid is safe. Please go farther away from here as a measure of safety. Oh! Ye serpents, please clear off remembering the words of Astika at the end of the sacrifice conducted by Janamejaya. That serpent who having heard the

commands of Astika still does not move from here will get his head broken into a hundred bits like the fruit of the Simsa tree."

The above *mantra* serves as a charm against serpents.

When serpents die a natural death, it is usual to carry their remains and have them cremated ceremoniously (*Sarpa samskara*). Obsequies are performed in the same manner as is done for human beings. Even pollution is observed for ninety *ghaties* (36 hours) by the person who performs the funeral rites. There is a shrine of serpents maintained by Nambudiris at Cochin at Pambummekkat via Erinjalakuda Railway station.

The worship of snakes is not confined to the Dravidians only, but it is also associated with the Aryan fold. The belief was that by this act the worshipper attained progeny and freed himself from curses or diseases. Serpent-worship is in vogue in all parts of India. It is a common sight to see Naga stones placed at the foot of the pipal tree on road-sides, near temples or trees, and they serve as centres of worship.

In South India, the worship of Subrahmanya is very common. A festival is observed on the sixth day of the bright half of Margasirsha or Agrahayana when the Sun rests in Scorpio.

Subrahmanya or Skanda (War God) as a sequel to a curse inflicted by Brahma assumed the form of a hideous serpent (cobra). Parvati is said to have observed austerities on 108 Shashtis to get back her son in human form. At the time of Udayapana (conclusion) of this Vrata, Vish-

(Continued on page 52)

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MAHABHARATA RE-INTERPRETED Contd.

gastric fire in the human body. The seven tongues are the five senses, the mind, and the Buddhi (intellect). Khandava means sweet. Khandava-prastha means the abode of pleasures. When the tenant of the body heedlessly enjoys pleasures, they are like too much ghee poured into sacrificial fire enfeebling the gastric fire. This is the condition of gastric dyspepsia resulting from a person indulging in sensual excesses. Then the only remedy is to destroy the 'wilderness of pleasures' (the Khandava Vana). In the narrative, the process of destruction of the forest is described thus:

एवमुक्तः स भगवान्दाशार्हणार्जुनेन च ।
 तेजसं रूपमास्थाय दावं दग्धुं प्रचक्रमे ॥

Thus assured of protection by Arjuna and Krishna, he, Agni, started burning the forest, assuming the Taijasa form.

Taijasa is the state of the Vaishwanara when the body is in the dream-state (Vishwa, Taijasa, Prajna and Turiya). So this episode describes the Vedantic method of experiencing all worldly pleasures and pains as in a dream, when the Jiva becomes free from attachment.

Once the Spiritual Warrior is free from attachment to sensual pleasures, he can control untold spiritual and

material wealth and can live in great comfort. This is the episode of Maya constructing the palace for the Pandavas.

सर्वतः परिवार्याथ सप्ताचिर्ज्वलनस्तथा ।
 ददाह खाण्डवं दावं युगान्तमिव दर्शयन् ॥

Enveloping all round, the seven-tongued one then started burning the Khandava Vana, like the great fire at dissolution of creation.

घ्राणं जिह्वा च चक्षुश्च त्वक् च श्रोत्रं च
 पञ्चमसु ।

मनो बुद्धिश्च सप्तैता जिह्वा वैश्वानराचिपः ॥

The nose, the tongue, eyes, the skin, the ears, the mind and the intellect, these seven are the seven tongues of Vaishwanara.

द्वेयं दृश्यं च पेयं च स्पृश्यं श्राव्यं तथैव च ।
 मन्तव्यमवबोद्धव्यं ताः सप्त समिधो मताः ॥

Smelling, drinking, perceiving, touching, hearing, thinking and knowing are the seven Samits (offerings) to the Vaishwanara through these seven-tongues.

द्वेये पेये च दृश्ये च स्पृश्ये श्राव्ये तथैव च ।
 मन्तव्येऽप्यथ बोद्धव्ये सुभगे पश्य सर्वदा ॥
 हवीष्यग्निषु होतारः सप्तधा सप्तसप्तसु ।

The smeller, drinker, perceiver, feeler, hearer, the reflector and the knower are the seven Ritwiks. This process of sacrifice by seven Hotrus goes on at all times in this body.

Mahabharata, XIV, 21, 20 to 24

*With shadows of the passing cloud,
 New grain, and knavish friends,
 With women's love, and youth, and wealth,
 Enjoyment quickly ends.*

—Panchatantra.

smoking a pack a day will cut 5 to 10 years off your life!

Dr. Clifford Anderson, M.D.

WHY do so many doctors smoke?

For the same reason that so many other people smoke.

Most doctors who smoke have a high respect for people who don't smoke, and they would be happy if they had never acquired the habit themselves.

The majority of them started the habit when they were youngsters in high school. Someone suggested that smoking was "the smart thing to do." So they began, only to find that they were in the grip of a foolish and enslaving habit.

All doctors know that cigarettes are bad for the heart and the blood-vessels. They are taught that in medical school.

Every day doctors are telling people with stomach ulcers not to use cigarettes.

They know that smoking on an empty stomach is a frequent cause of ulcers.

Then why do so many of them continue to smoke? Because they are slaves of nicotine!

There are eighteen different poisonous substances in a cigarette.

These poisons don't all affect the body in the same way.

Some of them irritate the throat and the lungs.

Others attack the nervous system.

At least one of them is the possible cause of cancer in the lung, a disease

that is becoming more and more common today.

But the most potent poison of all of them is nicotine.

It is this drug in tobacco that causes people to become addicted to "the weed."

Nicotine is one of the most powerful poisons known to man.

Fortunately, most of it is destroyed as the tobacco burns. But small quantities of nicotine pass through into the blood stream every time a cigarette is smoked.

Nicotine acts much as do all other habit-forming drugs.

When it is withdrawn from a person who is addicted to its use, he is likely to go into a period of marked agitation. This is particularly true if he feels insecure and unsure of himself.

His system craves more of that drug to which he has become habituated.

Dr. Charles S. Cameron, of the American Cancer Society, told several thousand doctors attending an annual meeting of the American Medical Association in San Francisco that, according to a study of more than 2,00,000 cases of lung cancer and heart disease, *the man who smokes a pack a day will cut from five to ten years off his life!*

This is particularly true of persons who smoke two or more packs a day.

Heavy smokers were found to be twice as likely to have heart trouble

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and diseases of the blood-vessels as are men who don't smoke.

And here is another amazing fact. *The death rate was found to be 65 per cent higher for people in middle life who smoke than for those who don't smoke.*

When it comes to cancer of the lung the death rate is sixteen times higher in smokers than in non-smokers.

Listen, young people: It's smart *not* to start smoking!

The best way to prevent cancer of the lung is to quit before you start. There are plenty of better ways to enjoy yourself than by becoming addicted to a habit-forming cancer-producing weed.

Some day smoking tobacco will stand fully condemned by medical opinion for what it really is—a soul and body-destroying habit that is being foisted on our present generation of young people by an endless barrage of advertising.

SERPENT-LORE OF INDIA—Contd.

nu and all the other Gods were present. It is said that Skanda appeared in the form of a hideous serpent and at Vishnu's touch, was transformed into a human figure. This seems to be one of the reasons assigned for the worship of Naga-pratimas. There are several shrines dedicated to the War God Subrahmanya in South India.

The serpent is compared to the *samsara* or mundane existence from the snares of which the devotee wishes to get liberated. At the end of the usual prayers, the devotee says: *Dayabdhe, trahi samsara sarpan mam saranaga-*

It's high time that doctors were encouraged to tell the truth about smoking.

Tobacco is a slow, steady killer, but it will get you in the end.

Yet smoking is a habit that anyone can break, if he has the will power and courage to resist the temptation.

Young friend, have you been caught in the web of this subtle cigarette advertising?

Do you really want to break the habit, once and for all?

Then set your will resolutely here and now, and determine that you are no longer going to be enslaved by a habit that one day may take your life.

Lay aside every evil habit. Get plenty of rest.

Eat only the most simple foods.

Take plenty of exercise in the fresh air.

Avoid all intoxicants.

And with the blessing of Heaven you will succeed.

[Courtesy: *Herald of Health*.]

tam. (Oh Lord, please protect me against this snake of a Samsara which is a source of torment for me). It is the Bhava-pasa, the noose of mundane existence coiling round in the form of the cycle of birth and death. It is the source-bed of Ajnana ornescience. It symbolises Death or Dark-

ness. According to Yogic philosophy, the serpent with its coils is symbolical with the Kundalini power which passes through Sushumna, a passage in the middle with seven centres from Muladhara to Sahasrara.

RAMANATHAN KRISHNAN

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Krishnan may be said to have avenged his father's defeat by overstepping Ghaus at the Wimbledon Championship!

Now Krishnan is the first Indian to be seeded, as I said, and the first Indian ever to reach the semi-finals in the Men's Singles events. Out of the four Indians who elected to enter this year—Krishnan, Naresh Kumar, J. Mukerjee and A. J. Uday Kumar—all but the first were eliminated on the first day itself.

Indeed things looked pretty hot for Krishnan himself in the beginning, for, prior to the commencement of the Wimbledon matches, Krishnan went down before the Spaniard Andres Gimeno in the London Grass Court Championship, but critics had no doubts about Krishnan's ability to recover. Did not this year's topseeded Neale Fraser go down before Krishnan in the London Championship last year?

Rated among the top ten players of the world and number one Asian champion, Krishnan amply repaid the expectations of tennis fans all over the world by his thrilling performances at Wimbledon. Unlike in the days of Ghaus Mohamed, young Krishnan had a formidable set of players to contend against. Despite his comparative young age and inexperience at world-level he did a marvellous job beating one after the other the versatile Australian Hillebrand,

AFTER a lapse of more than two decades, India has figured prominently in the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championship this year. India's number one player Ramanathan Krishnan was not merely seeded 7th, but he also entered the semi-final grade, losing, however, to topseeded Neale Fraser of Australia.

It was the intrepid Ghaus Mohamed who 21 years ago reached the quarter-finals at this world-famous championship, but he was unseeded at that time, even as Krishnan was last year.

There is an eerie coincidence between Ghaus and Krishnan's Wimbledon achievement. Two decades ago, Krishnan's father Ramanathan contested the all-India tennis title at Bombay. At that time it was Ghaus who defeated Ramanathan. Today

the Spaniard Gimeno—avenging his former defeat, outdoing the German Willie Stuck, the South African Ian Vernack and the Chilean Ayala. The British press went into raptures at Krishnan's performance in the last mentioned encounter. One commentator said: "Here was a match played from the neck upward, a match of brains." Another said "He (Krishnan) had Ayala chase the court like a scalded puppy!"

It was as unexpected as unfortunate, therefore, that Krishnan should have wilted under Fraser's rapid balls in the way he did, having regard to the fact that Neale Fraser had been beaten by Krishnan earlier last year in the London Championship. It was somewhat under similar circumstances, again, that Krishnan had to give in to Alex Olmedo in last year's Wimbledon too. Putting these together one is inclined to wonder if some hoodoo is not stalking our champion at Wimbledon. Whatever its complexion, the sooner it is scotched the better for Krishnan.

Tennis is in Krishnan's blood, for he is the chip of the old block, Ramanathan, who was an undisputed champion of the South in his time. Looking at the album of photographs where father and son play together and against each other, one staggers at the rapidity of Krishnan's progress from a school champ of 13 to a world figure at 23 today. Krishnan's mother Parvati Ammal is perhaps the proudest mother today.

Rather stocky of build and swarthy of complexion as indeed all of us Indians are, Krishnan creates an illusion of a slow-pacer, but in reality

his feet are as nimble as the cat's. In his match against Neale Fraser this season, Krishnan, however, had the chagrin of finding his own forte of cool and collected servicing unavailing against the opponent's tantalizing speed. Krishnan should for once have learnt the great lesson that tactics have to be changed according to the individuals opposing.

Krishnan's play is noted for its uncanny anticipations, fine artistry, clever placing of the ball, shrewd use of angles and brilliant finesse which are only matched by his firmness to govern and calm thoughtfulness. His back-hand stroke technique is particularly effective against left-handers. A master of volley and the passing shot, he is most economical in their execution.

Krishnan did his education at the Loyola College, Madras. He cut his tennis teeth at the feet of his own father Ramanathan in whose hands he started shaping greater than his own father. Krishnan won many a school and local laurel. Father and son regaled Indian audiences to high class tennis for a while. Within a short span of ten years now, Krishnan has had a meteoric rise.

Among his achievements may be mentioned the National Lawn Tennis Championship of India 1954-1955 and the Wimbledon Junior Lawn Tennis Championship, the latter having been made possible by the munificent financial help of the Maharaja of Mysore for Krishnan to make the journey. Last year Krishnan won the London Grass Court Championship and the Swedish Har

[Continued on page 55]

QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

804

Sri G. D. Choure, Itarsi.

Q: *How can we achieve success in life?*

A: By trying ceaselessly to achieve perfection in all our actions and by having faith in God.

805

Sri Y. Padmaji Rao, Tadpatri.

Q: *Giant Kamsa was the uncle of Lord Krishna; but why didn't Krishna have Rakshasamsa?*

A: Wicked men are called *asuras*. Therefore, Kamsa was called an *asura*. He was not a *rakshasa*, but a *Yadava*.

806

Sri Chandrashekhar Yakkeli, Yadagiri.

Q: *What is the best motto which one could paste in one's study so that one could see it daily in the morning so as to help make one's life prosperous, happy and contented?*

A: *Karmanye va Adhikaraste*. Your duty is the demand of the law, to perform it is your only right.

807

Sri H. N. Keshava Murthy, Hagare (Mysore State).

Q: *What is meant by Swadharma and Paradharm?*

A: '*Swabhava Niyatam Karma*.' Action prompted by one's tempera-

ment and aptitude is *swakarma* or one's duty. When *swakarma* is one's duty and is performed as an offering to God, it is *swadharma*, one's own dharma, the mission of one's life. When an action is done which conflicts with temperament and aptitude and without submitting to God, it is *paradharm*, and it is *bhayavaha*, full of danger.

808

Sri D. R. Mohana Rao, Sambalpur Dist.

Q: *What is the difference between a spirit and a devil?*

A: A spirit is a disembodied personality. Devil is wickedness, conceived as a superhuman force trying to bring about man's fall. There is no conception of the devil in Hinduism.

809

Sri N. S. Ramjee, Eluri, Andhra Pradesh.

Q: *What exactly is meant by 'Fasting'? Does it mean going without food completely for the entire day or does it allow milk and food or tiffin, etc? In either case do you think it will help us in the matter of health?*

A: (1) Fasting is first a curative purifying process. Ordinarily we eat

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far too much and a weekly or a fortnightly fast will correct the system, undermined by overeating.

(2) Fasting, on occasions, is a spiritual effort to gain control of the body and mind.

(3) Fasting might be by giving up food during the day, or giving up one meal. Milk and fruit diet if carried on for a few days might serve as a gratified fast.

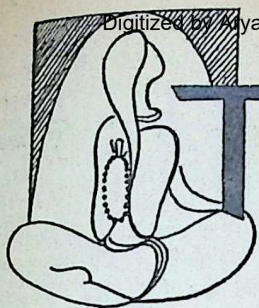
(4) But self-controlled eating—*Yuktahara*, as the *Gita* says,—is the best. It means eating only the minimum quantity, as would sustain the body and mind in a balanced state. It requires great control to do so day by day.

RAMANATHAN KRISHNAN—cont.

Court Championship. To cut the story short, he has lately been playing in almost all the famous tennis courts of the world.

Sports loses its quality when evaluated in terms of victory and defeat which are as uncertain as the weather. It is the spirit and the quality of performance that count and that Krishnan has shown in abundance. Nothing, by this season's performance, he has gained more admirers than ever and when he enters the court next season at Wimbledon, he will have good reason to be grateful for the sincere wishes of the millions of his admirers all over the world.

Very recently married, Krishnan had taken his bride to Wimbledon where she quickly hit the headlines as the prettiest champion-bride!



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K. M. Munshi's Tapasvini

or

The Lure of Power

A SOCIO-POLITICAL SAGA

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

25. COMPANIONATE WEDDING

IMEDIATELY he woke up the next morning, Ravi busied himself with the household chores: he swept the room, fetched water from the common water-tap outside and lit the stove in order to make tea. Mona, who had fallen asleep again after finishing her cigarette, woke up while he was still thus engaged. As she stood up, she called out to Ravi: "Baby face, give me your box of matches. I want to light my cigarette. But first shut that door; otherwise, I shall lose my good name. If someone sees us as we are now, he is bound to say that I am a wretched woman who makes her husband do all the household work. In fact, I do not know anything of household chores nor am I going to start learning them now. If that was what I wanted to do, why should I have joined the Communist Party? But it is for you so to behave as to make the world think that it is I who attend to all the work in the house." Ravi obeyed her by closing the door.

"Good. If tea is ready," said Mona, "give it to me. Until I have a cup I cannot get rid of sleep."

As Ravi handed her the cup, Mona blew him a kiss and said: "You are a dear."

As soon as Ravi and Mona were ready, they sat down to prepare their plan of action. It did not take Ravi long to realise that Mona's organising ability was superb and that he would undoubtedly be able to do a great lot with her help.

Day and night unceasingly both kept themselves busy in promoting the interests of the Communist Party in Matunga. Ravi soon got accustomed to Mona's sharp tongue and her frequent insulting criticisms. He did not mind them, for he had learnt to appreciate how very useful she was to him with her shrewdness and her constructive ability. Mona was impertinent, brusque, obstinate and preferred doing things her own way, but she was after all his wife. Ravi was prepared to put up with it all. He was

quite convinced that with her help he would succeed in his task.

The period of three months was soon over, and the partnership of Ravi and Mona was still unbroken. Mona was a linguist, and spoke English as it should be spoken. She spoke fluent Marathi and had already begun to speak somewhat broken but good col-

loquial Gujarati. Her neighbours had begun to treat her as a Gujarati woman who had been brought up outside Gujarat, and the way in which she dressed her hair and carried the auspicious mark on her forehead helped in confirming their impression. Towards all outsiders she behaved as if she were a genuine Rewa Chudgar.

By now Ravi's meetings were being attended by more and more people, mostly workers and small shopkeepers. In the Matung Committee also Ravi had acquired a position of importance. Thanks to Mona's organising skill, he had been successful in staging strikes in two or three mill years." Today, following on a strike, Ravi was actually negotiating with the employers in my mind. He had been completely successful and he had triumphed. He had obtained all he wanted. When that evening, Mona said to him, "You had done extremely well, he said, he was delighted."

Ravi said smilingly, "Yes, I think I had the whip-hand over the employers on this occasion," he said. "You will see that nothing shall succeed against the unionist."

"In getting me," he said, "So, do



from him for the party. The credit really is yours, the whole of it. Left to myself, I might have succeeded some time or the other in my slow and cautious manner, but because of your vigorous methods, I have been able to have my way with such astonishing speed. The workers too have much greater confidence in you than in me."

"It is true that I attract men but you make them accept whatever you wish," replied Mona. "I get very nervous when I have to talk. I go on talking about things but it is you who can make them do things. I am enjoying this opportunity of working with you."

"I too would find it difficult to work without you," said Ravi. "If we go on working in this way, we shall be accessible to establish ourselves successfully in Bombay in two or three years."

"I am not particularly interested in the actual results," said Mona. "I like to plan and plot. There is a madness in my make-up and that is only Communism. I want to see Communism triumph just as it has done in Russia." Mona sighed as she went on to say, "But I am afraid this is expected too much."

On hearing the word 'triumph', Ravi's thought went back to his grandfather who had also desired the triumph of his gospel. That also was Mona's desire. But which gospel was going to succeed?

"You are anxious for personal success," went on Mona. "I only wish to be nothing more than a devoted Communist."

"So, do you think that I am a Communist?" inquired Ravi, afraid lest he might lose Mona's confidence.

Mona kept quiet, drew a deep breath and then stared at Ravi in silence.

"Why don't you reply?"

"I am hoping and praying that you may become a devoted Communist."

"I recollect that was what you said on the first day we met. But at that time you did not know me well enough; now we have known each other for so long, so intimately. Have you ever seen me swerve from the straight path? Have you ever heard me speak against Communism? Do I not do everything within my power for it?" Ravi kept asking question after question, so anxious was he to make Mona trust him.

"All that you say is quite true," said Mona in a deeply reflective voice. "I cannot look into your heart but it is my heart-felt desire that you may become a sincere, devoted Communist. You are able to argue about principles and ideas so well and so fluently that I am unable to make up my mind if those ideas and thoughts are your own. You have got the skill to win over people easily. However, your chief aim in life seems to be to achieve success. You have never lived in slums with the downtrodden and would not like to do so, I am sure. I cannot even imagine that you would ever be able to fight a losing battle." Mona was standing up in a somewhat odd pose, one hand pressed against the other, as she gave expression to her innermost thoughts.

"A losing battle!" exclaimed Ravi. "Mona, are you mad? Every week

we are enlisting new members. We are receiving monies from unexpected sources. And you call all this a losing battle?"

"How am I to explain to you?" said Mona. She spoke as if she had just woke up from a deep reverie. "I am saying all this not in order to show my distrust of you, as you think. But I must be frank with you. Communism is not likely to be a winning game in this country. It is so obviously a foreign product. What chances has it? All the soil here, the air, the water and the light, will they prove suitable for it? Would a plant from the soil of Russia survive if planted on the Indian soil? Will it flourish? The people of this country are very soft; they are blindly religious. The point is, will such people be able to win through in spite of their narrow-mindedness, their soft and easy way of life and their pretence of non-violence?"

"Why are you saying this? Have we not made remarkable progress in a short time? The plant is growing now and has taken root firmly."

"For the first season, of course, the plant is well settled, but ask yourself, is not the atmosphere such as would stifle it? We are getting money and we are working with zeal. My tact is making effective contribution," smiled Mona as she said this, "but will all this survive? If you were in Russia, I am sure you would have stood up for Communism. But in India, do you think if you ever saw Communism wither away, your devotion would not go the same way?"

"Do you really believe that my de-

votion is so superficial?" asked Ravi somewhat sadly. He felt offended.

"Yes, I really believe it."

"Do you think what you say is the truth?"

"What is the truth?" asked Mona. "That in this country we shall not be able to plant firmly the seeds of our principles; nor will they blossom and mature here. It is possible that some one with a faith like mine may not be able to see this unpalatable truth; perhaps, someone like you might see it more quickly. If so, it is necessary to think seriously about it." Mona rubbed her eyes and looked at Ravi affectionately. "I have been speaking foolishly. Don't pay any attention to what I have said." She lit a cigarette to regain her composure and started laughing. "Sometimes I am overcome by emotion and then I talk nonsense of this kind. Communism is our supreme ideal and is the only weapon of salvation for the human being." Mona shook her head strongly as though she were flinging away unpleasant thoughts from her mind. "That is the ideal to pursue, I know it and you know it."

Ravi looked at Mona as if he had just come out of a dream. "What you are saying is true, Mona; it is true. Then, as if he was lecturing, he continued though she were flinging away our philosophy. To achieve triumph is our supreme duty. For a moment I was deeply hurt at the thought that you had lost faith in me. I almost felt like losing confidence in myself, and so I too spoke as I did. Our birthright is to sacrifice our lives for the salvation of our country. I am not going to be satisfied only with

the salvation of my own country. I would like to see the whole world saved even if it means a world revolution." Ravi spoke with emotion. "I have been brought up on the philosophy of Communism and I shall be the instrument to pass on its message to India. It is only through it that my country will wake up to reality. I shall be the messenger to propagate this philosophy: no: you and I together are destined to bring this great revolution to this country. Don't you think so, Mona?"

"Ravi, are you speaking the truth? Would you tell me?"

Ravi looked fixedly at Mona's sad and worried face. He saw her eyes fill with tears. He felt her voice unsteady.

Ravi took her shaking hand in his own. "Mona, does it please you so much to hear me speak with such conviction?"

Mona shook her head without looking at him. "Yes, your confidence heartens me. Do you know why? Because I have become fond of you."

"Have you? Do you like me so much?" inquired Ravi with eagerness.

"Yes," said Mona softly, as if she were bearing testimony to the voice of her heart.

Ravi realised all of a sudden that their relationship had changed. This was love. It was for the sake of love that Mona had stood by his side and done all his work for him. That was the reason why she had borne all the inconveniences of living and working with him and refused to go out of Bombay. She had given to him something more than what propaganda, literature, pamphlets, meetings,

committee strikes, etc., could bring—something much finer and warmer. That, he said, explained why he found it difficult to work without Mona. That was why whenever Mona went away, he became impatient and whenever she came near him, his heart beat faster.

"Really, are you fond of me?" inquired Mona in a soft voice.

Ravi pulled Mona nearer to him and kissed her. Until this moment he had never kissed any woman. Today he discovered what a wonderful thing a kiss was, a source of supreme satisfaction and warmth.

"Mona, never before have I experienced what I am going through now. You love me and I love you. Will you marry me?"

Mona pushed him back and until he sat down on a stool she kept looking at him. "What is it, Mona? What is it?"

Mona spoke as if she were challenging some hidden power. "I do not believe in marriage. That is against my principles."

Ravi was puzzled. To him marriage seemed the obvious thing to talk about once love was declared between them. "Do you really believe that there could be any objection, in principle, to marriage?"

"Yes, to marry is to take an insurance against future unhappiness. I do not wish to take out such a policy. If I were to do so, I should become a household chattel."

Mona got up, came near him and put her hand on his shoulder. There was the gentleness of a shy young girl in the touch of this woman who was

usually so insolent in her speech and so dry and matter-of-fact in her behaviour. "Ravi, our companionship is not a magic charm to escape unhappiness. It is a terrible journey. If it succeeds, we shall be happy. If it does not, we should have to court the disaster together. But our companionship should always be irregular and unregulated. We should share whatever we get out of it—even the misery and the disgrace if our companionship no longer binds."

Mona was silent for a while. Then she resumed: "We are both paupers. We shall maintain ourselves by the allowance the Party may give us. The work of the Party will be our domestic life. So long as it suits us both, we shall live that life. The moment we find it irksome, we shall be honest to each other and confess that we have failed—and part."

Ravi was hurt at this suggestion. He seemed to hear someone saying to him in an indistinct voice: "*Grihini, sachiva, sakhi, mitha priya shishya lalita kala vidham*"—the queen of the home is a counsellor, a companion,

a beloved pupil in art. It was a voice from the past. With great effort he restrained himself and remained silent.

"Ravi, what would we gain by believing that our companionship is living when it is already dead? When that time comes, we must not weep nor blame each other. We should cremate that companionship without any tears and each of us go our respective ways. Do you agree? Say, you agree."

Ravi could not subscribe to this. To him, a very strange approach. He thought of what he had learnt from the *Grihya Sutra*: *bone of bone, life of life*... But he had to admit defeat before the eloquence of Mona. He said gently, "I agree. You are so great that you inspire me with confidence. But I wonder whether I am worthy of your trust? I do not understand."

"Yes, yes. I have confidence in you and in myself," said Mona as she warmed up and embraced Ravi. Ravi smothered her with kisses.

[To be continued]



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THE LORD APPEARS

WHEN Pavakaroma found the exit from the tunnel effectively sealed all of a sudden, he stood still, wonder-struck, and his amazement soon turned into consternation.

It was not the sudden closing of the exit that caused him so much concern as the anxiety as to what would happen to his beloved whose deliverance from the clutches of a *rakshasa* he had just succeeded in effecting.

"Could it be an underling of the *rakshasa* standing guard outside who had closed the outlet? Would he have taken my wife prisoner again? Possibly my friend, Kumbhi, following me faithfully like Lakshmana shadowing Rama, was involved in a skirmish and killed. O, why should that *swayamvara* have at all entered into our lives and conspired to separate us for ever?" he wept.

By this time, the princesses, imprisoned in the cave, had noticed Pavaka's predicament. They, therefore, told him: "Great Prince! Is it right that you should feel disheartened after all that you have done? Don't you know that misfortunes have the only merit of bamboozling the faint-hearted temporarily, for they disappear, sooner or later, without leaving a trace behind? Please take heart and bide your time. Till then, won't you take us, who are now left without a leader, under your protection and look after us?"

On hearing this expostulation, Pavaka reconciled himself to his present position and agreed to look after their welfare till such time as he



could find an outlet from the cave which left him confounded.

After some time, a hunter came that way. He saw some costly jewels lying about scattered. As he collected them, he became inquisitive and started exploring the hollow portion of the region. While doing so, he lifted the stone which had plugged the entry into the tunnel. Although it went deep, with the aid of a beam of light coming from the cave city, he entered it.

As luck would have it, Pavaka, alerted by the movement, came before the hunter with his bow drawn for action in the event of any emergency. The unsuspecting hunter, thoroughly rattled by the sight of Pavaka, began to flee. But, assessing the situation, Pavaka called him back. Assuring him of his good intentions, Pavaka asked the hunter: "Who are you and how did you enter this tunnel?"

The hunter told Pavaka the truth and handed him the jewels gathered from outside the tunnel.

The moment Pavaka saw them, tears from his eyes started to flow in profusion. Wept he: "O, jewells! To me seeing you is like seeing my beloved. Won't you tell me where Hanumati is staying now? O, won't you bring us together again for once?"

Pavaka then let the hunter go.

The princesses, who by then had collected around Pavaka, were delighted that at last their deliverance was at hand.

At their request, Pavakaroma came out of the tunnel, followed by all the imprisoned princesses, and proceeded to his father's capital Magadha, which they reached without meeting with

any untoward incident. At home, Pavaka fell at the feet of his father Ambhira who embraced him, and shed tears of joy at the reunion.

Asked he: "My son, couldn't you have left word whither you were going? Then, our anxiety would have been much less. O, how many sleepless nights have we spent! Where is Kumbhi? Who are these women? Tell me all in detail."

Heaving a long sigh, Pavaka recounted his adventures, carefully omitting, however, to make any reference to Hanumati, and ended his narrative by expressing concern over the fate of Kumbhi, the Minister's son.

The King immediately gave orders for the search of Kumbhi and saw to it that excellent arrangements were also made for the accommodation of the princesses who had followed his son.

Soon, after ascertaining the wishes of the guest princesses, King Ambhira of Magadha had them all married to his son, Pavaka.

One day a woman ascetic came to that city as a State guest. Pavaka, who received her, made obeisance to her, and after treating her with all the respects due to a person of her Order, asked: "Mother! You have been touring the world, as it were. And you should have heard about many strange happenings. Could you therefore tell me something about them?"

"Yes, of course. Of all the strange things I have heard about, the one relating to Hanumati, daughter of Ajavaksha, the King of Natyapattana, seems to be the most interesting. She is the prettiest girl I have ever set my eyes on. It appears that a certain man

won her in the *swayamvara*, but now, after a short absence, she has returned with another man to her father's capital. This man claims that he was the one who won her in the contest. The funny part of it is that when Ajavaksha had completed all arrangements for the marriage, the girl turned round and told her father that the man by her side was an impostor, and tied a bandage around her eyes, refusing even to see the sinner. Poor Ajavaksha, unable to determine who her real husband is, finds himself in a quandary now."

At this news, Pavaka couldn't contain himself any longer. So, after providing the ascetic with all the things she might need and leaving her in charge of an officer, literally flew to Natyapattana.

When he reached the outskirts of the city, he overtook a palanquin being carried by orderlies. The sole occupant of it was clad in the costly robes of a royal bridegroom: silken umbrellas protected him from the sun's rays.

"Who may this person be?" wondered Pavaka, but a closer view revealed that it was none other than Kumbhi.

The royal insignia on the palanquin, the woman ascetic's story and the fact that Kumbhi alone was the last man to have seen his wife—these things conclusively proved that Kumbhi was double-crossing him. Thought Pavaka: "What an irony that I wept for this wretch, thinking he was dead on my account! Hanumati, being virtuous, did not fall into his trap. But could perfidy go to such an extent as to throw overboard the century-old

friendship between our two families? If it weren't Kumbhi, whom else could I have trusted? O, what is the world coming to?"

While Pavaka was thus lost in his own thoughts, Kumbhi did not fail to notice the presence of Pavaka near the precincts of Natyapattana. So, calling aside a few of his servants, Kumbhi pointed Pavaka out to them and ordered: "This man is a born enemy of my father. His presence here makes me suspect that he has evil designs on me too. Bundle him up straight away and leave him in the interior of the forest after cutting off both of his legs and arms."

Accordingly, when the attendants pounced upon Pavaka, still lost in his reverie, he was easily overpowered. The assailants bound him hand and foot and carried him into the depth of the forest. There they also carried out to the letter the orders of Kumbhi by cutting off Pavaka's legs and arms, and abandoned him to his fate.

Pavaka could only recall to his mind the curse of the *rakshasa*-woman which alone had driven him to travel alone. This curse having come to pass, he could now only wait for his emancipation.

In the meantime, a gardener, who happened to pass by the maimed Pavaka, took pity on his condition and carried him to his garden where he prepared a bed for Pavaka out of the tender leaves, laid him on it and treated his wounds with home-made medicines. As a result of the solicitous care thus bestowed by the gardener, Pavaka's wounds healed quickly. In view of the handicap, the gardener also put up a cottage in the centre of the gar-

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den for Pavaka to stay in and every day brought him food from his home. Soon, Pavaka started adoring the gardener and his wife as his father and mother and worked for them in return as a sort of *mali* looking after the plants and flowers.

Since Pavaka came to the garden, flowers started blossoming in much greater abundance and their fragrance spread over miles around.

During one of Her aerial flights in the company of Lord Sankara, Mother Parvati noticed this garden and became enamoured of it. Since then, it became Her custom to pluck unawares all its flowers and disport Herself.

One day, the gardener asked Pavaka: "My son, I am sure you are very vigilant. But, as you know, we have very few flowers left on the trees these days, although they put forth buds every evening. You know our livelihood depends on the sale of the flowers. I don't know what sin we have committed to warrant this loss."

Replied Pavaka: "Father, I am very sorry to hear this. Tonight I shall be extra vigilant and catch the thief."

"Good luck, my son," replied the gardener and went away.

That night Pavaka crawled out of his cottage and hiding himself in a bush, waited.

The same night, Parvati came to the garden, as usual, in the company of her maid and started picking the flowers. By some mischance, She tripped over a fallen bough and fell down. As She did so, Her feet descended on Pavaka, who, unknown to himself, instantaneously regained his lost legs

and arms. Nevertheless, he caught hold of Parvati and cried, "The thief is caught, the thief is caught!"

Parvati Devi, thus caught awkwardly, meditated on Sankara Who appeared there with His matted hair, the crescent moon, the Ganga on His head, the serpent encircling His neck, the drum and the *trisul*, etc., adorning His hands and the third eye shining from His forehead.

On seeing Lord Sankara, it flashed across Pavaka's mind that his captive was none other than Parvati Devi and to make sure that it was She, he looked at his legs and arms which had grown to full shape and length. Who can describe his state of mind at the time? He fell on all fours before the Divine Pair and prayed:

"O, Lord! You are unattainable even to the greatest of Yogis who, with single-minded devotion, excel in the practice of Yoga for ages on end. When that is the case, how can I possibly explain my luck in seeing both of You right before me but for Your unbounded grace?"

The Lord, bestowing His grace on Pavaka, said: "My son, ask any boon you like and you will have it!"

"Lord! All my sins have been burnt by Your *darsan* and could there be a greater fortune than that of seeing You in person? Yet, I would request You to bless me with one boon. Now that my arms and legs have grown, may I have the power of concealing them whenever I feel like doing so and growing them again when I want."

"So be it!" replied the Lord and disappeared in the company of His spouse,

[To be continued]

Pratapa In The Soup

WHILE Pratapa was ruling over the empire thus enchanted and enriched by his wives, King Lokadhipa, his father, and the members of his family, were toiling for their daily bread.

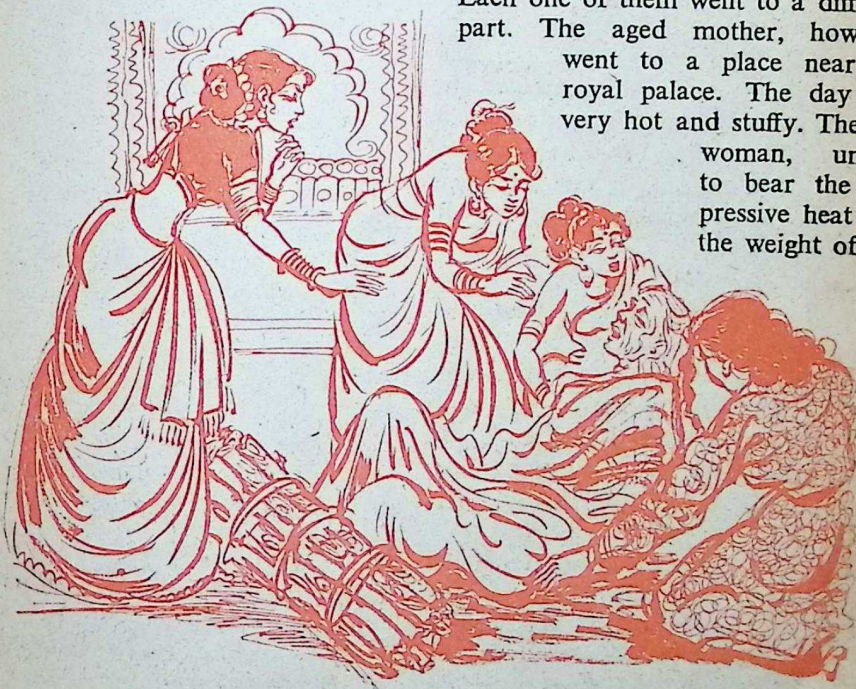
The King of Ushtra, a rival, had invaded Lokadhipa's domain and had driven him and his family away.

Thus exiled, Lokadhipa and his family had no option but to labour hard for a living. Accordingly, they began to sell firewood daily, gather-

ing it from the forest and disposing it off in the city. And for quite a long time did they continue this practice.

One day, a passing stranger, however, told them that firewood fetched a better price in the newly created city where Pratapa ruled. Consequently, all of them—the old King, the old Queen and all their sons—went there with their loads of firewood.

On reaching the city, they dispersed themselves in different directions. Each one of them went to a different part. The aged mother, however, went to a place near the royal palace. The day was very hot and stuffy. The old woman, unable to bear the oppressive heat and the weight of her



load and overcome by fatigue, fainted on the road.

As she fell down, Pratapa, who happened to be looking out of his balcony, saw her. And, out of commiseration, he rushed out to offer her help, but the moment he saw her face, he was shocked, for he discovered that this woman was none other than his own mother, and her condition, in which he had least expected to see her, gave him even a greater shock.

Losing no time, Pratapa sent word to his wives to run up to him in the street. By the time they arrived, he himself had carried his mother to a shelter. Fanning gentle breeze and sprinkling cold water on her face eased her fatigue and restored her strength when she started to slightly open her eyes. He then gave her some water to drink which she sipped slowly. By that time, Pratapa's queens were by her side. He intimated to them by signs that the old woman was really his mother. On learning this, all the four queens vied with one another in attending upon their mother-in-law.

As soon as the old woman regained sufficient strength to talk, she asked the four ladies: "You seem to be divine children, dears, but why do you take the trouble of attending on me, a woodcutter? I thought I was going to be spared further humiliation in this life but..."

Without allowing her to complete the sentence, Pratapa's queens carried her to the palace. There they started showering their attention on her. In the course of their talk, however, the girls asked her: "Mother, why do

you speak so dejectedly? Have you had any misfortunes in life?"

"Misfortunes?" replied she. "The magnitude of my suffering you won't be able to conceive of. You must know that I was once a queen of a large kingdom, but my husband, Lokadhipa, my six sons and I were driven out of our dominion by a rival king. Since then, it has been our lot to eke out our existence by selling firewood."

Pratapa, who was listening to this heart-rending story from behind a curtain, could not contain himself any longer. He, therefore, rushed out, fell at his mother's feet, and prayed: "Mother! Such a painful lot to befall you while I, your youngest son, am still alive!"

The old Queen looked at Pratapa's face and easily recognized in him her lost son. So, for a while, the mother and the son wept over their separation.

Pratapa then said: "Now, tell me, mother, where my father is, also where my brothers are."

The old Queen: "They must be roaming about in the streets of this city selling firewood, and I guess they are looking for me."

Pratapa immediately sent his officials out to comb the city-streets for his father and brothers. Very soon all of them were found and brought to the palace. Pratapa received them and took them all to where the old Queen was seated.

On seeing the old King, the Queen broke down. Then, pointing out to Pratapa as her long-lost son, she explained amidst tears the circumstances of his escape.

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While Pratapa's brothers seemed happy at this turn of events, the old King did not appear quite so pleased.

After food and rest, the family gathered together again. At that time, the old King related the story as to how he was reduced to his present position. He ended by saying, "Wealth and monarchy never stay permanently."

Soon, Pratapa abdicated in his father's favour, who became the King of the new state. However, he and his brothers assisted the old King in administering the State.

One day, as they were all seated together, Pratapa explained to a select audience how he happened to drift away from his parents. Narrating the incidents arising from the old King's questions to his sons in the moonlit night, he said: "When my father asked me what I would have liked to do in that glorious night, I said I would have Indra's daughter by my side to give me *pan supari* to eat; Varuna's daughter to shampoo my legs; Nagaraja's daughter to fan me; and Agni's daughter to sprinkle rose-water on me. On hearing this, my father thought I was a vain boaster and an undesirable character. So, he ordered that I should be killed. Thanks to my mother, I was able to escape that fate. Now, by the grace of God, I have the satisfaction of having those very four girls for serving me."

As he heard this, the old King got furious. He said, "I don't want to hear any more of your boasting; I would much rather leave this place."

Alarmed, Pratapa fell at his father's

feet and sought his forgiveness. Pratapa also promised the old King that he would vanquish the Ushtra King who had overrun his parent's country and restore it to his father.

This assurance pleased and pacified the old King and the family lived together in amity.

One day, the brothers invited Pratapa for a hunt in the forest. So, before proceeding, Pratapa wanted to leave the wearing apparel of Indra's daughter in safe custody. Thinking things over, he decided to entrust the great treasure to the care of his mother till his return. While doing so, he said: "Mother, take care not to keep it anywhere down; always hold it in your hand and don't part with it for any reason."

Indra's daughter, however, came to know that her wearing apparel was now in the custody of her mother-in-law. Immediately, she called the other three co-wives together, and all the four of them gathered round the old Queen and started flattering her. This flattery went into the mother-in-law's head and she felt beside herself.

"What is it under your arm you are trying to hide from us, mother?" asked Indra's daughter.

"O, that's nothing; it's just a wearing apparel my son has asked me to keep in safe custody for him."

"That's all right. But can't I have a look at it?" Indra's daughter again asked.

"Yes, if you must; but you must return it to me."

"Of course, I shall. Isn't this lovely, sisters?"

"Very lovely," said they in chorus.

"How beautiful shall I look in it!"

"Surely, like an angel," replied the woman unwittingly.

"Mother, will you permit me to wear it just for a second, please? I will certainly return it to you as soon as I do so."

The old woman couldn't say "no". So, Indra's daughter got her apparel back. The moment she wore it, she uttered: "Sankara!" In an instant all the four divine damsels flew into the sky and reached Devaloka while the

new capital of Pratapa and everything else that went with it vanished into the thin air, leaving Pratapa and his family as poor as castaways.

In the forest too Pratapa experienced the effect of the catastrophe. Even the chargers he and his brother rode on disappeared, and so did Pratapa's royal attire.

And all of this made Pratapa suddenly realise and deplore the fatal mistake his mother had committed.

[To be continued]



NEWS AND NOTES

TENTH INTER-COLLEGIATE COMPETITION

THE 10th Inter-Collegiate Dramatic Competition conducted by the Bhartiya Vidya Bhavan will be held, as usual, this year in the middle of August. The last date for the receipt of entries will be 25th July, 1960.

Five copies of the scripts of one Act Plays or Scenes from full length Plays for a duration of 30 minutes along with the entry form should be sent to the Office of the Kala Kendra, Bhartiya Vidya Bhavan, on or before the 25th July, 1960.

As usual, the competition will be held in Marathi, Gujarati, Hindi, English, Kannada, Sanskrit and Konkani. Attractive trophies for team work and individual cash prizes are given to the best artistes besides merit certificate. The Bhavan's authorities hope that fullest co-operation would be forthcoming from the growing College population.

MADRAS KENDRA

OUR Madras Kendra has spurred into new activity with its shifting to a new and spacious building in Thyagarayanagar (83, G. N. Chetty Road). On the 20th of last month a meeting of the Working Committee of the Madras Kendra was held when the following Members were present: Sarvasri Anantaramakrishnan, K. Balasubramanya Aiyar, S. Sankaranarayanan Aiyar, Chandrakant Trivedi, V. Subramanian and Jasubhai Patel. Achar T. A. V. Dikshitar from Bombay also was present by invitation.

With a view to increasing the tempo of Bhavan's activity in Madras, the meeting decided (1) to start additional centres for Sanskrit Classes in Triplicane and Sowcarpet; (2) to start reading room and library at the new premises; (3) to organise Inter-Collegiate Competitions in dramas, elocution and essays both in English and in regional languages.

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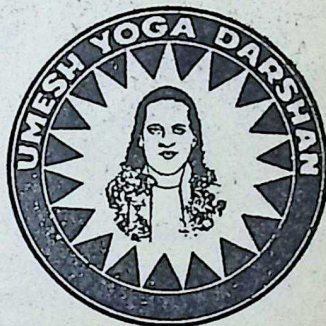
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OUR BOOK SHELF

GOSPEL OF THE GITA. By Sri T. V. Kapali Sastry. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. pp. 90. Price: Paper, Rs. 2; Hard Board, Rs. 2.50 nP.

THE volume under review is the third edition of the book. It is a masterly, complete and comprehensive account of the central teachings of the *Gita*. The vast learning of the author and his massive erudition have not interfered with the clarity and lucidity of the exposition.

Within the compass of less than a hundred pages, he has achieved the marvel of touching upon all the aspects of the *Gita* philosophy. The book is free from sectarian bias. The interpretation is refreshing and is also helpful to the spiritual aspirant.

Sri Kapali Sastry gives us the summary of Sri Aurobindo's *Essays on the Gita* here in the form of questions and answers. The message of the *Gita* gives us the secret of action; act we must, there is no freedom from action, there is only freedom in action. This can be achieved only by our becoming willing instruments in the hands of the Lord, by doing our *Svadharmas*. When we act, we should give up the sense of agency and the desire for the fruit. We must submit our acts to the Lord as

our worship. What binds us to Sam-sara is not action, but the egoity and the attachment to fruits. Karma Yoga is the integral yoga. It implies Jnana, Bhakti and renunciation. It is more than renunciation, for simple renunciation does not involve activity. It combines the good of the Pravritti and Nivritti margas without being one-sided like them. It is the grandest synthesis of Indian culture.

—Dr. P. Nagaraaja Rao.

HIGHWAYS OF GOD. By M. P. Pandit. Published by Sri Aurobindo Study Circle, Madras-5. pp. 166. Price: Board, Rs. 5; Cloth Bound, Rs. 6.

THE volume under review is a good collection of the different articles contributed by Sri M. P. Pandit, the scholar-devotee of Sri Aurobindo, to several journals. The book is divided into four sections: (1) A Peep into the Beyond; (2) Yoga and Philosophy of Sri Aurobindo; (3) Highways of God; and (4) Tradition of Indian Culture.

The first section deals with occultism. There is a deep and abiding unity running through all the articles. The principal aim of M. P. Pandit is to focus attention on the practical aspects of the teachings of Sri Aurobindo and

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Mother. He gives us a clear insight into the practical implications of Sri Aurobindo's teachings. The exposition is clear and effective. It satisfies the reader's mind and answers the questions received by the author from the readers of the journals in which his articles appeared.

The volume reproduces many of the reviews written by the author to different journals. We have a very clear and glowing account of the great Tamil Poet Subramanya Bharati in the last chapter.

The volume stimulates our thought and puts us in the spiritual mood.

An index to the volume and an introduction explaining the relations between sections would have added to the usefulness of the book.

It is a welcome and useful addition to the literature on Sri Aurobindo.

—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.

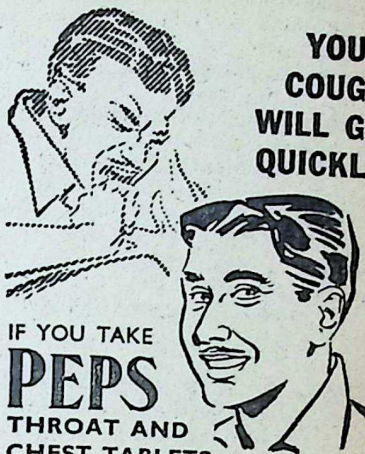
ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF CASTE. By Sri G. K. Pillai, Director of the Centre of Indology, Allahabad. Published by Kitab Mahal, Allahabad. pp. 261. Price: Rs. 5.

THE author of this work is a well-known Indologist. This seems to be his third work in the series styled by him 'India Without Misrepresentation'. Having arranged Vedic History systematically and chronologically (according to his conception) in the first book, he dogmatically asserts that all Hindu gods are only man-made in his second book. In this, his third book, the author proceeds to refute the view that caste is based on economic or political grounds. His view is that it is based on Totemism and ancestor-worship, which also restricts the freedom of inter-dining and inter-marriage. This is clear, according to him, from the fact that the professions bring the people all together, but the various Jaatis castes tend to keep them apart. His mathematical interpretation of the Purushasukta (as a problem for converting a square into a circle) is amusing and instructive but appears far

fetched.

Modern Indologists start with a pre-judice against caste and declare that "Caste-integration is the aim of all right-thinking individuals." They forget that such integration results in adding one more caste to the "3,000 recognized castes" already more unrecognized castes" already existing in this subcontinent. The author is enlightened enough to admit that caste has enabled Hindu traditions to survive and remain intact for thousands of years. In another context, he also confesses that as long as caste maintained the standard, it was a national asset. According to him, again, Hinduism has maintained its vitality and vigour for thousands of years as it is the "most democratic of all religions". He quotes with approbation Dr. Radhakrishnan's famous sentence, "Hinduism is more a way of life than a form of thought". But when he proceeds to look at our Vedas and Puranas "through modern spectacles", his conclusions are rather too hasty and ill-conceived. Statements like "Before piercing the ears, a Brahmana child could take food from a Sudra, a Sudra child could eat from the hands of a Christian (p. 204), or Panchagavya is a substitute for Pan-
 ehamrita (p. 201), or that Nairs have become Brahmins in Malabar (p. 207), and many more similar to them are half-truths perhaps never heard of at all. To say that Brahmins of the present-day have in vogue among them a reversal of the Asura system of marriage giving large dowries to the bride-political grooms' is nothing but a travesty of the truth. Such dowries, according to him, started after women ceased to earn for the family. Connecting the Totem of the Kharias or the Mundas of Bihar with the Gotra of the Brahmins is not at all convincing. To compare all our socio-religious festivals with those of the aborigines like the Mundas, Oraons, or the Senthals on the slender basis of word similarities like Sohrai and Holi, to say the least, neither convincing nor philologically correct. But when he says that untouchability might have

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had its origin in hygiene first, to receive the sanction of religion only later, or that it may be traced back to death or birth pollution, perhaps we might rather cautiously, of course, agree. In such speculations, it is always safer never to make assertions as are made throughout in the book.

These minor considerations apart, the author's enlightened views are sound. We heartily welcome such sympathetic and thought-provoking interpretations of the ancient thought and culture enshrined in our *Manusmriti* and *Kautilya*. The get-up of the book is neat and satisfactory.

—Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao

SANSKRIT

KHANDAKHAADYA SAHASRIKAA.
(In Sanskrit). Section dealing with Bhagavadvibhuti or divine affluence. By Prof. D. A. Somayaji, Bhimavaram, Andhra State. Pp. 122+26. Price: Rs. 3.

THE astronomer Brahmagupta named his work *Khanda Khaadyaka* and Sri

Harsha, the eminent poet and author of the famous Mahakavya *Naishadha*, styled his dialectical work *Khandana Khandakhaadya* as it provided 'titbits' for possible disputants.

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The Sunday Standard, Bombay

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His two essays in English on the voice of the Upanishads and the philosophy of human life and the concept of universal religion are added as supplement at the end and they provide stimulating food for thought and speak volumes for the deep spiritual culture of the author.

The poem richly deserves the blessings it has received from the President and Vice-President of India and the Prime Minister and makes us feel doubly happy since it abundantly proves that the Sanskrit language even now very virile and quite equal to the task of fully expressing the latest scientific thoughts in the hands of competent and sincere votaries.

We eagerly look forward to the remaining three sections which will provide us with an excellent literary past.

—Prof. U. Venkatakrishna R

HINDI

BACHCHON KI KALA AUR SIKSH

By Devi Prasad. Published by Ak Bharat Sarva-Seva-Sangh Prakash Rajghat, Kashi. pp. 204. Price: Rs.

THOUGH art-education to children of vital importance, yet the way it being imparted deserves much to be said. The author, Devi Prasad, emphatically points this out. The child is asked to sketch and colour a cup, a mango, a flower, a chair, a table and suchlike objects. He must sketch them and colour them, no matter whether he likes to do it or not. Not only this, he must also colour them the way he is asked to and not the way he likes to. He is a schizophrenic, a mere puppet in a machine. His legs are chained and he is asked to run. It is a pity that art teachers still insist on imitating little knowing that mimetic art is outmoded. The author vehemently protests this: let the birds fly and their wings will grow stronger. Let the child draw colour and paint the way he likes, since art is the expression of intuitions. It is an expression of one's own self. No two individuals are the same. We expect two pieces of art to be the same. Let every child be his own self. Today while hunger is pinching us all ways art is regarded as a luxury

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which our times cannot afford. But the author says that we do not live by bread alone. Art belongs to the province of the soul. Let us not starve our souls. Science cannot invade the province of the soul.

All art teachers need not be artists but they ought to have the artistic taste and artistic fire. They should have an insight into the mind of the child and guide him accordingly. The author has very ably analysed the process of the development of art in children and has worked out very ably the ideal plan of art-education. Children ought to be children. Lack of perspective in the art of children is not to be scared at.

By virtue of his long experience the author is quite competent to write the present book. The book will be a sure welcome since it is the first of its kind in Hindi. The approach of the author in many respects is original. The book is profusely illustrated with coloured pictures. Here is a book for every teacher. I fail to think of a better book in Hindi on the subject.

—Prof. Dayal Sharan.

ADHYATMA ROGON KI CHIKITSA.

By Indra Vidyavachaspati. Published by Gurukul Kangri, Haridwar. pp. 178. Price: Rs. 2.50.

THE author speaks of three kinds of suffering: (1) *Adhidaivika* i.e. suffering caused by extraorganic supernatural causes e.g. pains inflicted by ghosts, demons, etc. (2) *Adhibhautika* i.e. suffering caused by extraorganic natural causes like man, beasts, thorns, etc. (3) *Adhyatmika*: This kind of suffering is due to intraorganic causes like mental afflictions and bodily disorders etc.

In the present book the author has analysed the causes of *Adhyatmika* pains and has prescribed cures for them as found in Hindu religious literature. This is a compact book full of useful information. The author exhorts us to have faith in God, Truth and Self. The style of the book is simple.

—Prof. Dayal Sharan.

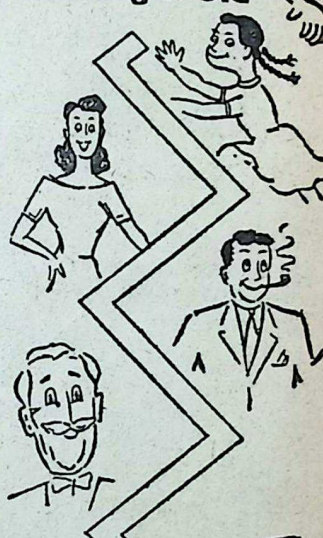
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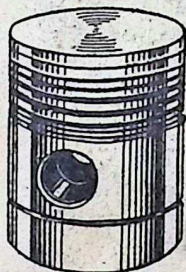
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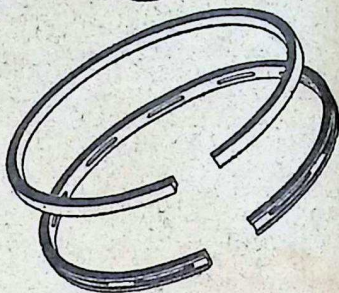
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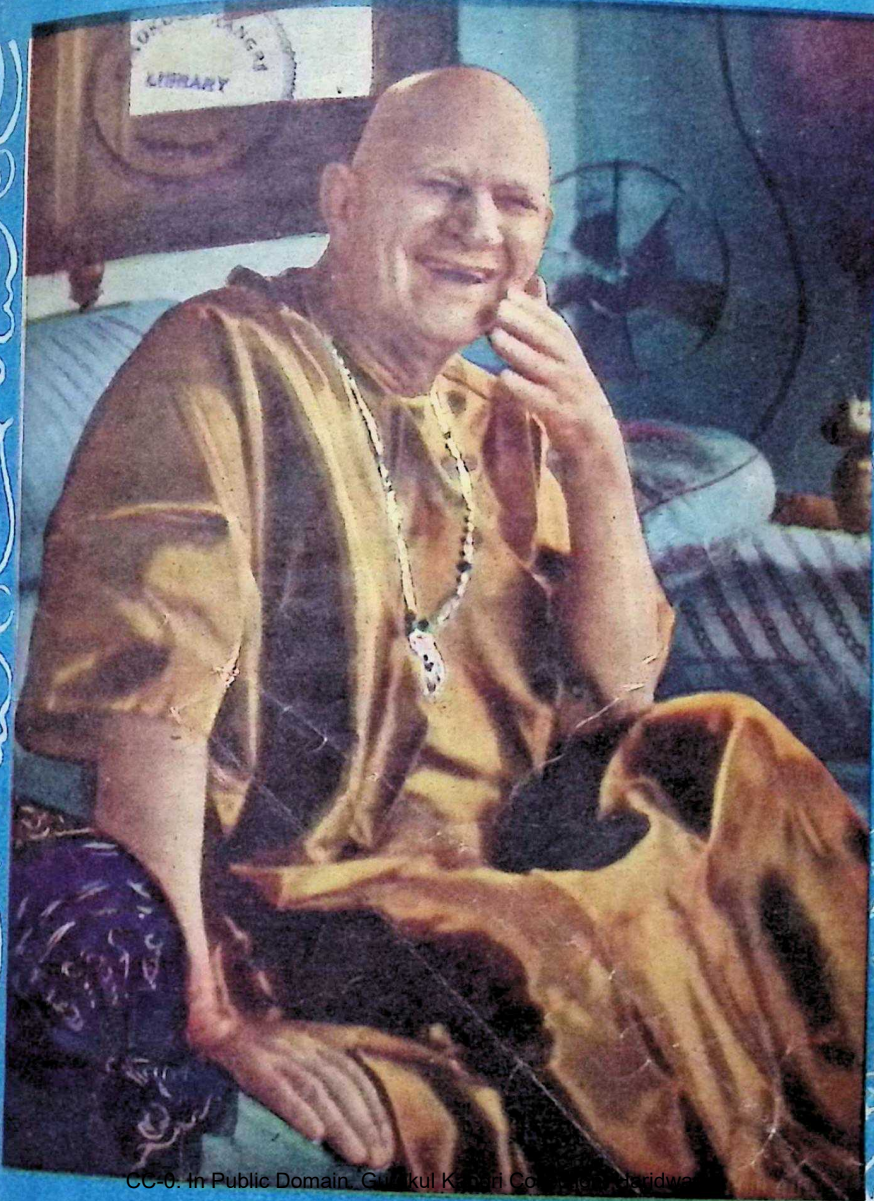
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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. VI

fortnightly

No. 26



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BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN



when tomorrow comes...

For him a spade is not yet a spade.

The telegraph wires hum a strange tune, the
distant drone of a plane means faraway places, mystery.

And imitating father is a new kind of play.

When tomorrow comes, play will turn to work.

Life will take on a different purpose. A spade
will be a spade, and care will be part of living.

Today's striving and effort is for the world
he will grow into, a world that offers a little more—
a little less of the care, a little more of the joy.

Today, as in the past, our products help to make homes
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will demand still greater efforts. And we shall be
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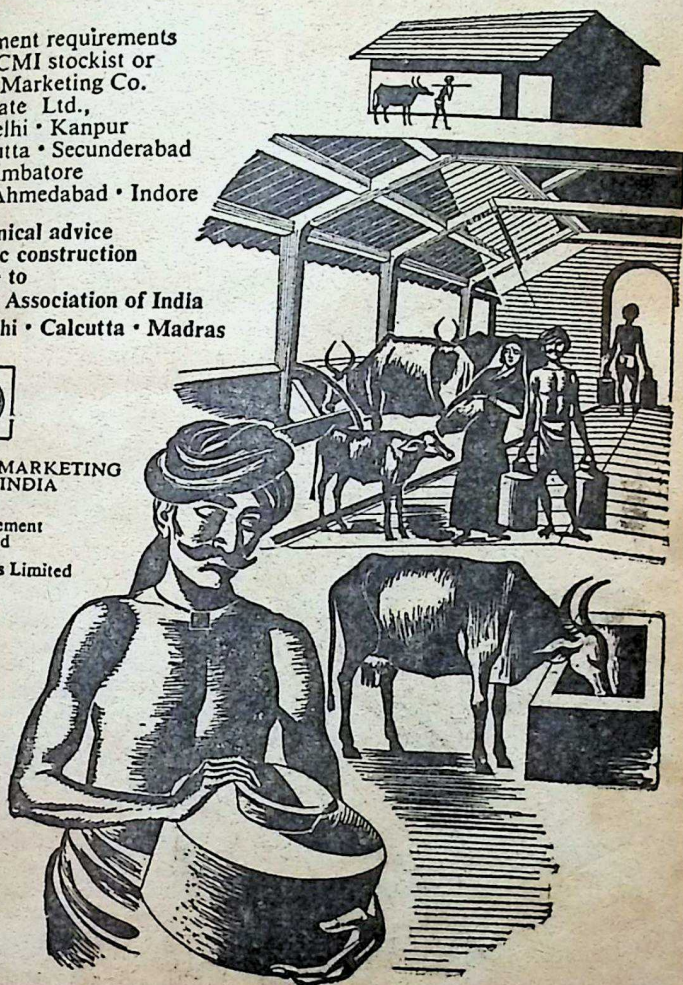
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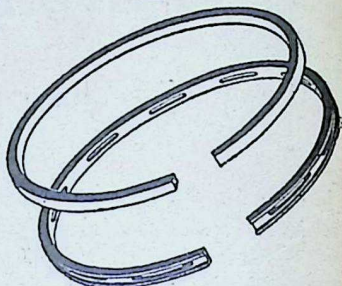
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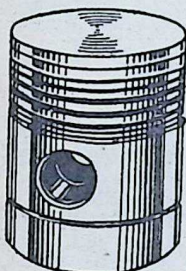
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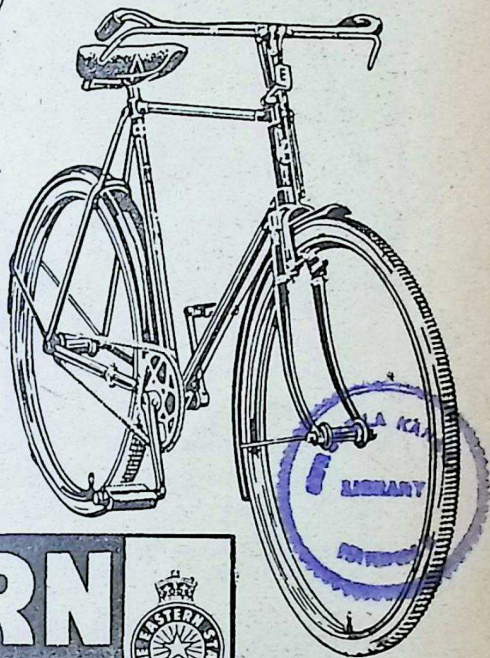
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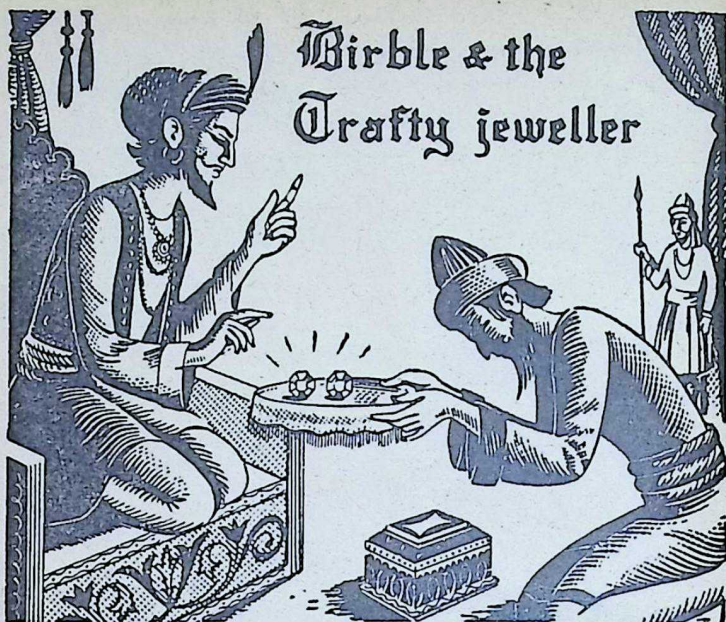


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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

Vol. VI

JULY 24, 1960

No. 26

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FRONT COVER

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

No. 26

Kulapati's Letter

ON

LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 210

★ CREATIVE EDUCATION ★ THE WRONG
SORT ★ THE RIGHT SORT

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan
Bombay.

JULY 24, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

A S I pointed out in my letter No. 209, published in *Bhavan's Journal*, dated July 10, 1960, there was a growing demand in U.S.A. that through a change in the educational system, the Americans be made 'to stop' self-indulgence, develop a far higher degree of personal consciousness and accept great engagements towards common effort, looking towards a better civilisation both in U.S.A. and in other parts of the world.

President Nathan M. Pusey, who rules over Harvard's educational empire, recently stated:

"To many, not just the colleges but the whole Western world has for some time seemed adrift with little sense of purposeful direction, lacking deeply-held conviction, wandering along with no more stirring thought in the minds of most men than desire for diversion, personal comfort and safety."

Dean William C. De-Vane of the

Loyola University was more explicit:

"The world that a young man enters today is a glittering and insidious thing... We must acknowledge the loss of faith in our world, destiny, our religion, is the cloudy dark climate which most of Americans finds itself living in today. The individual may do what he likes to further his own gain. The man of wealth owns a whole district of slum dwellings, feels no pangs of conscience for hunger, squalor and disease he encourages. The aggressive salesman makes outrageous claims for the product he wishes to sell. The novelist writes a scrofulous book in hope of being on the bestseller list, and television corrupts the public taste."

So was President Robert F. Goheen of Princeton University:

"Near and far the cheap and false are glorified over achievements of the mind worth: opiates of half-truths."

seized in preference to realities of fact and need... We find ourselves as a nation on the defensive and as a people seemingly paralyzed in self-indulgence."

● ● ●

Few people realise that the Soviet culture, though it has made of materialism a militant church, has discarded Westernistic outlook on education and given it a characteristic creative quality.

From his infancy, a child is saturated with Soviet traditions. He is taught to worship Soviet heroes; to admire Soviet institutions; to accept Marxism of the variety blessed by Kremlin for the time being as infallible wisdom and the latest synthetic version of Soviet history as truth. Day and day out, he is 'indoctrinated' to the validity of Communism and the failure of everything else. He is thus given faith which brooks no contradiction.

The character of a young Communist is thus moulded to take an active part in the world of his faith. He becomes ready to work and, if need be, suffer for it. He feels convinced that salvation for him and for every one else lies in the triumph of Communism.

In Germany I met an ex-Communist who described to me how he was trained at the University of Moscow:

"The youth in Russia has complete faith in changing the world by Marxist methods. There is no one in Russia who could show him that there is any other way. He is trained to believe that, if any one attacks his faith, it only shows how true it is. As a result, the more he

is attacked, the stronger does his faith grow.

He is not free, but he has no sense of its loss because, in his world, freedom means living according to the regimented life, dictated by the Communist creed. There are endless discussions; he takes part in them; but every one of them is so arranged that at the end every other ideal is shown to be wrong. He, therefore, looks down upon every one else as inferior, if not contemptible. He laughs at the concept of freedom; he thinks that freedom only means exhibiting differences of opinion and thereby creating division. He is so trained, indoctrinated and kept in such environments that he believes that the highest good lies in being regimented."

Once I asked an American scientist about the race for scientific overlordship of the world between U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. Among the reasons which gave Russians an advantage over U.S.A., he said, was 'the universal sense of dedication with which the younger generation worked to secure the triumph of U.S.S.R.'

Thus, Soviet education is highly creative; it invests the truth of the senses with the truth of an unalterable faith. Unfortunately, this truth of faith is based on a narrow-minded fanaticism; on an ignorance of what is happening in other countries; on a regimented outlook which destroys the urge for freedom; on a denial of human dignity; on a negation of the higher life of the spirit. It has for its end the creation of a messianic zeal as an instrument of world domi-

nation by Russia through force and fraud.

This education is 'creative'. However, the creation is a monster: a discipline, purpose and dedication to secure an immoral end through immoral means. ●●●

Creative education as envisaged by Indian culture is entirely different. It was recognised by Indian experts from the earliest times that education must be primarily formative. But for this character, the magnificence, continuity and vitality of Indian culture would not have been possible.

What is formative education? It is a process whereby the student creates himself; a process of creative self-sculpture. It is an art by which life-energy is so shaped and developed that with every effort the artist attains a higher stage of self-fulfilment.

Every man feels himself inadequate, incomplete and unhappy. Self-fulfilment, on the other hand, implies:

Firstly, a sense of completeness, freedom and growing perfection;

Secondly, a capacity which brings love and the sense of achievement in an ever-increasing measure;

Thirdly, a strength which rises superior to human weakness, which arises from attachment, fear and repulsion.

Fourthly, an increasingly correct perspective of the unity and goal of life.

If education has to be creative self-sculpture, the student has to be an artist. Like all aspiring artists, therefore, he must acquire three qualifications: first, the knowledge of the materials he is working with; secondly,

the vigour to acquire the craftship by persistent and enthusiastic effort; and lastly, the view of the pattern which he has to produce.

These qualifications become more necessary. Where the art of sculpture is concerned, the artist is a fresh young man of formed habits.

In ancient India, the period of youth—*brahmacharya*—was so regulated as to develop qualifications through habit-forming discipline imposed by two factors: the proximity of the *guru*, who was dedicated to self-discipline, high purpose; the other, the inspiring atmosphere of his *ashram*.

As things are in modern times, the student is generally denied the atmosphere of a home where parents practise idealism and teach consecration. Respect for the *guru* has died. Second, the *ashram* discipline is considered as negation of freedom. The material with which he works, therefore, is his own individual nature, of which he has little knowledge.

The vigour and enthusiasm required to learn the art is, more often than not, dissipated by Westernistic influences, which have taught him only to his egoistic satisfaction to identify irresponsibility for freedom. And worst of all, he has no pattern of a *guru* to imitate, as he has one at all, it is generally a wrong pattern.

Creative Education must take account these difficulties and provide three essential conditions:

First, it must sharpen the elements of knowledge and train

NY'S JO
JULY 24, 1960

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ent to acquire precision, analysis, concentration and responsiveness to noble impulses.

Second, it must train him to co-ordinate his faculties for concentrated work.

Third, it must train him to express himself under the inspiration of masters in the art of self-sculpture who have moulded the culture of his land.

These conditions are only satisfied if the ground is prepared by an intensive study of the life-stories of national heroes, of the history and culture of his country, and of literary masterpieces.



The fundamental postulates of Creative Education are:

First, every man has his individual nature which circumscribes the nature and scope of his possibilities.

Second, this nature is a composite product of individual talents and aptitudes; of heredity and environments; of the associations which spring from his relations to his society and his country; of the imponderable influences of his soil, of the sights, sounds and habits of his native land, and above all, of the Culture to which he is born. These factors form part of a man's subconscious nature.

Creative Education, therefore, takes stand on the fact that nothing alien to the individual nature of a student can be taught. A teacher is not a drill instructor. He is not a taskmaster. He is a guide leading forth the talents of the student. He can encourage efforts to be an artist of self-sculpture. He can, by precept, example, atmosphere and emphasis, evoke the spirit of creative art in the student.

Every man, in fact, is bound by his individual nature. It is the marble on which he has to carve. Its possibilities can be brought out, its grains smoothed, its contours shaped to beauty; but its character and possibilities must limit his creative efforts. When the teacher recognises this fact, his attempts to influence these efforts by the student will bear fruit.

The grains and possibilities of the granite of his individual nature are mainly the products of cultural forces operating upon the individual through heredity, environment and experience. The first step, therefore, in Creative Education is to teach the student to study, express and live up to the permanent values of his native Culture.

The Indian Culture is not the same thing as the material equipment of life in India, which is civilisation. Cultural values are permanent; they are an end in themselves. Civilisation is the garb of life; only the means to lead an efficient life.

To repeat what I am never tired of emphasizing: We are superior to Sri Ramachandra in civilisation. We travel in aeroplanes; he travelled in canoes or on foot. But in absolute values, in truth, in idealism, in character, in the beauty with which human relations were maintained, he would be a bold man indeed who would say he is superior to Sri Ramachandra.

We need to realize this, if for no other reason than to teach us humility.

Each nation has its distinctive Culture which forms the source of its strength. Our Culture is an organic

growth, native to the soil, history and the central ideas round which the national life has revolved for generations.

Many educated Indians once tried to ape British dress, manners and habits ; some of them do so still. Many in this generation, in the name of progress, are forcing upon us forms of life and activities alien to the genius of our Culture. But they have failed and will fail in their attempt to force alien ways upon us.

Only when our educated men seek self-fulfilment by living up to the values of Indian Culture do they become true to themselves and succeed in giving strength to the group life.

Sri Aurobindo spent his growing years in England, imbibing the best in the West. But soon Indian Culture asserted itself. He gave up foreign dress and ways of living. He studied Indian languages and literature. And only when he tried to perfect himself in the art of creative life peculiarly Indian that he became a great apostle of modern Indian nationalism, a great Indian thinker, and a Yogi.

Gandhiji was educated for the Bar in England. But his subconscious self declined to take to Westernism. He had to recapture the fundamentals of Indian Culture for himself before he became the architect of resurgent India, challenged Westernism, and stood out as a supreme artist of creative life-energy.

Formative education in India, there-

*Modesty and humility are the sobriety of the mind as
temperance and chastity are of the body.*

—Whitecote.



fore, must follow the lines of our culture. Any alien Culture as an effective force is full of danger ; it is bound to fail in the end. But during the period when it continues to be an operative force in education, it causes degradation and frustration.

Yours sincerely,

Ken Munshi

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Selections from



of Vedavyasa—8

Vishwamitra took the Princes Rama and Lakshmana to Mithila to witness Janaka's sacrifice and see the great bow of Mahadeva. On the way they saw the hermitage of Sage Gautama when Rama asked Vishwamitra about the Ashrama. Sage Vishwamitra replied:

AHALYA MOKSHA

वामित्र उवाच ।

राम पुरावृत्तं गौतमो लोकविश्रुतः ।
सर्मभृतां श्रेष्ठः तपसा आराधयन्हरिम् ।
ब्रह्मा ददौ कन्यां अहल्यां लोकसुन्दरीम् ।
चयण सन्तुष्टः शुश्रूषणपरायणाम् ।
सार्धमिहावात्सीत् गौतमस्तपतां वरः ॥

Vishwamitra said: "Oh Rama!
I have heard of this ancient story:

The best of ascetics and well-known
Gautama lived here, worshipping Lord
Shiva by his austerities. Pleased by
Brahmacharya, Brahma gave to
Gautama his own beautiful daughter
Ahalya who revelled in serving her
husband. The incomparable sage, Gau-
tama was living here with Ahalya.

शक्रस्तु तां धर्षयितुं अन्तरं प्रेप्सुरन्वहम् ।

कदाचिन्मुनिवेषेण गौतमे निर्गते गृहात् ।

धर्षयित्वाथ निरगात् त्वरितं मुनिरप्यगात् ॥

Indra who with evil intentions on
her waited for an opportunity, enter-
ed Gautama's home in hermit's garb
when Gautama was out. After stay-
ing with Ahalya who took him for her
husband, Indra came out of the house.
Quite unexpectedly, the real Gautama
returned home.

दृष्ट्वा यान्तं स्वरूपेण मुनिः परमकोपनः ।

पप्रच्छ कस्त्वं? दुष्टात्मन्! मम रूपधरः

अधमः । सत्यं ब्रूहि न चेत् भस्म करिष्यामि न संशयः ।

Seeing the man going out in his own form, the sage became furious and asked him, 'Who are you, O wretch? Why have you assumed my form? You are a cad. Tell me the truth, or I shall burn you into ashes by my curse, without doubt.'

सोऽब्रवीत् देवराजोऽहं पाहि मां
कामाकिकरम् ।

कृतं जुगुप्सितं कर्म मया
कुत्सितचेतसा ॥

He replied, 'I am Deva-
raja, the slave of passion.
Please save me. Wicked of
heart, I have perpetrated a
most shameful act.'

गौतमः क्रोधताम्राक्षः शशाप
दिविजाधिपम् ।

योनिलम्पट ! दुष्टात्मन् !
सहस्रभगवान् भव ।

Gautama's eyes became a
ball of fire on account of
anger and he cursed the
King of Devas: 'Oh, wick-
ed! Since you are infatuated with the
female, you had better carry a thou-
sand symbols of her all over your
body.'

शप्त्वा तं देवराजानं प्रविश्य स्वाश्रमं पदम् ।
दृष्ट्वाऽहल्यां वेपमानां प्राञ्जलि गौतमोऽ-
ब्रवीत् ॥

After cursing Indra thus, Gautama
entered into his hermitage and seeing
Ahalya who was trembling with fear
and standing with folded hands, scold-
ed her:

दृष्ट्वा त्वं तिमिरवर्णं शिखिनां गणानां तपः परमं आस्थिता ।
निराहारा दिवारात्रं तपः परमं आस्थिता ।



आतपानिलवर्षादि सहिष्णुः परमेश्वरस्य
ध्यायन्ती रामं एकाग्रमनसा हृदि संनि-
विष्टा ।

'O wicked, characterless wretch,
You shall in the form of a rock
in my Ashrama, without food,
in my Ashrama, without food,
and day, engrossed in the highest
of *tapas*, exposed to the sun,
and rain, on the great Lord into
your heart.'

नानाजन्तुविहीनोऽयं आश्रमो मे भविष्यति शिला-
मयः ।

'May this Ashrama of mine be
deserted of all living beings.'

एवं वदन्तं तपः परमं आस्थिता ।
रामो दाशरथिः श्रीमानागमिव्यतिष्ठति ।

वा त्वदाश्रयशिलां पादाभ्यां आक्रमिष्यति ।
 देव धृतपापा त्वं रामं संपूज्य भक्तितः ॥
 रिकम्य नमस्कृत्य स्तुत्वा शापाद्विमोक्ष्यसे ।
 वन्तमम शूषां करिष्यसि यथा सुखम् ॥

'After a lapse of thousands of years, Rama, son of Dasaratha, will come here with his brother. As soon as his feet touch the rock or slab on which you live, you shall become absolved of your sin. After going round him, praying and pleasing him, you can happily return to me to be of service to me as before.'

युक्त्वा गौतमः प्रागाद्विमवन्तं नगोत्तमम् ।
 Thus saying, Gautama departed to the Himalaya for his penance.

गच्छहत्या भूतानां अद्वया स्वाश्रमे शुभे ।
 पादरजः स्पर्शं कांक्षते पवनाशना ।
 स्तेज्यापि रघुश्रेष्ठ! तपो दुष्करं आस्थिता ।
 यस्व मुनेभार्या अहल्यां ब्रह्मणः सुताम् ।

From that day Ahalya resides in this beautiful Ashrama unseen to human eyes taking only wind for her food. She is eagerly awaiting to be purified by the dust of your feet. O, chief of Raghus, even now she is engaged in her severe penance. Be pleased to liberate the great sage's wife from Brahma's daughter, Ahalya."

युक्त्वा राघवं हस्ते गृहीत्वा मुनिपुंगवः ।
 यामासचाहल्यां उग्रेण तपसां स्थिताम् ॥

Having told this, Vishwamitra, the foremost of the ascetics, took Rama in his hand and showed him Ahalya who was practising the severest form of penance.

मे भविः शिलां पदा स्पृष्ट्वा तां चापश्यत् तपो-
 धनाम् ।

ननाम राघवोऽहल्यां रामोऽहं, इति चाब्रवीत् ॥

No sooner did Rama's feet touch the slab than he saw Ahalya the *tapas-rich*, and he at once saluted her, saying 'I am Rama.'

ततो दृष्ट्वा रघुश्रेष्ठं पीतकौशेयवाससम् ।
 चतुर्भुजं शिखचक्रगदापंकजधारिणम् ।

धनुर्बाणधरं रामं लक्ष्मणेन समन्वितम् ।
 स्मितवक्त्रं पद्मनेत्रं श्रीवत्सांकितवक्षसम् ।

नीलमाणिक्यसंकाशं द्योतयन्तं दिशो दश ।
 दृष्ट्वा रामं रमानाथं हर्षविस्फारितेक्षणा ।

गौतमस्य वचः स्मृत्वा ज्ञात्वा नारायणं परम् ।
 संपूज्यविधिवद्रामं अर्घ्यादिभिरनिन्दिता ।

हर्षाभ्रजलनेत्रान्ता दण्डवत्प्रणिपत्य सा ।
 उत्थाय च पुनर्दृष्ट्वा रामं राजीवलोचनम् ।

पुलकांकितसर्वांगा गिरा गद्गदया ऐडत ॥

Then she saw the exalted Raghu as Narayana wearing the yellow silk garment, having four hands wearing conch, discus, mace and lotus. Again she saw him as Rama with two hands carrying bow and arrow and standing there with his brother Lakshmana with smiling countenance, lotus-eyed, wearing the Srivatsa on his breast, brightening all the ten directions by his emerald hue. Seeing the Lord of Lakshmi, her eyes widened with delight as she remembered the words of her lord Gautama, and recognised Lord Narayana Himself standing before her in the shape of Rama. Worshipping him properly, she shed tears of joy and prostrated before his feet. After getting up she saw once again the lotus-eyed Rama, and thrilled with joy, ecstatically praised him to her heart's content in a choking voice.



The Key to Happiness

H. H. JAGADGURU

SRI CHANDRASEKHARA BHARATI

SUPPOSE a father has a son, who never obeys his words but only prostrates before him first thing in the morning regularly. Will he be pleased with his son?

No; not unless the son obeys him in all other matters.

Even so should we obey God implicitly if we want Him to be pleased with us.

How can we please Him?

By following His injunctions alone can we earn His grace, not otherwise.

The next question is, how to know His injunction?

By His words.

What are they? "श्रुतिस्मृती ममैवाज्ञे": the Vedas and Smritis constitute His injunctions.

Since Vedas are difficult to comprehend, their meanings are explained by Smritis.

God's injunctions as explained by them are: Wake up (before dawn) at *brahma-muhurta*; clean your outer-self by answering calls of nature, cleaning the teeth, bathing; clean your inner self by reciting *Aghamarshana*; giving *arghya* in time; reciting a thousand, a hundred, or even ten Gayatri; later on performing *pūja*, etc. etc.

Now if one continues to do so day

by day, his *chitta* or mind becomes purified and wisdom will dawn on him.

In tomorrow's conditions, it may be difficult for some to study all the Vedas. But it should be possible for all to understand the essence of the Vedas. Of course, the study of the Vedas in their entirety will undoubtedly contribute to one's *shreyas*. Indeed there should be no complacency in the matter of *shreyas*, in the same way we should not become complacent in the matter of earning money. We must earn *shreyas* indefatigably.

Now, Gayatri is the essence of the Vedas. We must first learn the *Gayatri* correctly, then learn its meaning by inquiry. *Brahmayajnya*, *devadharma*, *japa* of the names of Hari, *Hara* during spare time: *atithya*, to the extent possible—these will contribute to one's *shreyas*.

Utterance of the Lord's name successfully prevent you from spending your leisure wastefully. It follows that doing all the above will automatically prevent you from engaging yourself in sinful occupations.

In the *Shrutis* and *Smritis* certain things are enjoined for compulsory performance and certain others for outright rejection. Even if you do these meant for doing, but

from doing prohibited things alone, you are entitled to happiness! *Suta Samhita* expounds this same principle in the passage starting with अकुर्वन्नपि विद्युक्तं etc.

Excepting the hours of sleep, man is continuously engaged in some work or other. These actions can be divided into three categories: (1) prohibited ones, (2) enjoined ones, and (3) indifferent ones. Speaking untruth, drinking prohibited beverages, eating prohibited food, gambling, cards-play—these are some instances falling within the first category. Holy bath, *sandhya*, *pūja*—these belong to the second category. Sleep belongs to the third. Out of these, if the first category be eschewed from your life-scheme, it is immaterial what you do with the other two. For, performance of indifferent acts will not prove detrimental, and performance of enjoined acts will surely add to your *shreyas*.

A brahmin had a son who was habitually thieving. No amount of punishment availed. The father however noticed one good trait in the boy. It was this: he never went back on his word once he gave it.

One day the father called his son and asked him: "Son! Give me word that you will never tell a lie." The boy gave him the word.

Even after this incident, the boy continued his thieving. Bored by small thefts, he started on large-scale thefts. He fixed the royal palace as his next target. With that plan he started living in a hut outside the precincts of the capital.

It so happened that the King of the city had come out on a detour in

disguise. Seeing the new hut, the King entered it and asked the thief: "Who are you?"

"I am a thief come to burgle the royal palace and I am feeling my way through to it," replied the boy, true to his promise to his father not to utter a lie.

The King was astonished at the truthfulness of the thief. After a moment the King said: "Look, I always live in the palace. I know every nook and corner of the palace. I can help you. What will you give me in return?"

"Half the booty," replied the lad and the King in-disguise agreed. After instructing the lad to meet him at the palace-gate on the following night the King returned.

The thief met the disguised King in time and with his connivance reached the treasury effortlessly. After ransacking it, he took a box containing three valuable gems. Of this he pocketed two—one for himself, and the other for his accomplice, i.e. the King in disguise, and left the third in the box itself.

Meeting the disguised King at the outside, the thief gave him the gem as promised, and walked away with the other.

Early morning, the theft was discovered. The Minister came on the spot and examined the treasury thoroughly. Finding that two of the three precious gems had been stolen, he hid the third gem to himself thinking it would make no difference to the theft. He reported that all the three precious gems had been stolen.

Soon police officials combed the city and caught the brahmin thief.

When he was hauled up before the court he said truthfully that he stole two of the three gems; one of which he kept for himself and the other he gave away to the palace guard who helped him in his theft and that he left the third in the box itself.

So saying the thief placed on the table the gem he had stolen. But the court would not believe and asked him to account for the third and he could not.

At that time the King entered and produced the second gem from his pocket and thundered at his Minister: "Where is the third?"

Finding that he was trapped, the Minister quietly removed the gem from his hip-fold and gave it to the King.

The King thereupon dismissed the Minister and appointed the thieving youth as his Minister.

Now, how could a thief become a Minister?

Because he gave up telling lies, a prohibited act.

And he told at the same time truth, an enjoined act.

By doing them, he was rewarded. God's grace will also descend wise.

Sastraic injunctions are meant for the welfare of the entire universe. Naturally, contravening them will incur the ire of God.

And, of course, following sastraic injunctions will please God. In other words, performance of Swadharma will please God.

When He is pleased, His reflection, namely the Jiva, becomes happy. This is the key to happiness.

Has not Sri Bhagavatpada said
त्वत्प्रभुजीवप्रियमिच्छसि चेन्नरहरिपूजां सततं
प्रतिबिम्बालङ्कृतिधृतिकुशलो बिम्बालङ्कृतमात्मनि
तिमातृ

If you want to please the lord of the Jiva, worship the Lord Narahari. The ways should not be one who wants to be beautiful in his reflection, adorn himself properly?

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THOUGHTS FROM EMERSON

All violence, all that is dreary and repels, is not power but the absence of power.

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Without the heart, wealth is an ugly beggar.

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Governments must always learn too late, that the use of dishonest agents is as ruinous for nations as for single men.

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A little Integrity is better than a career. . . Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind.

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Society is barbarous until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs.

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Within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence, the universal beauty to which every part and particle is equally related; the Eternal One.

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The prizes of society, the trumpet of fame, the privileges of learning, of culture, of religion, the decencies and joys of marriage, honour, obedience, personal authority and a perpetual melioration into a finer civility,—these were for all, but not for them (slaves).



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(1803-1882)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was born on May 25, 1803. His father William Emerson graduated at Harvard College and was minister in the village of Harvard. His mother was Ruth Haskins and Emerson was their fourth child and third son.

Another Bostonian, an equally illustrious son of the new colony of New England, was Benjamin Franklin. He was born on the same day and in places not separated by any distance. Both the babies breathed the same air.

Ralph's education began at the age of three. His father took personal interest in the education of William and Ralph. He wanted them to appear before him even before breakfast to show their progress in English grammar.

The family lived a simple, unostentatious life. The children, trying to be useful to the family, laboured hard. They became well-disciplined and unselfish. They learnt to sacrifice personal comforts to serve others. Moral discipline came to be ingrained in the blood.

Ralph was handicapped by ill-health.

Dr. A. K. Das Gupta

But as he grew, he never lapsed into idleness. He became serious-minded and did his best to give a good account of himself. He was never garrulous. He measured every word he uttered. His conduct was above board and doubtless good. He never struck a discordant note while in the company of his young friends. He was noted

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his calmness of disposition and unruffled temper. Nobody ever saw boy Emerson in violent tantrums. He endeared himself to all with whom he consorted.

Even as a toddler, Ralph developed a passion for Greek and Latin. He was a shy and retiring type. His favourite pastime was to sit on a wall overlooking a garden where pears grew.

At the age of eleven Ralph rendered Virgil into English verse. He studied French even earlier. Most of his schooling he had at the Latin School from Master Benjamin Gould. It is on record that boy Ralph used to run away from Mr. Webb's school during school hours and 'enjoyed the stolen hours on the common'. Didn't the famous Belgian poet, Maurice Maeterlinck (1862-1949) play the truant from school? At a later stage Ralph took a lively interest in history, fiction, poetry and passages loud with rhetorical flourish.

Ralph's mother was a dignified lady of culture and refinement and pious nature. She must have given him that suavity and dignity that distinguished him. Another lady to exercise a healthy influence on Ralph was his aunt, Mary Emerson, who constantly studied and discussed philosophical and theological subjects and opposed all shams of the society. She had undoubtedly a hand in fashioning out the Emerson brothers as courageous and self-reliant.

Both the ladies insisted on doctoring their minds and souls, rather than their bodies, so they were not so very mindful of food and clothes for the

children. The care and welfare of the soul was everything to them.

Emerson was admitted to Harvard College in August, 1817, on passing a good test and was appointed President's Freshman i.e. something like a messenger. He was given accommodation free at the President's residence. He was also engaged as a waiter at Commons and earned a little amount with which he could manage a great part of his boarding expenses. But for such privileges it would have been difficult for Emerson to pursue higher studies.

The President was generous enough to order credit facilities for Emerson and payment of £10 to him from Eder Penn bequest to poor scholars. He gave Ralph further help by engaging him as a private tutor to his nephew. President Kirkland's nephew was Lothrop who became the Rev. Dr. Samuel Kirkland Lothrop. His continued interest in Emerson showed his magnanimity. Fearing lest Emerson's studies would be disturbed, at the beginning of the next session he was relieved of the tutor's responsibilities.

Emerson at the age of sixteen won prizes for his essays on the "Character of Socrates" and the "Present State of Ethical Philosophy." He also won a Babyston prize (30 dollars) for elocution. He brought the amount home to buy some woollen for his mother, but he felt sorry to find that the baker's bill used it up.

Emerson soaked in all that he could from the college course of study but remained unsatisfied. He confessed he had no brains for Mathematics. He had positive dislike for Analytical Geometry. He diverted himself at

night by reading Chaucer, Montaigne, Plato and Plutarch. He graduated in 1821. He did not give proof of his intellectual brilliance. He was number 30 in a class of 59. He became Doctor of Laws in 1867.

It is interesting to know that young Emerson had a flair for declamation. He would stand on a sugar barrel and regale his Concord audience by reciting verses from Campbell and Milton.

Emerson's aloofness and restrained manner marked him out as a man above the crowd, but this stiffness did not proceed from any bloated sense of superiority. He was by nature shy and lived like a thing apart.

Emerson was an omnivorous reader, almost an indiscriminate reader. Between 1824 and 1832 he read through all great writers of the world.

Emerson was obliged by circumstances to begin life as a school-teacher who lived and died as a world-teacher. He worked for over a year in a school for young ladies of Boston founded by his brother William. He enjoyed his work at school and he used to jot down his first thoughts on morals during intervals of his leisure, which did sweeten many years of his later life.

The occupation of school-keeping proved hopeless and unattractive. Emerson writes: "Better tug at the oar, dig the mine, or saw wood; better sow hemp or hang with it than sow the seeds of instructions."



Emerson could not enthuse over college education of his day. It is tense gloom that he expresses: "H sad a spectacle, so frequent now, to see a young man, after ten years of college education come out, ready for his voyage of life, and to see the entire ship is made of rotten timber, of rotten honey-combed, traditional timber without so much as an inch of new plank in the hull." According to Emerson, a scholar is "the world's eye and the world's heart". He says further: "The main enterprise

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the world for splendour, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man."

Emerson paid court to Ellen Louisa Tucker, a budding girl of great beauty, daughter of a Boston merchant, for a little over nine months and married her on September 30, 1829. He was then 26 and his bride 18. His happiness was full, but he sensed the coming gloom, thinking of the immutable law which makes life swing between smiles and tears. His wife died on 29th March, 1832, of consumption.

In 1835 he married again Miss Lydia Jackson of Plymouth (Massachusetts) whose brother was Dr. Jackson, an eminent anaesthetician. In the same year, soon after marriage, Emerson had the honour of being elected one of the hog-reeves for the town.

Emerson had two daughters, Ellen and Edith. His third child, little Waldo, died on January 27, 1842, at the age of five. This death in the family which took place ten years after the death of his first wife, gave a bad blow to Emerson's peace and happiness. His youngest child, Edward Waldo, was born on 10th July, 1844, who became a Doctor of Medicine.

About this time Emerson kept himself busy in publishing a volume of Carlyle's work in America.

Emerson was a model father. He gave love to his family, and greatly appreciated the loving care of his wife. He thanked heaven for his long and happy married life.

Emerson addressed large gatherings in the four winter months, striving to enlighten the public on various subjects, moral, religious and philosophical. The rest of the year he spent in literary pursuits and in making pre-

parations for public lectures. In fact, he lived by public lectures. In Boston a course of ten lectures brought him 500 dollars. His income was rather meagre. His uncle, Rev. Samuel Ripley, placed funds at his disposal when necessary.

At the early age of 23, Emerson felt a strain on the chest after each sermon, but even at 50, he loved outdoor sports and skated with his children.

Emerson always dressed simply and inconspicuously. He was noted for his genial courtesy and sweet and pleasant address. Though he sought aloofness, he enjoyed the society of the highly cultured. By no stretch of imagination could he be regarded as a popular social figure. He was not made to mingle in the glittering crowd. A seer and a sage could not be a good 'mixer'.

Emerson dreamed of every home as a shrine, a sanctuary, where truth would thrive, where the kindly spirit of man should shine and give warmth to all. Poverty of spirit and luxury of living must remain miles away from a good home. "It is from the poor man's hut alone that strength and virtue come." Again: "Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar."

Emerson, frugal and simple as he was in his habits and tastes, disliked meat-eating which only showed our narrow ideas of justice. He thought that a man would not be better than the beast he ate.

Like Thoreau, Emerson made his wants very few and ate the simplest food and felt as though he were richer than the richest who were unwise and heartless. Like Thoreau, Emerson dis-

liked drinking alcohol which had a degrading influence, though he took a little wine in the company of his guests of honour. And only in company he smoked a fraction of a cigar, and called tobacco, 'the scatter-brain tobacco' and not like Sir James Barrie, 'My Lady Nicotine'. He did not always like visitors in the house. It was not that he was discourteous, but he had keen sense of the value of time and grudged the passage of time without filling it with useful work. An unimaginative visitor was 'the Devastator of the Day'.

Emerson loved music which was as refreshing and soothing as a bath and medicine. He wrote: "It (music) takes us out of the actual and whispers to us dim secrets that startle our wonder as to who we are, and what, whence and whereto."

God preserves the good and the great. The loss of his first wife, of his two loving and lovable brothers, of his five-year-old son Waldo, Emerson bore with calm resignation. Then came the misfortune of the burning of his house. This calamity brought ample compensation in the form of ready help and funds from friends for the restoration of his house.

They arranged a tour abroad for Emerson and his daughter Ellen that the great man might recruit fresh energy from a change of scene and surroundings. Even Englishmen offered him help to rebuild his house, which, however, he refused, thinking that the help given by his own countrymen was good enough.

Emerson was in the grip of old age in 1866 (the 60-63) when he wrote his last poem, "Terminus" from which the

lines quoted below show his conclusion like Tagore's, of the fear of death

Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise
near,

And every wave is charmed.

Even in his middle age, Emerson could write: "My life is a May-day. I will live as I like. I defy your strait-laced, weary, social ways and mores. Blue is the sky, green the fields, groves, fresh the springs, glad the waters, and hospitable the splendour of sun and star. I will play my game."

Emerson advocated manual labour. The use of hands should be made by every person. "A man should have a farm or a mechanical craft for his culture. We must have a basis for higher accomplishments, our delicacies of poetry and philosophy, in the work of our hands. Labour is God's education..." He would say, "A little Integrity is better than a career." And especially to young men: "Nothing is at last so important but the integrity of your own mind. Emerson believed in working for the society. He served as a member of the Fire Association. He did not hesitate to serve fellow-men in any capacity. He was imbued with an ideal of loyalty to the society and State.

An ideal scholar, according to Emerson, must have in his make-up:

Freedom, bravery, sincerity, pursuit of truth, the spirit of sacrifice for things.

He noticed much that was ridiculous in society. He wrote: "Society is barbarous until every man has his living out of dishonest customs. Society is

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towns is babyish, and wealth is made a toy."

Again: "The evolution of a highly destined society must be moral; it must run in the grooves of the celestial wheels. It must be catholic in aims." His comments on fashion in society are: "Fashion is a word of narrow and often sinister meaning. Fashion is virtue gone to seed..... Many facts concur to show that we must look deeper for our civilization than to steam, photographs, balloons, or astronomy..... It (civilization) has not ended, nor given sign of ending, in a hero. 'Tis a wild democracy; the riot of mediocrities, and dishonesties and fudges. Ours is the age of the omnibus, and of the Third Person Plural, of Tammany Hall."

Emerson never liked a man with rambling propensities. Those men who were for 'anywhere but here' could not gain his approval. He showed lukewarm interest in travelling.

Emerson was a man who kept his composure in all circumstances. Yet he felt he would be happier if his house gave shelter to some fellow-mortals. He offered the Alcotts free hospitality for a year. But his plan proved disappointing. He was kind to his servants and he wished to revive 'the patriarchal institution of a common family-board'. But the maid Louisa would not sit at the table with the cook (Lydia) and Lydia felt the cook was not fit to come to the table.

Thus, his grand scheme ended in a fiasco.

Though a sage in the seclusion of Concord, he did not lose touch with real life. Honours came to him in rapid succession. In 1863 he was made

a 'Visitor' to the Military Academy at West Point and in 1866 Phi Beta Kappa Orator at Harvard; in 1867 he was awarded the degree of LL.D. by his own college. From 1867-1879, he served as Overseer of Harvard. In 1870 he delivered a course of lectures on "Natural History of Intellect". In 1874 he was nominated for the office of Lord Rector of Glasgow University. In 1876 he had the honour of addressing the University of Virginia. In 1881 he spoke on Carlyle's death. In 1882 he spoke on the occasion of Longfellow's funeral.

It may be of interest for the readers to know that Emerson was in the Divinity School from 1823 to 1826, that he was 'approbated to preach' in 1826, and that he parted from the Church in 1832. He made himself a public Speaker and Preacher.

The force of his speeches denouncing slavery was tremendous, as all his speeches which were aimed at the follies and foibles of the society, at the shams and hypocrisies eating like canker-worms into the lives of people, at the heartless and wealthy beggars. The problem of slave traffic kept him busy for over two decades and made him both a student and an advocate of law. By 1872 he had become a public institution, exercising stellar influence on the entire civilized world.

Emerson's whole being rose against dishonesty, hypocrisy and injustice. In the conflict between the United States and the Cherokee people (aboriginal) a treaty by which all the Cherokee territory was contracted (in December, 1835) was concluded by neither side, and Emerson addressed in 1838 a

letter to President Martin Van Buren. An extract from the letter will show the brave mettle of Emerson: "You, Sir, will bring down that renowned chair in which you sit into infamy, if your seal is set to this instrument of perfidy; and the name of this nation, hitherto the sweet omen of religion and liberty, will stink to the world. However feeble the sufferer, and however great the oppressor, it is the nature of things that the blow should recoil upon the aggressor. For God is in the sentiment and it cannot be withstood.". Even in war he would not plead for peace, allowing high principles to be compromised.

The philosopher in Emerson approved of benevolent kings and nobles, but not the patriarchal form of government which readily became despotic. Democracy suited Americans better than any other form of polity because the religious sentiments of the people were in accord with democracy. In his view, "Every State is corrupt. Good men should not obey the laws too well." The State could only be renovated on the principle of right and love.

It was against Emerson's grain to get imbroiled in politics. But political problems could not but trouble him. The more he thought about politics the more he realised that morality was the object of government. Was Emerson a socialist? It is better not to categorise him as a politician. According to many able thinkers, Emerson represented the spirit of revolt. He had ever thought of the individual as the most important unit of the society. His world was but a collection of indi-

viduals. His doctrines of *self-reliance* and *opportunity* inclined him to the cause of democracy.

Emerson the preacher, poet and philosopher, is unforgettable. He lives in his poetry, essays and addresses. His richly-jewelled prose compositions on an endless variety of subjects are full of profound thoughts, the poetry of his poetry is woven round themes like *Brahma*, *Woodnote*, *Friendship*, *Beauty*, *May-Day*, *Boston Hymn*, *Give All to Love*, etc.

Apart from his essays on *Spiritual Laws*, *Love*, *Self-Reliance*, *Friendship*, the *Over-soul*, *Art*, *Character*, the Poet, the world remembers Emerson as the famous author of *Representative Men* (rich in commentaries on Plato, Swedenborg, Napoleon, Shakespeare, Goethe, etc.), *Society and Solitude*, *English Traits*, *The Conduct of Life*, *Letters and Social Aims*, and *Addresses* (on the American School, Literary Ethics, The Method of Nature, The Transcendentalist, etc.). It is clear from his writings that Emerson had drunk of the fountain of the religious lore of ancient India.

As the end was coming, his power declined fast, and Emerson had little energy left for writing letters to his friends, not even to his good friend Carlyle, nor for following any complicated narrative. He found it difficult to figure out Longfellow whose funeral he had attended a week before. His son, E. W. Emerson, read out to him a portion of Paul Revere's Ride which being a Concord story delighted him—perhaps the last piece he enjoyed.

It was about the middle of April 1882, that Emerson caught a chill,

a temperature for a few days, aggravating his illness by walking in the rains without wearing his topcoat. Cold developed into pneumonia. One Dr. Charles P. Putnam had the distinction and privilege of attending on Emerson, the Concord sage. The last agony came and he was given ether to induce sleep. He died peacefully in the evening of 27th April, 1882.

Three days later on Sunday, 30th

April, the body was interred under a pine tree on the hill called Sleepy Hollow, beside his mother and child. The last resting-place was chosen by Emerson himself long before his death.

Thus the great life ended but ended not Emerson's influence. Even today we would take our spiritual problems to Buddha, Jesus Christ, Emerson, Tolstoy, Ramakrishna, Gandhi, rather than to Newton and Einstein.

The work which has fashioned this body prior to the dawning of knowledge, is not destroyed by that knowledge without yielding its fruits, like the arrow shot at an object.

—Vivekachudamani.

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... we have exaggerated the importance of education beyond all reason and our methods have become ridiculously unnatural and very harmful

EDUCATING THE INWARD MAN

VINOBA BHAVE

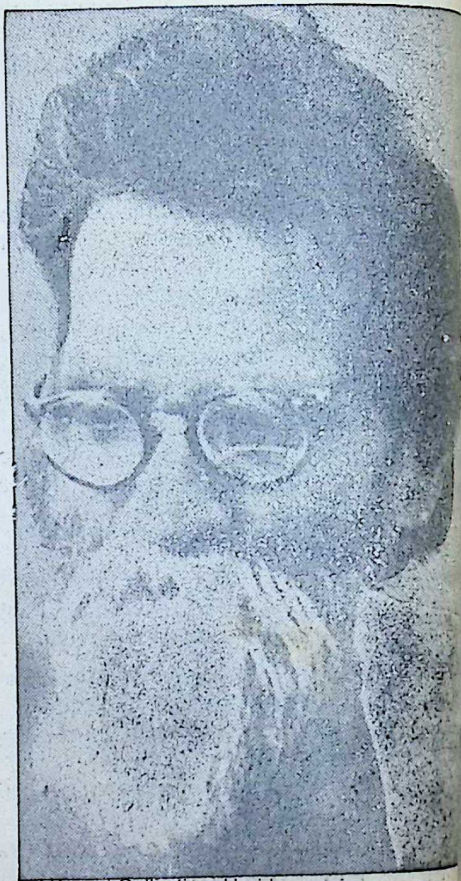
ACCORDING to Rousseau, "We receive education from three sources, Nature, men and things. The spontaneous development of our organs and faculties constitutes the education of Nature, the use to which we are taught to put this development constitutes that given to us by men, and the acquirement of personal experience from surrounding objects constitutes that of things."

It is of course a matter of no great importance that Rousseau divided education into so many parts.

There is no necessary significance in his analysis; it is merely a question of convenience, of classifying things according to their different aspects.

His three-fold division need not be taken as final.

"Education by men" and "education by things" are both received from outside the man; only the "education of nature", one may say, is received from within.



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Why then should we not make two divisions only, "interior" and "exterior" education?

The next step would be to say that since "exterior education" does not touch the springs of personality, and "interior education" does so, interior education alone can be considered the real, essential part of education.

What I have called "exterior education" is not got only from other men or from schools.

There is a description in the Upanishads of how Satyakama Jabala was told by his *guru* to care for the cattle, and how he got his education while grazing them. Sometimes a bullock teaches him, sometimes a sparrow, sometimes a tree.

As his knowledge grows his whole countenance begins to glow with life and energy. "My son" says his *guru*, "I see in your face the light of learning; whence came that learning?" And the boy replies: अन्ये मनुष्येभ्यः—from other than human beings.

It is mere vanity to think that there is no education to be had except from men.

The truth is that man is being educated ceaselessly by everything in this infinite world. The stream is never blocked. There are "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks," and all created things are filled with the matter of learning.

This wide creation is an eternal, divine, wonderful and most holy book, placed open before us for our learning by the hand of God.

And yet, however deep be this Ganga of knowledge, man can take only so much of its water as his little

vessel will hold! Therefore from this world that lies about us, we can receive only that kind and amount of education whose seeds are contained within us.

All of us learn many facts, read many books, hear many opinions, see many objects—how few of them remain in our minds!

It may be said, in short, that all that we have learned from the external world is forgotten, and in its place there remains only the mark of its influence. The facts, the details of learning, die away, their influence alone lives on.

Because of this, it follows, we can get from outside nothing that is not already within us. It is clear then that exterior education cannot stand alone and does not reach the essence, but is an external matter.

At this point a double difficulty raises its head.

If we say that external education is illusory, we still need some external starting-point, some support or foundation on which to weave the pattern of a living culture.

If we say that external education is real, we have to face the fact that nothing remains of it but the influence of that fragment of it which harmonises with the inner development of the man.

Either way a dilemma arises. We must, therefore, ask, what is the relationship between these two kinds of education?

This is not a new difficulty, nor is its resolution new.

This sort of problem is raised in all the classical philosophies, and is

resolved in the same way in all of them.

Take an example from the Nyaya Shastras: What is the relationship between the clay and the pot?

If you say that the clay and the pot are one, then go and draw water with your lump of clay! And if you say that the clay is one thing and the pot quite another, then give me back my clay and take your pot! What is the connection, then? A nice, polite, courtly way of saying that we do not know, of covering up our ignorance, is to call it an "indefinable" relationship. But even if the relationship is indefinable, if we judge that the clay is "real" and the pot "illusory", then in the parallel case we have to decide that interior education is complete in itself and the exterior is imperfect or illusory.

But as soon as we say this, another fundamental question is raised.

Of the two aspects of education, then, "interior education", the development of the *atma*, which we say is the essence of the matter, goes on in the secret places of each man's heart. We can say nothing about it, still less can we make a syllabus for it, and even if we could, we could not put it into practice.

But we have also decided that exterior education in general, and formal education in particular, is incomplete and "unreal". It appears to be a case to fit the proverb: "No one will ever be given the horn of the hare"! Are we to say that the whole educational movement is nothing but a display of stupidity?

The foregoing objection is not

however so unanswerable or final as it seems.

For, when we say that exterior education is an incomplete thing, we do not mean that it is nothing at all.

We mean that it is something something proper and useful, but not complete.

Education does not call anything new into being, but it is the means by which the sleeping essence is awakened.

The uses of education are certainly not what people think them to be, it does not follow that education is therefore of no use at all!

Education cannot create, but it can remove obstacles.

It is an illusion to think that education in itself can develop the soul—in that sense it has very little reality.

We have, however, exaggerated the importance of education beyond all reason, and as a result, our methods of education have become ridiculous, unnatural, and very harmful.

If a child appears to have a quick and retentive memory, he is pushed on excessively to learn.

His father begins to wonder how much more can be rammed into his head, and the same methods are applied in school.

On the other hand, if the child is slow, he is deliberately neglected.

The pupils who are recognised as clever manage somehow until they reach college, but then very often they fall behind.

If they do not lose ground at college, they fail to achieve anything worthwhile in after-life.

This is because their immature

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minds have been loaded with too heavy a burden.

The fact is that as soon as the pupil begins to feel: "Now I am learning something," you should understand that something is going wrong with the educational machinery.

The principle has been recognized in the field of play. The best form of physical training, the best opportunity for the development of the body, is obtained by little children through their play. But the child himself never feels: "Now I am training my body." While he is playing, the outside world does not exist for him. Children at play are absorbed in one undivided experience. They are not aware of comfort or discomfort, they feel neither hunger nor thirst, neither pain nor weariness. In a word, play is joy, not duty; it is pleasure, not physical training.

This principle has to be applied to all kinds of learning.

Instead of the artificial idea that education is a duty, we must foster the natural and inspiring idea that education is a joy.

Is that what our children think today?

Let us take care not to confuse ends with means.

We use the means for the sake of the end, not the end for the means.

In the last analysis, why do we teach Gautam's *Nyaya-Sutra* or Aristotle's *Logic*? Is it not that thought may be ordered and deductions clear?

When the lamp begins to go out, even a child can make the deduction that "probably it has no oil in it." The whole chain of reasoning is there in his mind.

It is true that he cannot explain the five steps of the syllogism, but nevertheless the power of reasoning is there.

The task of education is to provide occasions whereby this power may be continually nourished.

All learning, all arts, all good qualities are latent in man, like seeds.

Because we cannot see the seed, we have no right to say that it is not there.

To consider man as naturally evil is not only an insult to the whole human race, it is also a counsel of despair.

If man is evil at the root, then there is no hope in education.

Since in logic it is impossible completely to eradicate the nature of anything, it follows that if the nature of man is radically evil, then all efforts to reform it will be vain, and one must let the animal tendencies have their way.

In that case the true watchword of education must be: "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

The principles which apply to the education of children apply also to adult education—that which shows men the way of the good life. In the sight of the great seers our human society is just a naked little toddler!

It is said that a man who has no son cannot enter heaven; how then could Bhishma, the Great Teacher, be saved—for he remained a *brahmachari*, unmarried, till the end of his days?

The answer to such riddles is that Bhishma was like a father to the

.... Three of the greatest names in the field of Indo-British intellectual co-operation are those of Sir William Jones, Sir Charles Wilkins and Henry Thomas Colebrooke who were all alumni of or associated with Oxford. Oxford was the pioneer in forging cultural bonds between Britain and India....

Indo-British Relations

Prof. Humayun Kabir

THE late Robert Ranulf Marrett was a great historian, philosopher and anthropologist who welcomed the trend towards unification of mankind brought about by modern science and technology but at the same time believed in the maintenance of the distinctive cultural life of different areas and peoples.

British political ideas have profoundly influenced India and the power and prestige which followed the achievement of the Indian Empire led to the evolution of Britain's global imperial policy. In the field of economics, the British Industrial Revolution shattered the ancient economy of India and was itself largely financed by the new capital derived from exploitation of Indian economic resources. Even a common word like 'cotton' has undergone a change of meaning because of Indo-British contacts.

The introduction of English education into India has led to greater

changes in Indian social, economic and political life and the Indian way of thought than any other single factor in India's long history. Technological advances which followed contact with the West have also led to revolutionary changes in Indian social outlook. In this connexion English education was introduced in India mainly through the efforts of enlightened Indians and non-official Englishmen. The names of Rammohun Roy, David Hare and Hyde East will always be remembered for their contribution to the development of higher education in the country.

The first notable Englishman who helped to build a bridge of understanding between Britain and India was a student of New College, Oxford. Father Thomas Stephens acquired a deep knowledge of Sanskrit, Marathi and Konkani and wrote the first grammar of an Indian language known to any European. Three of the great

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names in the field of Indo-British intellectual co-operation are those of Sir William Jones, Sir Charles Wilkins and Henry Thomas Colebrooke, who were all alumni of or associated with Oxford. Their contribution in the fields of linguistics, anthropology, archaeology, zoology, botany, meteorology and geology will always be remembered with gratitude by scholars all over the world.

Even more interesting is the fact that it was because of their contacts with India that the modern sciences of linguistics and anthropology were born.

The same remark applies to the study of comparative religion which produced on the European mind an effect comparable only to the impact of the theory of evolution. The Indian tradition of co-existence of diverse religious beliefs encouraged the use of the comparative method in the study of different religions and is responsible for the growth of liberalism in religious matters and the gradual shift of missionary activities from direct proselytisation to various welfare activities.

British scholars would not, however, have succeeded in their intellectual ventures without the co-operation of their Indian colleagues at every stage. Father Stephens was helped by Saraswat Brahmins of Goa, some of whom had been converted to Christianity. Sir William Jones

owed a great deal to his collaboration with Radhakanta Sharman, and Sprenger could not have carried out his work without the assistance of celebrated Indo-Aryan scholars like Saiduddin Khan and Basiruddin. Gilchrist was helped by Mir Amman of Delhi in his pioneer work on Hindusthani and Urdu linguistics, and Lebedeff's grammar of Hindi bears clear evidence of the help he received from Golaknath Das.

In the early period of Indo-British contacts, Indians made their first contributions mainly as collaborators but very soon some of them broke new ground and initiated work which marked them as pioneers in the intellectual world. It was the work of Mariadas Augustin Pillai which led to the discovery of the Hindu dynastic lists and the fixation of Indian chronology by the identification of Chandragupta Maurya with Sandrocottos of the Greeks. Mirza Abu Talib realised the importance of sea power on history some 80 years before the appearance

of Mahan's classical work on the subject and more than 50 years before Marx asserted that economic disparity between the ruling classes and the masses not only militates against material development but also impedes cultural progress. The works of Mirza Abu Talib, Raja Rammohun Roy and Sir Syed Ahmed justify the statement that Indian scholarship had



anticipated by several decades the economic interpretation of history on which Marx's chief claim to fame rests.

There have been three distinct phases through which Indo-British intellectual co-operation has passed since the day the first Englishman set foot on Indian soil. The first phase of Indo-British contacts in the intellectual and cultural plane was one of mutual discovery and accommodation. European scholars collaborated with their Indian colleagues on terms of freedom, equality and fraternity, but by the middle of the nineteenth century, this happy relationship changed. Political and economic supremacy of the British led to the growth of an attitude of intellectual superiority, of which Macaulay is one of the most outstanding examples. He was, however, only the most vocal spokesman for a group which believed in the superiority of everything British, but among his supporters were not only Britishers but many Indians of high distinction. Even during this period, social relations were still cordial between Indians and the British, but after the great Indian Revolt of 1857, a social, intellectual and emotional chasm yawned between Britain and India.

The British assumption of superiority evoked in the Indian mind two types of reaction. Some Indians of the day devoted all their energy and faith to the task of transforming India into Britain. Another section changed over from blind adulation to uncritical condemnation of western values and attempted to claim superiority for everything Indian. With honourable exceptions, the attitude of the British



Raja Rammohun Roy

was one of condescension and patronage while that of the Indian was one of defiance or servility. Where the snobbery of the rulers faced the snobbery of the ruled, there could hardly be the atmosphere of goodwill and co-operation essential for the growth of cultural contacts.

From the first quarter of this century, there began a third phase marked by a more conscious desire of co-operation between Britain and India and a greater mutual awareness of each other's values. In a sense, it is a return to the spirit of the first phase but is likely to be more permanent because of the happy solution of political relations between Britain and India. So long as the political and economic relations between Britain and India were based on inequality and conflict, intellectual co-operation between them was uncertain and unhappy. The way in which the British withdrew their political power from India was an act of the highest statesmanship, and dispelled the atmosphere

of suspicion, hatred and jealousy that had marked Indo-British relations for over a hundred years. The old relation of the ruler and the ruled has disappeared and Britain and India have overnight become friends and colleagues in a common quest for the preservation and enrichment of human values.

Oxford was the pioneer in forging cultural bonds between Britain and India from the beginning of their contacts in the sixteenth century. If the intellectual and cultural co-operation between Britain and India had been maintained on the scale and in the spirit of Warren Hastings, Sir William Jones, Mariedas Pillai and Raja Rammohun Roy, there would have been a greater understanding and respect for one another's culture and some of the economic and political



Sir William Jones

clashes that embittered their relations for almost a hundred years might have been softened, if not altogether avoided. May Oxford once again take the lead in re-establishing these bonds in the happier climate of freedom, equality and fraternity that governs Indo-British relations today.

EDUCATING THE INWARD MAN—Contd.

whole community, so that all men were his sons.

In the sight of the truly wise, then, folk-education is not different from children's education.

But today, like children's education, it is made into a big bogey, and it is customary to say that the responsibility for it rests upon the educated!

The truth is this: The true teacher does not teach, yet one may educate oneself at his side; in just the same way the wise man does not create folk-culture, but it takes form naturally in his presence.

The sun itself gives its light to no

one, yet all, in the most natural and easy way, receive its light.

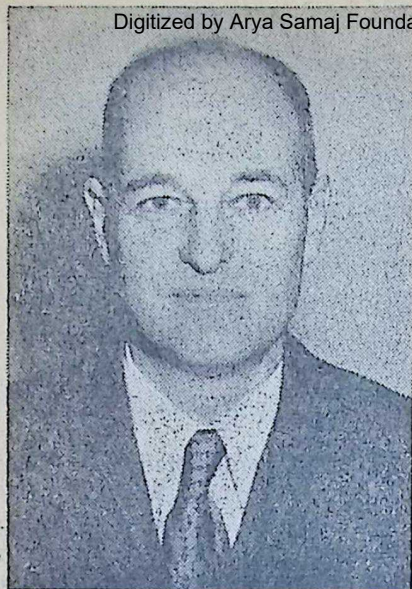
It is this unattached action which the *Gita* calls "natural action," and Manu gave to this same "natural action" the pleasing name of "action of the inward man."

The phrase "Education of the Inward man" is based upon the same idea.

The teachers who give this kind of education, who nourish the Inward Man, are the true *gurus* of society.

They are the fathers of the community.

[Extracted from *Thoughts on Education*]



Former U. S. Ambassador to Russia

GEORGE F. KENNAN

The fact that total objectivity is not attainable does not mean that the quest for it is itself not worth while. What is important is not that the writer should attain the ideal of total objectivity. What is important is that he should never stop trying to improve himself.

truth; there is another side of the picture. There are ways in which history and literature are closely related, and only do they sometimes approach each other in the problems of technique of execution, but their tasks, I am persuaded, are kindred tasks.

The first thing that struck me, touching this subject, was the obvious fact that whereas a portion of what went by the name of history was

HISTORY ASL

WHEN historians want really to condemn a fellow historian, they can think of nothing worse than to charge that what he writes is "pure fiction," "fairy tales," "inventions," "legends." To the poet, on the other hand, the historian obviously appears as a very pedestrian sort of fellow indeed, a bird without wings, a creature destined to crawl laboriously on his belly through the husks and litter of documented fact which past generations have left behind them on the sands of time.

Whatever truth there may be in these observations, it is not the whole

truth. Obviously literature, there was another portion of which that could not be said. There was, for example, a great body of historical material which where not particularly lend itself to literary development. It consisted only of rather recitation of bald fact—of what actually of my colleagues at Princeton University called "lists" of pure antiquarianism. This was, in fact, the earliest form of purely scientific historical material. There were other historical works which could perfectly well have been written in a literary way, but they were not. The authors either had not cared to give them literary form or

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attain it, that he should never abandon the effort to transcend, in his intellectual and aesthetic self, that little imp, the ego, with its greed and cowardice and pettiness, which sits invariably at the writer's elbow and makes improper suggestions.

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they were incapable of it. On the other hand, the shelves of any historical library were full of works to which the quality of literature obviously could not for an instant be denied. We have only to recall that both Théodor Mommsen and Winston Churchill were given the Nobel Prize for literature, though the writing that earned this distinction was historical.

What did this mean? Did it mean

way or in a non-literary way, depending on the tastes and talents of the writer; but it did appear that there was apt to be a connection between good history and good writing.

The discipline of attempting to say something gracefully and effectively in such a way as to bring out the deeper and more subtle tones seemed to be helpful to the scientific essence of the exercise, refining rather than corrupting the scientific conscience. Good language and style, in other words, were not essential to history, but they helped. History could exist apart from these things. Laborious and graceless but conscientious, it could deserve the name of "worthy." It could command the respect of colleagues. Its authors could be respected members of historical associations. People could even be grateful to them for their patient industry and erudition. But their words would tend to die in the libra-

LITERATURE

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fore dull and unpleasant to read, which whereas another portion was art, emulating literature only, or primarily, aesthetic only, rather than scientific values? Not exactly; for it was at once apparent that the two categories overlapped—antiquary history which had greatest merit as science also fell into the category of history which also had the greatest merit as art. The two bodies of historical writing, but were not, then, mutually exclusive. But good history and bad history could be written in a literary

ries. They would perhaps be used for reference; but not for much more. It was history as both science and literature, not history as science alone, which would reach beyond the specialised reader, contribute to public understanding of the past, and live in historical memory.

The next question that presented itself, then, was this: Was this quality—of being possibly and preferably literature, but not necessarily so—was this something that set history apart from other forms of scientific writing? Again, the answer seemed to be no. Other forms of scientific writ-

ing—particularly those pertaining to the nature and behaviour of living beings—could, it seemed, like-wise either have literary merit or not have it, without ceasing in either case to be science. Charles Darwin had demonstrated that. So had Rachel Carson, with "The Sea Around Us." Literary merit was, then, a possible attribute, not essential but also not wholly casual, of any non-fictional writing.

Was this not also true of what went more strictly by the name of literature itself: of such things as fiction and poetry and dramaturgy? Here, too, unfortunately, not all that was written was really literature. There was trash; there was pedantry; there was plodding, pedestrian effort, without grace.

Literature, I may add with some trepidation, even sometimes has its own "lists," just as history does. There have been novels made up in large parts of what might be called inventories of folklore. Even great writers sometimes have leaned in the direction of pure antiquarianism. In a recent article on the subject of literary criticism, Zola was charged with "trying to make an index of the world;" there are passages in Shakespeare that would come into this category; Pushkin, in "Eugene Onegin," had a chapter that was largely folklorish in substance. This is by no means always reprehensible. Even the lists are sometimes literary; but then, this is true of history as well.

If historians sometimes write literature, what forms of literature do they write? In this day and age historians write only prose. There was a time long ago when a considerable portion of such historical knowledge as did

exist was recorded in verse. Then history and literature were indistinguishable in the sense that no one cared about facts for their own sake: facts and fancy were thoroughly mixed in the saga or the epic legend. Poetry, of course, sometimes uses their medium to write what purports to be history: Shakespeare's tragedies, Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," or "The Midnight Ride of Revere." But it is clear that this, sometimes poetry, is rarely history. And the converse would certainly be true. Even Aristotle recognised "Put Herodotus into verse and he would remain a historian, not a poet."

The literary historian, then, writes prose, and it seems to me very rarely the same kind that the strictly literary person does. Sometimes, for example, he produces straight expository material: the expression of thoughtful analysis. Much of this is of the best literary quality: Gibbon's magnificent cadences, Macaulay, Trevelyan.

Then there is atmosphere, and the historian has to be careful that it was not there; he did not see it with his own eyes; or if he was and he is not strictly speaking a historian. He is a writer of memoirs, which is a different thing. But here the historian, like the novelist, could be helped by his own powers of observation, perhaps, if it was a natural scene, was one which he had known at a different time and in different circumstances. Perhaps his imagination could easily and reliably fill in the details. Consider this passage from the American historian, Francis Parkman:

"...More than eight months passed in the catastrophe of

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Joseph. The winter was over, and that dreariest of seasons had come, the churlish forerunner of spring. Around Sainte Marie the forests were grey and bare, and, in the corn-fields, the oozy half-thawed soil, studded with the sodden stalks of the last autumn's harvest, showed itself in patches through the melting snow

it was easy for him to abstract from the scene, in his imagination, the streamers and other evidences of later industrialism and western influence; to picture the river as it would have been in the early decades of the nineteenth century; and to represent it in this way to his readers.

In the third type of literary prose which is to be found in history, straight narrative, the historian's task is more complicated. He can, of course, relate what occurred, in so far as the documents reveal it. He can, if he knows the subject matter well and if it lends itself to literary development, give to his presentation a sustained tension and cadence similar to that of good fictional narrative. But the material must be adequate to the treatment. The historian may not force it or stretch it. He may not supplement it. The essence of good literary narrative is, surely, a mixture of roundedness and simplification. Enough must be there to make the point; and what is redundant must be skilfully excluded. But the historian's narrative can be no more rounded than the historical evidence permits; nor can he simplify except where the sources, as sometimes happens, do it for him.

Above all, he is seldom at liberty to use dialogue with good conscience, for rarely do the actual recorded words of people, as distinct from hearsay and indirect attribution, emerge from the historical record in so unambiguous and authoritative a manner as to permit their confident use by the historian; and when they do so emerge, they seldom serve the uses of literary narrative, as vividly and effectively

Was this a legitimate use of atmosphere in a work of history? Unquestionably it was. Parkman was a man who had long observed the slow and depressing break-up of the New England winter. He needed no documentary sources to tell him that this was the way it was.

Or consider this from the delightful account of the Opium Wars, written a few years ago by Maurice Collis, a former member of the Indian Civil Service. In describing the trip up the Pearl River to Canton, in the early days of the nineteenth century, he says:

"To get the full bouquet of this farcical scene, you must picture the broad river puckered with little waves, the green sweep of the rice, on the horizon, blue hills; you must conjure the many sorts of passing craft, the Mandarin house-boats, dainty and lacquered, the streamers and lanterns of passenger boats, the high, tilted junks with demon-painted sterns; and you must plunge these images into a light more intense than we know in these countries, into a warmer wind and an air, purer and more scented than we can sniff except in dreams...."

Was this an impermissible licence? I think not. True, Collis was not there at the time he was writing about. But he did know the Pearl River in later decades, in days before communism had changed the face of China; and

tively as do those of fictional creation. Anyone who has had occasion to plough back through the documentary sources to run down the true wording of things famous people are said to have said so aptly on famous occasions will know how seldom fact corresponds to legend, and how much the creative imagination of the raconteur has added to the tantalising inadequacy of the historical record.

The historian finds himself, of course, constantly under temptation to move, in his narrative as in its descriptions, from the bleak realm of what is known to have been to the more exciting and colourful world of what might very well have been and probably was. May he do so? In minor matters, and when the probability is very strong, I think he sometimes may.

On the last page of the second volume of the study I have been engaged in, on the early period of Soviet-American relations, I had occasion to describe the departure of one of the last semi-official Americans from Soviet territory in 1918. He and his companion, in passing the border, found themselves locked for a time on a railroad bridge spanning the border stream between Finland and the Soviet Union, with the gates at each end of the bridge closed against them. About this incident I wrote the following:

"For an hour and a half Wardwell and Davidson sat forlornly on the railway ties of the little bridge (from which the tracks had now been removed), confined between the two strife-torn worlds of thought and feeling which no one had been able to hold together."

"This was a moment to which, in view of the danger and strain and anxiety of the recent weeks, one long looked forward; yet now that it was here it was like a death. The sky was leaden: a cold wind blew from the north-west. The wooden shelter on the Finnish side was deserted. Above, on the Soviet side, the figure of a Red Guard, rifle slung on shoulder, greatcoat collar turned up against the wind, was silhouetted against the low scudding clouds. A little stream, hurrying to the Gulf of Finland, swirled past the wooden pilings and carried its eddies swiftly and silently away into the swamps below. Along the Soviet bank a tethered nanny goat, indifferent to all the ruin and all the tragedy, nibbled patiently at the sparse dry foliage...."

I must confess that if I were asked whether I could prove that the goat was actually there, the answer would be that I could not. I never saw such a scene in Russia *without* a goat. I myself passed through the same border region at the end of World War II, amid similar conditions of hardship and seasonal desolation, and I did not see a goat. But I am not positive that Wardwell did. It was the last of a thousand pages on this subject, and the chafing of three years of academic strait may have inclined me, I feel, to a brief fling of scientific indulgence.

In any case, justified or not justified, I was operating here on the line beyond which the historian has no right to go. It is precisely in resisting the temptation to go further than the quality as a historian, as distinct from a literary person pure and simple, most basically expressed. The mark of his trade is the fact that he accepts a set of rules far more rigid

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which, you and confining than those which govern the novelist or the poet. He cannot create the pieces of his puzzle; he must attempt to put it together from those that he finds lying around. Not only that, but having found a few pieces, he cannot even order them to his heart's desire. They are ordered for him chronologically in advance by that most imperious of all historical masters: the documented date; and before this authority he must bow his head in unquestioning obedience.

Above all, he cannot fashion out of his raw material nice clean beginnings and endings to frame the burden of his tale. He can only cut in for a time on the endlessly moving stream of human affairs; the points he selects for entering it and leaving are invariably arbitrary; and his work always suffers to some degree from this arbitrariness. No work of history ever begins soon enough or ends late enough to be wholly round.

For these reasons, the unities of the drama are seldom for the historian. His art, when it is an art at all, is an epic one, not dramatic. He can turn his little spotlight, for one period or another, on a small portion of a great and never-ending procession; but he cannot hope to define its origin or its justification.

It is these rules of the game which lead us to the deepest difference between the historian and the literary man; and this difference lies in the plane of reality to which, in the main, each addresses himself. It is with the ultimate undercurrent of men's lives that the true literary artist is permitted to deal, and does deal, in his greatest

moments: with the inner souls of men rather than with what Freud has called their "personae." It is precisely in stripping men of the external facade of personality, in showing them in all their shivering moral nakedness and helplessness, in their secret world of instincts and loves and fears and feelings, lost in the strange company of their own personal demons and protecting angels—it is in this that the poet or the novelist finds his true mission.

From all of this, the historian is normally barred. The materials to which he is restricted seldom shed light on it or lend themselves to its description. He comes nearest to it, perhaps, when he is writing pure biography; and indeed biography, with its accent on the doings of the individual as distinct from the doings of masses of individuals, is the point at which literature and history come closest to merging completely. It is an interesting reflection on the relationship of history to literature, in fact, that whereas biography is history, autobiography is literature. But in other forms of history, it is normally the *external* personality with which the writer is necessarily concerned.

Is this a bad thing? Is it a badge of inferiority on the breast of history as an art that this should be so?

Few of us would deny, I think, the greater depth and subtlety and even importance of that plane of reality with which the novelist is permitted to concern himself. Of those of us who try to write history as literature there are few, I am sure, who do not sometimes peek longingly through the sometimes opaque and mysterious and

more dangerous world in which the others are privileged to operate. Occasionally the historian even finds in his dusty documents evidence that sheds light on one fragment or another of what transpires in this other world, and when he does, he is filled with the excitement of discovery and with the longing to communicate it. But it is in just such moments that he must watch himself most closely. If the documents tell the story for him, he may let them do it. But they seldom do, and he may not rush ahead of them.

Yet he cannot accept the view that the plane of reality to which he is confined is without interest or importance. What he writes may be limited in psychological depth; but it has, if he is a good historian, the virtue of being, as close to what actually occurred as human industry and conscience can make it. And this is something people have need to know about. This record which the historian produces—the record of what is known as distinct from what is felt—is an essential and indispensable component of all understanding of the human predicament. It is one of the ingredients from which even the novelist and the poet must distill their insights. The writing of history may lack the glamour and excitement of fiction, but it is a labour on which the greatest purity and integrity of purpose are never wasted. What is done in this quiet and disciplined realm can have, when it is done with honesty and insight and devotion, a dignity second to that of no other branch of writing.

The fact is that if history and literature are divided in the plane of reality to which they address them-

selves, they are united in the fact for both of them the central purpose is the elicitation of truth. This is the mission of literature no less than history. The fact that the detail what is stated in a purely literary work may never have actually occurred does not in any way controvert the fact.

Let me take an example from my own experience. In writing about Russia in the period of the Russian war of 1918 to 1920, I have known my share of anguish in the effort to be faithful to the true fabric of the past—to describe things as they were, whatever cost to my preconceived notions or to the natural wish of the historian that he could discover a great guiding line or lesson in the events he finds. But in regarding Pasternak's "Dr. Zhivago," which dealt with the same period, I was conscious of the fact that he was put to an anguish no way less than my own in pursuing this effort to be scrupulously true to his period, true to the nature of the human beings that populated it.

I, as a historian, was concerned with what can be proven to have occurred to men in the broader aspects of their political and social dealings with one another. Pasternak was concerned to reveal, out of the workings of the artist's sensitivity and intuition, as well as of his own memories, the something that could and did happen to individuals in the intimate reaction to these events. His was a vastly greater contribution than mine; but it gives me no sense of shame or inadequacy. There is room for all kinds of workers in this particular vineyard, and if their devotion is to the elicitation of truth, they are united in the fact for both of them the central purpose is the elicitation of truth. This is the mission of literature no less than history. The fact that the detail what is stated in a purely literary work may never have actually occurred does not in any way controvert the fact.

historian to conceal the fact that he is himself a part of what he writes.

But the fact that total objectivity is not attainable does not mean that the quest for it is itself not worth while. What is important is not that the writer should attain this ideal of total objectivity. What is important is that he should never stop trying to attain it—that in the effort to penetrate and understand reality, he should never cease to struggle against the shabbier and less worthy forms of subjectivity—that he should never abandon the effort to transcend, in his intellectual and aesthetic self, that little imp, the ego, with its greed and cowardice and pettiness, which sits invariably at the writer's elbow and makes improper suggestions.

There is nothing for us, then, but to continue on our related but not identical paths; poets and novelists in their enviable stratosphere of the inner man, historians on our humdrum terra firma among the debris of past generations. There is room for us both; occasionally we will help and enrich each other. We will continue, in any case, to be bound to one another by the magic of language, our common wonder and our common tool, and by the magnetism of that goal of truth to which we are both devoted, which we can never fully attain, but which we must never stop pursuing, and in the pursuit of which, alone, we will both find our own highest meaning and fruition.

[Courtesy: Author and Encounter]

*Many a man who pays rent all his life owns his own home ;
and many a family has successfully saved for a home only to
find itself at last with nothing but a house.*

Bruce Barton

Your Handwriting is Your Character

E. E. Knowles

WE write not only with our hands, but with our heads, and it is a fact that the hand and the brain act in unison and only brief reflection is necessary to convince anyone that the character is shown by the size and the style of handwriting.

Methodical people, for example, write carefully, forming the strokes with precision and exactitude, carefully dotting the "i's" and crossing the "t's". Vigorous and energetic people write with bold, deliberate strokes, portraying muscular strength. Cautious people write in a manner indicating prudence and attention to detail, whereas optimistic people write in an expansive style having an upward tendency.

The would-be graphologist should provide himself with a magnifying glass for examining specimens of handwriting, as this will bring out

many details which might otherwise pass unobserved.

Before presenting to the student examples, some actual reproductions from handwriting, it will be well to discuss the general principles by which one is enabled to regard handwriting as an index to character. The size, shape, and the slope of the various letters, and the thickness of the strokes all have to be taken into account in order to arrive at a correct deduction.

SOME HANDWRITING-STYLES

The following are a few of the distinctive and frequently-met styles of handwriting.

(a) *The small cramped style.*—A person who writes in this way is inclined to timidity and nervousness. Hesitancy, fear and short-sightedness are among his weaknesses, and among his good qualities, reserve

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economy and clever, argumentative powers would be found. This type of calligraphy also denotes mental or physical weakness, and a plodding temperament without ambition.

(b) *The large and bold style.* Any one with this style of handwriting is broadminded, imperious, liberal, courageous, self-reliant, and has a forgiving, philanthropic and patient nature.

(c) *Precise and formal writing.* This style denotes a methodical, practical mind, given more to construction and exactitude than to romance and sentiment.

(d) *The plain or legible style.* This indicates seriousness and strong-mindedness. The writer is calm, prudent and reflective, painstaking in work and uses his gifts or talents to the best possible advantage.

(e) *The round, even style.* Here we have deliberation, good judgment, thoughtfulness, patience, sympathy and affection. The tastes of this writer would be mechanical rather than artistic, yet a tendency towards comfort and pleasure is indicated.

(f) *The pointed, angular style.* This is significant of courage, self-esteem, self-reliance, energy, force of character, will power and some degree of natural talent. The writer might, however, be vivacious, impatient and combative. A pointed style of handwriting is characteristic of quick temper, tenacity, penetration and sarcasm.

(g) *The dashing, illegible style.* He who writes in this manner has imagination, is ambitious, more than ordinarily intelligent but inclined to impatience. While forgiving, kind-hearted and affectionate, his temper is hasty

Angular writing indicates veracity, precision in claim and selfishness, but no deal of common-sense; self-control.

Oval shaped letters denote and artistic tastes. Too g in the statements of others

a capacity, for detail, great descriptive to the stage of finality are, the this style of handwriting, notice to which show great self-control.

Many desirable qualities are indicated such as love of beauty, keen judgment, artistic tastes generally - included

This style shows capacity for original activity, a keen sense of humor with great attention to detail.

Mental activity is a strong this writer. Music strongly. Conversational a secrecy, versatility, one must also be mentioned

Linguistic abilities, susceptible originality and powers of criticism as well as some measures are indicated by this writing for metaphor, rhythm, humour and would make this person a good Chief. Weakness would be a fondness

This specimen indicates a temperament inclining mental abilities, artistic refinement, a good nature are also shown. This person would be very exciting, fond of children, loyal

Keen mental perceptiveness, sensitiveness as a public speaker are indicated by also signs of benevolence & faith. Would be lacking in fixity of

Humour, Originality, Musical Ability and a strong desire for popular characteristics of this writing. Friends, although interesting as person would undoubtedly be a learner.

This writing displays great constructiveness and such a person would succeed in any sphere involved. Although possessed of considerable ambition and so show tolerance to his enemies, charity to the meek under his control. Signs of financial success are the fixity of purpose, this person possesses a great dicted. Ingenuity, continuance & inventiveness are

and he is difficult to direct or trol.

(h) *Ornamental style.* This points to conceit, boastfulness, vanity, love of beauty, artistic talent, grace, love of enterprise and adventure. This penman is at his best in the sphere involving scheming or planning, possesses activity, both physical and mental, and is seldom idle. Among the predominant faults of writing in this way may be cited of perseverance, and an inclination to start many things yet finish few. would have more energy than

Handwriting is nothing more a series of voluntary recorded gestures and we know that every gesture we make is characteristic of. Alongside this article, several specimens of handwriting have been presented, which will serve to illustrate the teachings of the science of phology. The student should examine these specimens very carefully in order to fix the salient points in his mind, at the same time, mentioning the following:

AVARICE:—Is denoted by terminal letters, narrow spacing, upright handwriting.

CAPRICIOUSNESS:—Is shown by the fact that the "T" crossings are of irregular formations, which for the part are heavy and are placed

CAPTIOUSNESS:—Is indicated in the handwriting showing "T" crossings, which are oblique.

CONTRADICTION:—Is evidenced by the handwriting showing "T" crossings

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and by the handwriting being irregular.

COURAGE:—Can be deduced when the handwriting is large and mount-
ing, with boldly made crossings on the "T's".

CARE:—Is shown by the small, clear writing; elaboration and attention to detail; careful punctuation, and absence of blind loops.

FORGIVENESS:—Is indicated by even, regular and curved handwriting.

GROSSNESS:—Is present where the handwriting is thick, muddy, and coarse, composed of ugly and disproportionate letters.

GOODNESS:—Even, round-looking handwriting, with feebly indicated "T" bars and perfectly round stops is a sign of goodness.

JEALOUSY:—Can be assumed to be present where the handwriting is hurried, and shows in-turned final letters.

MALICE:—Is indicated when the "T" bars end in a point.

OBSTINACY:—Is shown by decisive strokes; angular letters; upright hand, down-strokes heavy; tendency of the handwriting to droop.

PERSEVERANCE:—Is indicated by angular, rigid writing; terminals or final letters hooked; slow, careful and well-finished writing.

PRIDE:—Is always present when the handwriting is tall with correspondingly tall capitals.

PUGNACITY:—Is evidenced by strong, long "T" bars; "i" dots in advance of letter; handwriting ascendant.

This handwriting displays great cautionness sides & hear all opinions. Lack of enterpriser incur small risks might deter this person of many favorable opportunities. Although, this person might very probably make lit

Conscientiousness, precision & a high sense of commendable qualities exhibited by this & clearness of thought, keen observation & strongly in evidence.

Extensibility, susceptibility and some appreciable shown by this writing. The writer would be force, much fighting spirit, fond of children, probably minded & fond of flattery.

Impulsiveness, energy, affection, are indicated here. Self-respect are also strongly indica

Grace, elegance & refinement parent in this hand is also poetic ability of order. Ambition is also ascending letters. Not thoroughness would character

QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

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Sri E. Jayaprakash, Calicut.

Q: *Is it a sin to humiliate a harlot who turns men to hell?*

A: Such women should be shunned. While they should not be glorified as some people do, they should not be humiliated. There is no sense in humiliating them, for they are the products of social, economic, moral and spiritual maladjustments in society. They are more to be pitied, they should not be victimised.

811

Sri M. G. Wagle, Vile Parle.

Q: *When I read Bhavan's Journal dated 3rd April, I was very much interested in the article entitled "Jyotirlingas and Panchatatvalingas" and appreciate the purity bestowed in these Lingas. When I come in contact with members of other communities, viz., people belonging to other religions, they say, 'What, you Hindus are so blind as to perform puja at Shankar's Linga?' To this remark I have to keep mum. Will you therefore very kindly give an answer to the above question?*

A: (1) Why do you suffer from an inferiority complex? Each religion has its own divinity, which might be stone, wood, bone, which

evokes devotion; the symbol requires sanctity by the devotion which is offered to it.

(2) It is 'Western' myth, to that what we call 'lingas' are presentations of the human plus: this nonsense is perpetrated by sex-obsessed foreign tourists. To any Siva worshipper, from V. and Shankar to you and me, over three thousand years of thought of the 'God of gods' had deva in terms of a human being.

(3) The 'linga' is the symbol of the Eternal in its aspect. Siva and embodies Love in its highest form.

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Sri V. Sreenivasa Sastry, Madras

Q: *What kind of difference is there between Spirit and Matter? Is God present in both of them?*

A: In matter, the underlying consciousness is shrouded. When matter is transformed into the consciousness becomes somewhat articulate. Then it unfolds itself progressively as the mind, the higher mind, the conscious and finally the Spirit. Spirit, when well attuned to fundamental aspirations like Love, Peace, Beauty, directly contacts and manifests His power.

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YOUR HANDWRITING IS YOUR CHARACTER—Contd.

PEACEFULNESS:—Is manifested in curved, calm, unhurried writing; absence of crossings on the "T" strokes; and absence of angular formations.

SIMPLICITY:—Is prominent where the writing is rounded and clear; open style; simple formations; last letters of words larger than the preceding ones.

SENSITIVENESS:—Is denoted when the writing is sloped in either direc-

tion, either backwards or forwards; hastily made pen-strokes.

SELFISHNESS:—Is indicated by upright and non-slanting writing, angular and cramped; inward curves of commencements; return curves of final letters.

VULGARITY:—Is manifested in strong, coarse and ill-shaped letter-formation; want of taste displayed in arranging writing upon the paper.

SRI HANSDEVJI

Our cover page of this issue carries a striking illustration of Swami Hansdevji who attained videha mukti recently at the ripe old age of 110.

Swami Hansraj Avadhoot was one among the few integrated personalities that have enriched the spiritualism of our country. He reached the state of Avadhoota by his own endeavour which was constant, ceaseless, vigilant and steadfast.

Belonging to the 'Udasina' sect Hansdevji was twelve when the Great Revolt of 1857 took place. At fifteen he ran away from home with a sadhu of the Udasina sect. For forty years he wandered all over the country in the company of sadhus. His only possessions were a loin-cloth, a danda and his wooden water-pot.

India to him was one vast home. He was care-free and joyous. Soon he outgrew the rules of the Udasina sect and

became an Avadhoot. Amidst his wanderings he had visited Broach and used to spend some time every year in the Ashrama on the bank of the Narmada.

In spite of the burden of long years his face always was lit with a humorous smile. He possessed an undimmed perception. He spoke not in homilies, but in apt stories taken from his own experience of life, all illustrative of the greatness of God. Every pause in his conversation was punctuated by 'Harihara.'

He was never guilty of a single aggressive word or a direct attempt to enforce his preaching. He radiated faith, inspired humility and created an atmosphere charged with Godliness.

Over six feet in height, erect with broad shoulders, and his red-white, handsome ancient face, Hansdevji was a towering personality.

G. L. NANDA

NUMEROLOGISTS tell us that the figures 4, 7 and 8 do not augur well for material prosperity, but we do not know if that is true of India's Labour Minister Gulzarilal Nanda who was born on 4-7-1898. We have it on the same authority that numbers 1 and 9 are indicative of ambition and persons with these fadic numbers always end up high in life. Of this we can be more sure because Nanda's is the log-cabin to the White-house story.

Indeed it could never have struck the man in the street of the forties that the *khadi*-capped, Secretary of the Textile Labour Association of Ahmedabad, *chana*-munching promenade of Bombay's bookshops, would ever sit on the treasury benches of India's capital.

Nanda came all the way from Punjab seeking his fortune to Gujarat. He almost made it his second home by his long stay at Ahmedabad. There he had the unique good fortune of working for several years under the personal guidance of India's veteran organiser, the indomitable Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel.

Educated at Forman Christian College, Lahore, Nanda was Research Scholar at the Allahabad University.



He joined the N-C-O Movement in 1921. He went to jail in the *satyagraha*.

For a time he lectured Economics to the students of the National College, Bombay, and later had a small share in the Congress Government of Bombay, first as Parliamentary Secretary and then as Labour Minister, after which he switched his attention to the National Planning Committee. In all these successive positions his trump-card had been his grasp on Indian labour problems. Nanda's contact with Nehru at the National Planning Committee has in the past been responsible for catapulting to the present position he occupies. The Sardar's pragmatic approach and Nehru's visionary idealism find a happy blend in Nanda.

What is Nanda's contribution to Indian labour? Although it may be invidious to single him out for mention—there are other stalwarts like Governor Giri, Parliamentarian C. D. D. Rao—it must be said to his credit that in or out of Government, he has

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ried Indian labour to the maximum. The system of collective bargaining and other recent liberal labour measures introduced by the Government owe their origin to him. Viewed in this light the recent strike-wave in the country appears tragic. Well may one exclaim with Menenius Agrippa:

..... You slander
The helms of State, who care for you
like fathers
When you curse them as enemies.'

Planning is an article of faith with Nanda. Along with the late Prof. K. T. Shah, he made excellent spadework in the National Planning Committee and when Nehru came to power and started the Planning Commission he naturally sought out Nanda and made him continue the work, this time more scientifically in the framework designed by Mahalanobis.

Lean and lanky, Nanda is an honours graduate in English and an M.A. and LL.B too. Devoted to Congress and Gandhiji, he is unassuming and unostentatious. He has travelled widely studying labour and housing problems in Sweden, France, Switzerland, Belgium, England and Israel. In the late forties, he organised the Indian

National Trade Union Congress. He is a trustee of the Kasturba Memorial Trust. From 1951, he has been a member of the Indian Government. Currently, besides being a member of the National Planning Commission, he is Minister for Labour, Employment and Planning.

What is of special interest to us is that unlike many 'progressive' leaders, he has a spiritual bent of mind. He has great reverence for saintly persons. He is the Chairman of Bharat Sadhu Samaj and Bharat Sevak Samaj.

Sri Nanda is not known to have many hobbies; in his leisure hours, if he has any, one can always find him in the company of books. He has written a few books on labour problems too. He is an admirer of Dr. Frank Buchman, founder of the Moral Rearmament Movement.

Happily married to Laxmibehn, the Nandas have two sons and a daughter. 35-year-old Maharaj Kishen is an Engineer in the Bhilai Steel Works and Narendra, a science graduate of Bombay University, is at present prosecuting higher studies in England. Their daughter Pushpa Naik is a medico.

Remember at anything that shall befall thee to turn thyself and seek what faculty thou hast for making use of it. If thou see a beautiful person, thou wilt find a faculty for that—namely, self-mastery. If toil is laid upon thee, thou wilt find the faculty of Perseverance. If thou art reviled, thou wilt find Patience. And making this thy wont, thou shalt not be carried away by the appearances.

Epictetus.

TAPASVINI

Or

THE LURE OF POWER

A SOCIO-POLITICAL SAGA

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

To New Readers:

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHY (Ravi) :—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri) :—Rawa's grandfather, a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

SHIVASHANKAR (Shivubhai) :—Father of Rawa Tripathi; son of Shastri; patriotic follower of Sri Aurobindo. Died in a bomb-blast.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA :—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA :—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI :—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE :—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

KARAN :—The little son of Uday Solanki and Alice.

In his attic at Bhoiwada, Rawa was living quietly, learning the Vedas from his grandfather, Ganapati Shankar Shastri. It was merely the car accident that fortuitously brought him into contact with Sheela who found Shastriji to be a man of principles when he refused to accept the compensation money offered by her husband, Radharaman.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday and

rolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took Uday and others to the family Guru, Shastriji, for his blessing. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and hurt feelings led him into Communism.

The conduct of Samar Singh whom Bhupat and Majiba had already come to regard as the future husband of Rajba, aroused Uday's suspicions, and Samar's secret meetings with the Maharani Hansabai verba merely served to confirm those suspicions.

Sheela's meeting with Gandhiji proved a turning-point in her life, and disgusted with Radharaman's dissipated ways of living, she preferred to live an austere life.

Uday concentrated more and more on his professional work undeterred by Radharaman's discouraging attitude. Alice, however, became a thorn in his flesh, showing indifference to his feelings and constantly seeking the company of her new friend, Ramchandani.

Ravi Chudgar's assignment to the Matunga area enhanced his position in the Communist Party's hierarchy, but the arrival of Mona on the scene and his overforwardness raised doubts in Ravi's mind. Nevertheless, he resolved to adjust himself to his new surroundings.

The joint efforts of Mona and Ravi proved quite a success in their party activities. Ravi could not resist the freedom taken by this charming girl who had been educated in the 'promised land'—Russia—despite the fact that his ideas of the relations between man and woman were still those of his grandfather. For the outside world they were man and wife. Ravi was prepared to stake anything for winning confidence. He felt hurt by Mona's suggestion to part the moment they found their efforts failed. But he had to

RAJIBA'S MADNESS

WHEN the High Court was closed during the month of October, Uday went to Ma-theran to escape the humidity of the Bombay weather. This beautiful place was quiet and restful and Uday fell in love with its trees, creepers and even the birds; from their intimate contact he drew fresh energy and enthusiasm as from the company of well-loved friends.

In the last seven years, Uday had greatly matured. For several months after Alice had left him he had been unhappy and restless. He found some peace of mind only when the additional responsibility of looking after Rajba fell upon him. He wrote to Alice several times entreating her to return to India. Alice's invariable reply was: "Give me my divorce."

After Alice's departure, Uday in obedience to Majiba's wishes had rented a house near his uncle Bhupat Singh's at Gamdevi. Both Majiba and Rajba had then left Rajkot and come to live with him. Karan, meanwhile, had become very fond of both of them and scarcely seemed to miss Alice. Majiba had assumed responsibility for bringing him up. Nothing could have been more satisfactory, for she was an exemplary mother. Bheem had joined the Prince of Wales School at Dehra Dun.

Uday had started his practice in the High Court at an auspicious moment in 1919. The First World War had just ended; the business community of Bombay had made a great deal of money. A few months before the

war was over, cloth merchants had speculated largely in Japanese long cloth, bearing the trade mark 'Nine Dragons' and when hostilities ceased, its price fell sharply. One consequence of this was a plethora of disputes among cloth merchants for the settlement of which many of them had recourse to law. Among the many lawyers who profited by these cases was Uday. While in England he had gained some experience in the chambers of lawyers of standing. While working in Radharaman's chamber, he had not spared himself and had learnt much from that great lawyer. His persistence, his command over English, and his amiable and friendly nature had endeared him to several solicitors. The result was that he had within a few years established his reputation as a rising lawyer.

His success in the profession, however, did not bring peace to Uday's mind. He could not forget Alice; for he still loved her. Sometimes, when he was alone, his emotions would overcome him, and life would then seem meaningless. Majiba tried to help Uday through the difficult period, for she realised instinctively that his feelings had been deeply wounded. She advised him to divorce Alice and to marry again, but Uday could not bring himself to accept such advice. Majiba was unhappy at his unhappiness, but there was nothing that she could do in the matter.

Seven years ago when there had been talk of betrothing Rajba to Samar Singh, she had begun to behave some-

what strangely. The moment she saw Samar Singh and Hanskunverba together, she had been able to see clearly the true relationship in which they two stood to each other, something which her experienced mother and uncle, Bhupat Singh, could not do. After this episode, Rajba turned towards devotional songs, just as Mirabai had done. Sometimes she would appear lost to her surroundings and get a forewarning of misfortune likely to befall anyone closely related to her. Majiba wondered how Rajba came to have this extraordinary gift. She hoped this was not a prelude to insanity. Mad or not, it was extraordinary how she invariably saw through hypocrisy, insincerity and pretence and how often what she foretold came true.

At eighteen Rajba had grown into a tall, slim girl. After they came to live in Bombay permanently, she resumed her studies at the College. But her conduct was wayward. She was interested only in poetry, literature and philosophy. She took no interest in any other subject. In her final year at College, she began to take a deep interest in culture and philosophy. But she showed no interest in preparing for the degree examination.

Rajba was affectionate by nature. She was considerate and friendly to all who came in contact with her. But it appeared as if she was observing what took place from another planet. By the time she was twenty-one, she had grown tall like Uday and very beautiful in an ethereal sort of way. She had an exceptionally attractive figure. She had an air of seriousness about her. She was fairer than Uday, but because of the skin disease

looked like a marble statue. Her eyes were beautiful and large, and seemed all the time to be looking upon the world in innocent amazement. Her voice was that of a young boy. She never troubled anybody, never lost her temper with anyone, rarely did she lose her composure. She was fearless.

No one could say when she would start speaking in a prophetic vein. There was nothing abnormal in her general manner to suggest that she possessed this extraordinary gift. But there was little doubt that she had the ability to see through the externals of men and things. She seemed able to perceive what no one else could and receive messages from some other world and see strange visions.

Majiba was as much worried on account of her daughter as she was on account of her son. Both she and her brother Bhupat Singh were doing their best to find a suitable husband for Raj but she did not pay any heed to their suggestions. They could not press her insistently to consider them as that made her very unhappy.

However, Raj was untiring in looking after Uday's needs. She was prompt to serve him in every way, small or big. If she found him reading, she would sit at his feet as if to give him silent company. She would accompany him when he went out for a walk. She loved Uday's company and no one else's. She would read all day and half the night; whenever she felt like, she would sing devotional songs, but she never talked without a purpose. However, when she found Uday free, she would discuss with him the problems of philosophy

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poetry, evincing little interest in the work-a-day, prosaic world. Rajba's conduct and her thoughts seemed to Uday in some way to be determined by her conception of beauty. Anything ugly, uncouth or cruel wounded her almost as if she had received physical injury. Though Uday himself loved things of beauty he could not quite understand Raj's sensitive reactions to ugliness. In spite of the companionship of his beloved sister Uday could not shake off his unhappiness. One night, however, Uday, troubled in mind, was not able to sleep. He, therefore, got up and started putting his thoughts and feelings on paper, giving an account of what he had suffered. By the time it was morning he had virtually

completed a little novel in his broken Gujarati. When he read what he had written, he was amazed. He could not even understand how it had come about that he was able to write such a moving story, much less to think about it.

Uday was not trained to write Gujarati well. He, therefore, gave what he had written to a friend of his, Suryashankar Joshi, to correct. Besides being the editor of a monthly, called 'Shishir', Joshi was a poet, and the leader of a small group of literary men. Suryashankar was amazed when he read Uday's story. He had never come across such an outspoken description of an emotional crisis or such deftness in the delineation of character. He was, therefore, generous in his



praise of the story, to which he gave the title 'The Broken Heart' and carefully revised the draft. Uday had no great confidence in his creative ability and it was with considerable hesitation that he allowed the story to appear in 'Shishir' under the pseudonym of Piyush.

The novel aroused astonishing interest. The readers were fascinated and the critics amazed. They felt that a new creative author had sprung up all of a sudden in the world of Gujarati literature. People began to make enquiries as to who Piyush was. Literary critics thought this a good opportunity for denigrating well-known literary personalities by praising generously the new but anonymous writer.

Once Uday had transferred his feelings in his work 'The Broken Heart', it seemed as if he had freed himself from the past, burying his separation from Alice as it were a literary grave. His heart no longer weighted with a burden and he felt free to allow his imagination to roam whither it willed. He was also delighted at this ability to create imaginary characters. This new-found ability to body forth creatures of his imagination gave him immense pleasure in spite of his loneliness.

The demand for Piyush's writings grew and with it his reputation. What mattered to him most, however, was that through these literary creations he was able to give his mental struggles a literary form and through such transformation acquire a fresh outlook on life. His literary activity therefore served him as an elixir.

Uday used to visit Radharaman frequently at his house. What he saw there of Sheela, her quiet and simple

personality greatly impressed him. For the first time he felt that he had come across someone in whom he saw the Aryan culture personified in beauty, gentleness and modesty.

Sheela had organised a Charkha Club, specialising in spinning in a flat in Bhatwadi, next to the flat in which Bhagwandas Master was living.

Bhagwandas was a leading member of the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee. He was friendly by nature and a large number of people used to visit him. Sheela used to go to the Charkha Club everyday and not infrequently would walk across to Bhagwandas' flat as she liked to listen to the fascinating discussions, which took place there. Suryashankar Joshi was one of Bhagwandas' regular visitors at these literary and cultural discussions. Sometimes he brought Uday with him also. Sheela and Uday had therefore, occasions to meet each other in this manner; though beyond greeting each other from a distance they rarely talked to each other.

Meantime, Majiba's anxiety about Raj increased. She was convinced that her daughter was gradually becoming more and more abnormal. She frequently shed bitter tears in the solitude of her room. One day she called Uday and told him of her fears.

"Today the Diwan of Natwarji came with an offer of marriage from his Highness. Bhupatbhai and I were discussing it, when Raj suddenly became pale. You know what happened to her when she suddenly gets one of her prophetic fits," she said.

"Majiba, if she does not wish to marry, why are you forcing her to marry? If she does not want to, she will, of

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own accord, express a desire to marry."

"But, my boy, how long is she to remain like this? One has heard of an old man dying without being married, but have you ever heard of an old woman dying a spinster? But wait a minute. Listen to me further. Bhupatbhai was comparing her horoscope with that of his Highness when Raj had a fit and she fell down on the ground. When she regained consciousness, she said in her slow voice to Bhupatbhai, 'Uncle, His Highness is not yet cured of the foul disease. Before thinking of marriage, tell him that he should be cured of this disease.' I could not understand the significance of what she was saying, but the Diwan and Bhupatbhai were shocked."

"But, is it true?" asked Uday.
"It may be. The Diwan said: 'No, no; it is not true. His Highness had an attack only of indigestion a few months ago but now he is completely recovered.' But one could see as he spoke that he was most uncomfortable. It is quite possible, therefore, that the story of his illness may be true. But if Raj behaves in this ex-

traordinary way, who will marry her? And heaven alone knows who comes and talks to her about such matters."

"Majiba, I agree, Raj does behave strangely. No one comes and tells her anything. She has no friends at the college; and you will admit that until yesterday even we did not know that such an offer of marriage was coming."

"Then would you say that some strange devil has possessed Raj?"

"Who can tell? But it is clear that she is able to see many things which we are unable to see."

Tears filled Majiba's eyes. "What am I to do? Why did this devil come and take possession of my precious, darling daughter?"

"Majiba, do not cry. In fact, Raj's health is good. Last Sunday when we went to Ghodbunder, we walked together for over four hours and she did not even feel tired. All the same I shall consult a doctor friend," Uday said to console his mother.

Uday kept his word, however, and consulted a doctor that very afternoon.

[To be continued]

A verse to remember

दारुचर्मनिवातस्तु दहत्यालोहपञ्चकम् ।
साधु सज्जनसंतापात् किमाश्चर्यं कुलक्षये ॥

If the cool wind emanating from the bellows made of dead skin and dead wood could burn out all the five great metals, little wonder that the hot sigh of a tormented saintly soul should annihilate a whole family!

—Anon.

PRINCESS ANGIRASA

PAVAKA was beside himself with joy, having been blessed by the Divine Pair personally. And Parvati Devi too, having completed Her mission restoring Pavaka to a normal state with all his limbs, had no further interest in plucking the garden flowers.

The result was that Pavaka found himself in the morning humming a tune in the midst of a heap of flowers which he was weaving into marvellous garlands.

When therefore the old gardener came the following morning, he was delighted to find the heap of flowers ready to be taken to the market. Asked he: "My son! Your vigil seems to have paid dividends. Did you encounter any thief?"

"No, father!" replied Pavaka who had assumed his cripple form. He continued: "My friends and I collected all these flowers overnight and wove them into garlands for you to take out to the market early."

"It is very kind of your friends to have helped. Bring them to me one day," replied the gardener and stacking the basket of flowers on his head, walked in the direction of the market.

From that time onwards, it became the custom of Pavaka to collect the flowers and weave them into colourful garlands and the old gardener to sell them in the flower bazaar. Money started flowing in.

One day the gardener's wife dropped

in to have a chat with her adopted son Pavaka.

Said she seating herself in comfort on a cot: "My son, I have to spend around my work these days, with your father all day out with his flower sales and I having little time to rest. Today I came to see you because I could not possibly put off doing it. I hope your father would not return home early to find me missing. How do you do these days? Do you have all you want? Why don't you move out occasionally and enjoy fresh air yourself?"

"Thank you, mother, for your kind enquiry. By your grace, I am enjoying the best of health. I am not at all bored; I have many friends here who keep me company. Well, you seem to be none too healthy," replied Pavaka.

The gardener's wife heaved a deep sigh and said: "My son, your father is getting old and after him you are my sole support. Thinking of it, I thought I should make you wise about certain people and things of the world. Now, you said you had many friends. What sort of friends are they? Pardon my being frank—is there an artisan among them?"

PAVAKA: "Why, mother, supposing there is one, what harm is there? Isn't he too a man?"

GARDENER'S WIFE: "My son, I do not know about all that. Listen to the story I have heard from my elders."

And she told the story:

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A young man Bhaskar by name was wandering in the forest in the company of his friend. One day they happened to notice a river of blood flowing from the top of a hill. Becoming curious, they ascended the hill in order to ascertain the cause of this strange phenomenon. On the way they saw a beautiful *ashrama* surrounded by trees, flowers and birds, beside which was a lake of crystalline water too.

When they started exploring the region, they came across Rishi Kaundinya, seeing whom the two friends prostrated themselves devoutly.

Said the Rishi: "Your arrival has purified the day."

The two embarrassed friends replied: "Great sage, we do not deserve the compliment, being merely your disciples!"

"Do not worry about it," said the Rishi. "Tell me what brought you here, so that I can be of some help to you."

FRIENDS: "Sage! We simply came here to ascertain the cause of this blood-river. The sight of your holy figure has already purified us. May you be pleased to enlighten us about this phenomenon!"

SAGE: There is a city named Visala. King Sambara ruled over it. Samba was his son. One day this Samba was hunting in the forest. Fatigued by the day's work he came to my *ashrama*. I gave him food and other comforts and he stayed on here doing service as any other *ashramite*. He pleased me so much that I

offered him a boon. He asked to be taught the art of life-transmigration and I gave him the *vidya*. Later, he got my permission to move out of the *ashrama*. On his way he saw a cave. When he entered it, he saw a



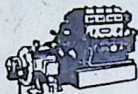
...Samba could only grind his teeth in impotent anger...



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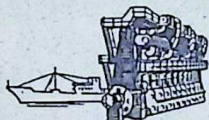
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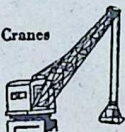
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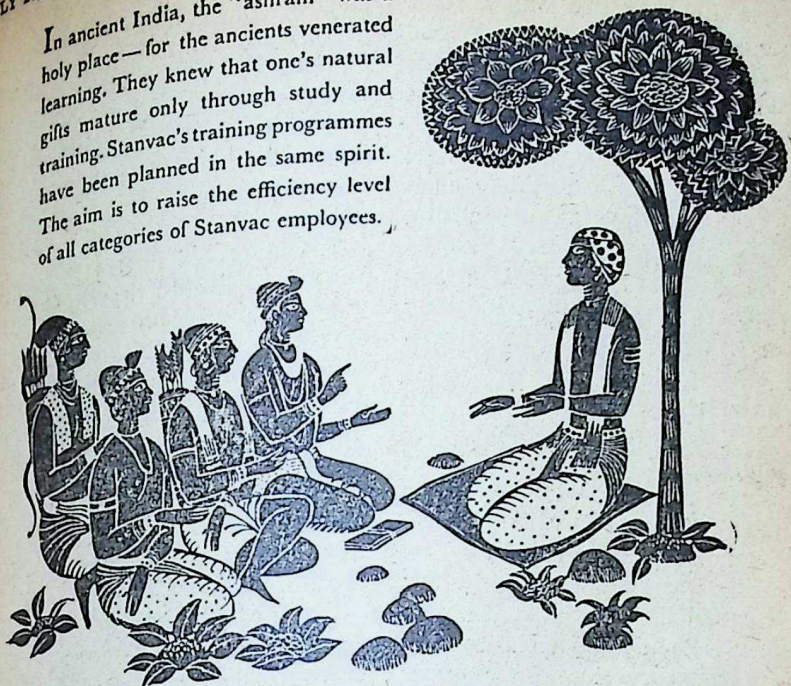


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In ancient India, the "ashram" was a holy place—for the ancients venerated learning. They knew that one's natural gifts mature only through study and training. Stanvac's training programmes have been planned in the same spirit. The aim is to raise the efficiency level of all categories of Stanvac employees.



In 1959, Stanvac expended more than 48,500 man-hours to train employees in 30 subjects, ranging from basic courses in Business Management to advance courses in highly specialised phases of marketing, and technical branches of refining and exploration. Last year, as many as 18 Indian employees were sent overseas, for advanced training, while 22 employees received assistance for higher studies.

Moreover, Stanvac training programmes are not designed for employees only. To enlarge the trained personnel pool—a matter of national importance—Stanvac extends its training facilities to key groups outside the organisation. In pursuance of this policy, Stanvac provides training to Government-sponsored personnel. The number of such people trained in 1959 totalled 40.



STANVAC —participating in the country's progress

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world beneath it. There was a river in which he took his bath and crossed over to the other bank when, to his great surprise, he saw a city as great and wealthy as Mahabali's kingdom.

Looking around for board and lodge, he sought the home of a middle class family. At that time an enchanting music was proceeding from somewhere. He met the landlady and asked: "Mother! Who is this divine lady who sings? Who is her fortunate husband?"

LANDLADY: Young man! This city belongs to a *rakshasa* by name Vikramaketu. He created it by virtue of his *tapas* to Brahma who gave this boon. This *rakshasa* is a *chela* of Shukracharya. Although *rakshasa* by birth, he has a *dharmic* outlook. His wife is called Charita. The girl who sings now is their daughter Angirasa. She is unmarried. Being at the prime of her youth, she enjoys life by singing and sporting in the company of her girl-friends. Often she sings from the terrace of her house and her song comes down floating in lilts.

To young Samba, this story proved appetising, and he started conjuring up visions of the *rakshasa* princess. No sooner had he decided on seeking her hand than he heard the wail of a woman from the same quarter.

Greatly intrigued, young Samba asked the landlady: "Mother, wherefrom does this wail emanate?"

Knitting her brows the lady said: "O, you heard the woman singing just now, didn't you? It is the same woman who now weeps. If I mistake not, her chief maid-servant must have expired, right now."

When Samba returned to his quar-

ters, his brain was working at a pace. Said he to himself: "Suppose I teach my *vidya* of life-transmigration to another person and make him enter the dead maid's body. Would that not be the ideal technique to influence through my friend the Princess to fall in love with me?"

Snapping his fingers in exultation Samba cultivated the friendship of a young artisan who came on the way to whom he confided his plan of action. Since no time could be wasted Samba taught his new friend the *vidya* of leaving one body and entering another.

The artisan friend after learning entered the body of the dead maid of the Princess Angirasa as desired by the Prince.

The new maid started planting ideas of Samba, his incomparable beauty, valour and what not, and soon Angirasa fell desperately in love with Samba. She gave up her food, music and dance and became thoughtful. These changes which were promptly communicated to Samba by his friend (the maid) naturally raised high hopes in Samba's mind.

Finally Samba gave him the O signal when the artisan friend in disguise went to Queen Charita and said: "Queen, your daughter appears to have become possessed. Look, how she is thinning day by day!"

The Queen becoming alarmed, turned to her daughter and addressed her with sweet words: "My dear, you do not seem to have good control over your maids. What ails you? Have you lost your mind to any one? If so, let me know."

(Contd. on page 67)

PRATAPA MAKES A SECOND BID

It was not difficult for Pratapa to divine the cause of the sudden transformation. He had little doubt that his capital and all those that went with his erstwhile royalty should have vanished into thin air. The cause lay, he was clear in his mind, in his mother who should have parted with the wearing apparel which he had entrusted to her care, with specific instructions not to part with under any circumstances. By that time Pratapa's brothers too, divested of their paraphernalia, stood before him enquiringly.

After explaining to them summarily

the circumstances leading to this catastrophe, Pratapa returned to his capital followed by his brothers.

The capital, as he had expected, had once again become the arid desert which it was. Looking about, he saw his aged father and mother languishing on a patch of green. It was a double tragedy for them; for, when they had just recovered their royalty, they had to lose it again.

Asked Pratapa his mother: "Mother, why did you give that apparel to Indra's daughter?"

"O, my son! How do I know we shall come to this state?" She wept. Continuing she said: "When you left, she must have sensed what you had done and so she started flattering me. How can I refuse to hand it over, because it was only for a short while? But when she had it, all of them vanished and along with them, all our royalty! O, why did you marry those witches?"

Consoling her, stating that no one was to be blamed but his own fate, Pratapa led his parents and brothers to the kingdom where he had formerly served and which he had willingly given away to his assistant.



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Reaching the palace gate, he sent the following message to the King through the gatekeeper: "Tell your King that Pratapa who gave you this kingdom waits at your door along with his family."

The sepyo duly communicated the message, when the King asked: "Is he come on a carrier or on foot?"

"On foot, Your Majesty!" replied the sepyo.

"In that case, tell him that I am very busy and cannot see him now. If he does not move away on hearing this, collar him out of the city."

The sepyo returned and told Pratapa: "Sir, our King is very busy presently and said he could not possibly see you. So you had better go away."

Pratapa could only laugh hoarsely and explain to his brothers: "I made this fellow King of this place because he served me faithfully. Now when he has tasted the power of royalty, he would not care to talk to me, especially when I am powerless."

The family then moved away to a neighbouring village, and seeking its headman, Pratapa said: "Sir, we are a royal family and due to a misfortune are reduced to this state. Will you do me a favour? Will you keep my aged parents and brothers with you for a few days till I return?"

The official smiled and said: "My son, don't you know that even dried-up lime and *pan* are useful at times? Don't you worry. I shall keep them. But first of all, have your bath and have some grub here."

"Thank you so much," said Pratapa; "I have vowed not to take any food till I achieve my object of re-

covering my lost glory. It would be enough if you extend this hospitality to my people here."

"Have it your way and I wish you the best of luck," replied the official, Pratapa bidding good-bye to all started on his journey to meet the old woman who put power into his hands.

On the first lap of his journey Pratapa saw a heap of ants being washed away by a forest stream at the head of the ant-herd sending an S.O.S. to him in its own language for help, promising repayment for services rendered.

Pratapa who knew the language of birds, beasts and insects smiled at hearing it, but with pure humanitarian motive, he threw a large leaf across the stream whereon the struggling ants clambered and which he later threw ashore, thus reclaiming them from certain death.

As he proceeded further, he heard the croak of a toad near a patch of water being mollified by an eagle calling for help and promising service in return.

Wondering how many beings were in need of help, he saved the toad from its persecutor and dropped it inside the water.

Further on, he saved a worm from dying on a waterless track and placed it back in a marshy place for it to survive.

By the time he reached the cottage of the old woman who first gave him power, he was so down and out with hunger and thirst that he fell down unconscious. Unfortunately the woman was not in at that hour and he was oscillating between life and

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When she returned, she was startled to see Pratapa in that condition. She felt his pulse; finding it beating feebly, she gave him some strong decoction and subsequently milk. Under her care, he recovered consciousness and when he was in a fit condition, Pratapa related to her all that had happened to him during the interval. He ended saying: "Mother, I have come here under the vow of recovering all my lost glory with your help."

The old woman smiled understandingly and said: "My son, I can of course restore you to those four damsels, but I am afraid they may lay a curse on you. Wait; I have some plan by which you can circumvent it. Listen, there is a holy fig-tree by the side of the lake where those divine damsels come to disport themselves. If you offer them prayers seating yourself with undivided attention beneath this tree, I am sure you will achieve your object. May God bless you!"

Pratapa accordingly proceeded to the spot and, finding the holy tree, seated himself comfortably beneath its shade and started *tapas*.

Those four damsels no doubt came down as usual to the lake for sporting, but they hardly paid any attention to Pratapa whose presence could not have been lost on them.

For forty days Pratapa continued *tapas* without taking food or water. Finally Pratapa came to the conclusion that inasmuch as his former wives did not even care to look at him, his life was not worth living. So with the name of Lord

Hari on his lips he decided to put an end to it.

As he uttered the holy names Govinda, Achyuta, the divine damsels looked at each other. They suddenly sensed Pratapa's intentions. Said one: "Even on the very first day I could recognise him and guess his object, but lest you should mock me, I kept quiet." All of them quickly agreed that should the Prince die on their account, they would be liable to untold sins.

So all of them rushed towards Pratapa who had fallen in a swoon. One of them pulled his head over her lap. Another brought some water from the pool which she dripped down his clenched teeth and the third fanned his face gently with her apron while the fourth looked on imploringly.

When as a result of their solicitude Pratapa opened his eyes, he smiled on seeing them. Said he at last, "My dears! When you saw me for forty days praying for you without food and water, how possibly could you steel your hearts against me? What harm have I done you? You have no warm corner for me, your husband? When you suddenly returned to Swarga I was like the man high up on a tree whose branches have suddenly given way."

The women too becoming uncomfortable replied: "Do not think we are so hard-hearted as all that. We too felt broken at first but later on reconciled ourselves to our lot. Don't forget we are immortals and our ways must necessarily fork out differently. Let us realise it now and forget all about the past and our ways."

PRATAPA: "O damsels! Is it for hearing this verdict that I underwent all these toils? It looks like killing a man again after reviving him. In fact, it would be far better for you to make an end of my life here itself before you leave." And he caught hold of their hands.

Alarmed at this, they said: "O Prince! You would not listen to stark facts. Now we undertake to take you to heaven before Indra. If you have the power to convince the Lord of the

Devas, you may have your way. This is the most we can do."

Pratapa agreed, whereon Indra's daughter converted him into a tree and placing him inside a pitcher which was carrying, took him to Swarga.

There, restoring him to his original form, they fed him and provided him with excellent clothes and a magic sword and sent him to Indra's presence.

[To be continued]

BHOJARAJEYAM—Contd.

Angirasa, on hearing this straight question, blushed and bending her head, looked significantly at her maid.

Taking the cue, the maid said: "Queen, let me tell you the truth. Your daughter has really lost her heart to that incomparable Prince Samba." And she related to her the great qualities of Samba, ending, "If you delay the marriage, I shall not be held responsible for the resulting mental condition of your daughter."

The Queen lost no time in impressing upon her husband the need for expediting the marriage of her daughter with Samba and it took place in due manner at the next *muhurta*.

After the marriage, the artisan friend left the maid-body and occupied his own and became an inseparable companion of the Samba couple.

One day the three of them went to

the forest and there Angirasa became enamoured of the luscious Jamuna fruits which she wanted to eat. Being high up in the tree, Samba fulfilled the wishes of his sweetheart by leaving his body and entering into the form of a dead monkey and climbing up the tree wherefrom he threw heaps of fruits down for her to eat.

But as soon as she did so, the artisan friend threw off his own body and entered that of the Prince Samba, leaving vacant and started acting the part of the Prince, saying to Angirasa: "My dear, let us not tarry longer in this forest which is infested by wild beasts; let us hurry home!" And he hustled her out of the place.

Real Samba who was in monkey form up the tree could only grind his teeth in impotent rage.

[To be continued]

JULY 24, 1960

News & Notes

WYASA JAYANTI CELEBRATIONS

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN celebrated the Vyasa Jayanti on the 8th of this month, by organising a public function presided over by Munshiji and attended by a large gathering. The function began with Vyasa Stuti by Sri Bhaishankar Purohit.

There were Vedic recitals. Pandi Ganesh Shastri Athavale chanted Rig-veda. Sri Keshavlal Indonekar, Shukla Yajurveda. There was a joint recital of Krishna Yajurveda by Acharya Sri T. A. V. Dikshitar and Sri Ramamurti Shastri. Samaveda was recited by Sri Kalyan Sunder Shastri.

Swami Akhandanandaji, President of the Bharat Sadhu Samaj, spoke about the greatness of Vyasa who lighted the flame of knowledge and fed it with the richness of Mahabharata.

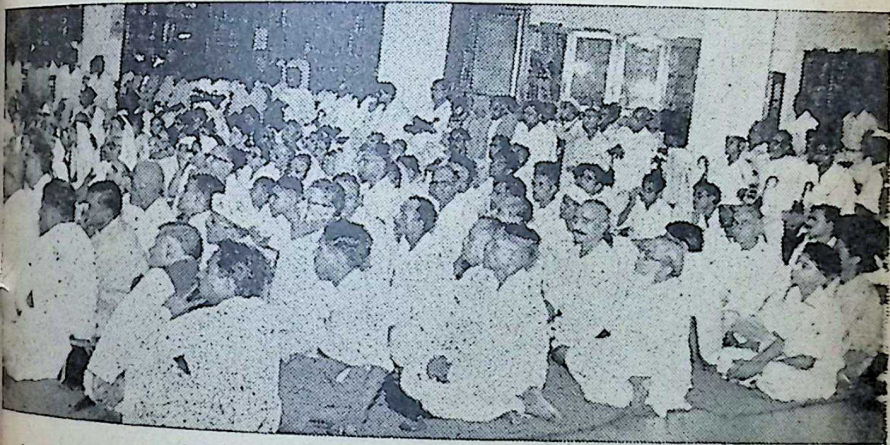
Munshiji in his speech referred Vyasa as Brahman with one face, Vishnu with two hands and Mahesa without the third eye.



Swami Akhandananda speaking.

SANSKRIT VISHVA PARISHAD, TIRUCHI CENTRE

IN a function held on 10th July 1960 at the National High School premises, Sri T. Srinivasan, Member of Parliament, distributed certificates and prizes to the candidates who were successful at the several examinations in Sanskrit, conducted by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in March 1960.



A section of the audience at the Vyasa Jayanti Celebrations at the Bhavan.

INDIAN CLASSICAL MUSIC AND THE WESTERN LISTENER

By Howard Boatwright

Price: 50 nP.

Howard Boatwright, the author of this handy, useful study, is not new to music lovers of Bombay and elsewhere. His fine performances to large, appreciative audiences had evoked very favourable comments from music critics.

An accomplished exponent of western music, Prof. Boatwright has also a keen, perceptive ear for the nuances of Indian classical music. During his tenure at the Bhavan as a Fulbright music scholar, he has had ample occasion to become well-versed with the idiom and various elements of Indian music.

In this booklet, he provides a thoughtful, lucid introduction to the basic fundamentals of our musical heritage for the western listener. These pages should help in removing the difficulty or handicap experienced by people, familiar only with the patterns of western music, in responding to fresh auditory experiences, and thus help them towards a more positive and responsive listening to Indian music.

"....This publication from a Fulbright Lecturer assigned to the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan introduces the reader who is familiar with western music to the various modes of classical Indian music. Prof. Boatwright has imbibed the essentials of the subject under study and writes lucidly on the problem of how best foreign connoisseurs may learn to enjoy Indian music.

"This will no doubt be useful to Indian readers too, since our classical music is a territory that has got its own terrors for the layman...."

The Bharat Jyoti—Bombay.

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN Chowpatty, Bombay-7.



FOREST ACADEMY LECTURES ON YOGA. By Swami Chidananda. Published by the Yoga-Vedanta Forest Academy, P.O. Sivanandanagar, Rishikesh. pp. 412+xxiv. 1960. Price: Rs. 10.

THE book under review is a sumptuous volume with several photographs, and contains the lectures and the instructions of Swami Chidananda on many topics. The talented Swamiji's enormous literary and philosophical output evokes admiration not only from the obvious but also from all scholars. In all the writings and speeches in the volume, there is nothing that is anti-national or esoteric. He does not ask us to surrender our intellect and be deceived. The exposition and the conclusions of the Swamiji are all open to rational examination. They stand the test of logic admirably. The information on Hindu Dharma, both theoretical and practical, is enormous.

We have at the outset a brief but significant account of the life of Swami Chidananda from the pen of Swami Venkatesananda. The volume has seven chapters discussing and discussing on the different aspects of Yoga. The psychology of the Yoga

system is accepted by all the other systems of Indian philosophy. It is one of India's significant contributions to world thought. Five chapters deal with Yoga Sadhana, Yoga Ideal of Sannyasa, Some Aspects of Practical Yoga, Yoga in Everyday Life, and lectures on Raja Yoga. These cover the entire field of study. Reading them is not only a rewarding intellectual experience but also results in a spiritual awakening. Chapter Four deserves special attention. It describes the life and the teachings of great Yoga personalities, e.g., Jesus, Tulsidas, Mahatma Gandhi and Sri Aurobindo. We have a good account of Pandit Malaviyaji, the founder of the Banaras Hindu University. Chapter Nine is in the form of questions and answers. Chapter Ten gives us a splendid account of the influence of Gurudev Sivanandaji on Chidananda. The book is full of information on all the aspects of Hindu religion and Dharma. If Swami Sivananda is the soul of the Divine Life Society, Swami Chidananda is the very life of it. Chidanandaji is described as the Koh-i-noor of the mission.

The book is well got-up.

—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.

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A HISTORY OF THE DVAITA SCHOOL OF VEDANTA AND ITS LITERATURE, Vol. I, from the Earliest Beginnings to the Age of Jayatirtha (c. 1400 A.D.). By Dr. B. N. K. Sharma. Published by Booksellers' Publishing Co., Mehendale Building, V. P. Road, Bombay-4. pp. 372+xvi. 1960. Price: Rs. 17.50 nP.

THE volume under review is a masterly survey of the history of the philosophical and religious literature on the Dvaita Vedanta school. The literature on the other schools of Vedanta is copious, and here we have, for the first time, a competent and critical account of the works and doctrines of Sri Madhva and his great followers. The author Dr. Sharma has already established his reputation as a critical scholar by his excellent edition of Sri Madhva's *Sutra Bhashya* and innumerable articles in all the learned periodicals. The present work is a part of his doctorate thesis and it carries all the wealth of detail that is the characteristic mark of the massive scholarship of Dr. Sharma.

The work under review is divided into three parts: the first part deals with the evolution of Dvaita thought. The fundamental concepts of Dvaita Vedanta are traced from the Vedas in its several parts, the *Mantras*, the *Brahmanas* and the *Upanishads*. Then we have the account of the evolution of Dvaita thought in the *Epics*, *Puranas* and *Pancharattras* and the *Gita*. In the

introductory chapter we have splendid, refreshing and original interpretation of the nature of Dvaita philosophy. Our author renames Dvaita as *Svatantra-advitiya-Brahmavada*. He very clearly points out that it is wrong to describe Dvaita Vedanta as a form of pluralism or dualism. In Dualisms like the *Sekshya* system, we have two independent reals, one set against the other. In Madhva's philosophy, there is one independent Real, i.e., Narayana. *Advitiya* for Madhva means 'absence of a peer or a superior'.

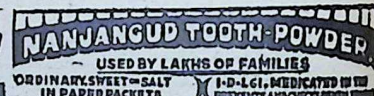
Dr. Sharma gives us a moving and masterly account (with an unfailing eye to significant detail) of all thirty-seven works of Sri Madhva in hundred and fifty pages. He does not merely state Madhva's doctrine but also explains why Madhva feels that others are wrong and his interpretation is right. The exposition is combined with a critical discourse. Dr. Sharma with astonishing diligence seeks to answer all the criticisms that are levelled against Madhva's doctrine by ancient and modern scholars.

Dr. Sharma's work is both devoted and discerning. His answers to the criticisms of Dr. Bhandarkar and Prof. Ghate are worthy of our study. After finishing the summary of Madhva's works in Part II, in Part III, Dr. Sharma turns to give us a detailed account of Jayatirtha's contribution to Madhva's philosophy.

We have an excellent account of

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dialectics of Jayatirtha in Chapter XXII. The book carries a useful appendix giving a list of the large number of works cited by Madhva. The Sanskrit index at the end is very helpful. Dr. Sharma's book is an outstanding contribution to the study of Dvaita Vedanta. Reading the book is a rewarding experience. The book is bound to remain for a very long time a standard book on the subject. The volume carries an appreciative foreword from Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, commending the book to students of philosophy.

—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.

SANSKRIT

RI VAIDEHI VIVAHAM (in Sanskrit). By Panditaraja K. S. Krishnamurti Sastri (former Poet Laureate, Madras State). Preface by Sri K. Santanam, Ex-Governor of Vindhya Pradesh. Published by the Author, No. 15, VI Main Road, Raja Annamalaipuram, Madras. pp. 112. 1959. Price: Rs. 2.50 nP.

गद्यं कवीनां निकषं वदन्ति

PROSE is the touchstone of an author's artistic sensibility. In the whole range of Sanskrit literature right till the time of Harsha and Bana, except in the earliest Brahmanas of the Vedas and the Sutra Bhashyas such as Maha Bhasya, Sankara Bhashya, etc., do we find any prose style handled effectively. It was Bana who elevated this style to a new pattern. A certain sweetness of expression, seemingly loose and verbose in construction, which gives full scope for the exercise of a rich imaginative fancy is its essence. It is peculiarly Bana's and is difficult of imitation.

It is refreshing to find, in the book under review, the learned author essaying this style with a sure and masterly touch. He takes up for narration the familiar story of Sri Ramachandra. The book is divided into 2 parts; part I deals with the birth of Sri Rama, and part II with his childhood days up to

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his marriage with Sita. As has already been pointed out, the author has a racy, vigorous and commanding style. It may be remembered that the author is not merely an authority on Vyakaraṇa but a gifted poet also and under a scheme initiated by the Madras Government sometime back, he was chosen Poet-Laureate in Sanskrit. Besides, he is the author of a number of Sanskrit works such as *Prakriti Vilasa*, *Stavaratnatraya* and *Saticharita*. The author, while telling the story of Sri Rama, introduces in appropriate places, the lessons taught in the Vedas, Smritis and Puranas by way of explanation and comments. In many places, he has gone beyond the confines of Valmiki's work, which has served as the original for his own production.

Speaking of the Aswamedha sacrifice, for instance, he says that "Risyaśringa was appointed Brahma (for the sacrifice) first." Here, one detects the author's reliance more on a commentary on Valmiki's Ramayana rather than

on Valmiki's work. Besides, in such sacrifices, it is not the Brahma but the Adhwaryu who is appointed first.

Again, it is mentioned that the four principal priests received as Dakshina or gift, four persons, Mahishi, Parivrikti, Vavata and Palakale. But they are the wives of the sacrificer or Yajamana and therefore they could not have been given away in gift. Here too, one finds proof of the author's debt to the commentary on the *Valmiki Ramayana*.

One must also remember that in the technique evolved by Sulba Sutra and Sruta Vyavahara the word Agni not only refers to fire but to the altar, built of brick in the prescribed manner.

Again, the adjective of the word, Upasad (उपसद्) is rendered in the masculine gender. This must be a case of printer's devil for the word is to be declined in the feminine gender.

The book, for its illuminating style and its grand subject matter, deserves to be prescribed as a text-book in our colleges and is a boon to those who

would wish to have translated grammatical rules of the Sanskrit language.

—Acharya T. A. V. Dikshita

JIVANA-SAGARAH, Ocean of Life (in Sanskrit). By S. B. Velankar. Published by Brahmana Sabha, Bombay-4. 1960. Demy, pp. 4. Price: Re. 1.50 nP.

ISSUED by the Brahmana Sabha, Bombay, in connection with the Amritmahotsava celebrations organised by in commemoration of the attainment of 80th year by Dr. P. V. Kane. National Research Professor of Indology, *Jivana-Sagarah* by Sri S. B. Velankar is a poem in Sanskrit giving some remarkable incidents in the life of Dr. Kane. It is indeed creditable for Sri Velankar, who was a Sanskrit scholar in his student days having secured several University prizes, have continued his love of Sanskrit and service in its cause, despite his present

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occupations as a high official in the Posts and Telegraphs Department.

The author uses a different metre for each song, so that there are in all 25 different metres in the book, many of them unusual. The book does not profess to be a biography of the illustrious savant, but records his glorious achievements and incidents illustrating some remarkable facets of his noble character. Particular stress is laid on the association of Dr. Kane with several institutions.

The style of the composition is smooth and the poet has got a wonderful command over Sanskrit. Sri Velankar's intimate knowledge of all branches of Sanskrit literature, Dharma-sastra, and Law has stood him in good stead in writing precisely and with authority about Dr. Kane's contributions to these branches. The printing and get-up are good, and we feel confident that all lovers of Sanskrit will find the book to be of absorbing interest.

—A.D.P.

MARATHI

PATHARE KSHATRIYA DNYATICHA ITIHASA, History of Pathare Kshatriya Community (in Marathi), Vol. I. By Sri Gajanan Govind Naik. Published by Kshatriya Samaj, Bombay-28. pp. 163+8. 1960. Price: Rs. 2.50 nP.

THE importance of the histories of different families and communities in providing historical, social and cultural background to the comprehensive regional history need not be emphasised. Sri G. G. Naik gives in the present volume the account of the Pathare Kshatriya community from A.D. 518 to A.D. 1512. Two subsequent volumes are expected to deal with the period between A.D. 1512 and 1784 (or 1802) and A.D. 1784 (or 1802) and 1960 respectively.

The main conclusions of the author appear to be that Raja Bimba, the originator of the Pathare Kshatriyas, hailed from Kanauj; that he migrated to the south Co. and ruled over Malhar, Kurva, Kangri, Collection, (Pathology) and sym-

sions; that he reached Mahim A.D. 1163 along with sixty-six Kshatriya families; and that the pre-communities known as Panchkale, Chaukalashi, Pathare Prabhu, Wair, Malekar and Sheshavamshi represent the descendants of these Kshatriya families.

Whatever be the judgment of competent scholars as to the correctness of these conclusions, there can be no doubt that Sri Naik has approached problems without preconceived notions and in an objective and critical manner. He has discussed in detail views of twelve predecessors who dealt with the same topics.

There are several useful appendices, genealogies and extensive extracts and quotations from original sources. The reviewer finds it difficult to agree with the author's observations with regard to the Bombay District Gazetteer (pp. 39-40) as also with some of his criticisms of his predecessors. He wishes the author should have referred to the latest books on Indian history instead of old antiquated works.

The reviewer, however, has no hesitation in commending the book to Marathi-knowing readers.

KANNADA

ASHTANGA-HRIDAYA OF VAIDYABHATA (With explanatory notes in Kannada). By Vaidyaguru Anantacharya Adya. Published by the Academy of General Education, Madras. S. India. Part I. pp. 510. Price: Rs. 10; Part II. pp. 656. Price: Rs. 12.

THE first volume of this ancient Ayurvedic treatise hailing from about the 2nd century A.D. comprising of the Sutrasthaana (fundamental principles of Ayurveda) in 30 chapters, translated into Kannada, was published in 1941. After twenty years, this learned annotator, deserving to be called a pioneer in the line of introducing Ayurvedic texts to modern scholars, presents before us the *Shaareera* (Anatomy) and *Pranavaya* (Pathology) and sym-

JULY 24, 1960

and remedies for diseases and *Chikitsaa* or treatment in the same elaborate and penetrating manner as before. This last *Chikitsaa Sthaana*, the "*phala* of *Ayurveda*", is excellently dealt with here. The annotator's intimate knowledge of the Medical trio, Sushruta, Charaka and Vagbhata is reflected on almost every page where parallel lines of treatment recommended in other treatises are also furnished. His sound scholarship both in the theory and practice of Ayurveda was honoured by his elevation to the Presidentship of the All-Karnataka Ayurvedic Conference.

In the first part which was published from Bijapur, the Sanskrit *shlokas* had to be in Kannada script; in the second volume, which has been sponsored by the Academy of General Education, Manipal, under the inspiration of its able Registrar, the text is published in the Devanagari script. To become complete, the work now wants the last two *Sthaanas*, *Kalpa* or preparation of medicines from herbs and *Uttara* and we trust that ere long, this third part, which is also ready with the annotator in manuscript, will see the light of day.

Though Sri A. N. Bhattacharya of the Mysore Ayurvedic College took up this work long after, he has also placed before us in 1957 in 5 volumes the full text dealing with *Sutra*, *Shaareera*, *Chikitsa* and *Kalpa Sthaanas* with Kannada annotations and translation. This latter scholar, in the introduction in the first volume, has marshalled the various opinions current among Ayurvedic scholars like Dr. Hoernle, Dr. Parashram Laxman Vaidya and others. He concludes that our author might have been a Buddhist. According to these authors, again, this Vagbhata must have composed the *Ashtanga Hridaya* first and himself abridged it later, omitting a few *shlokas* here and there but they forget that this practically amounts to mutilation.

Opinions have also been divided as to whether the author was a Buddhist, Jaina or a Hindu. Though Buddhism did give a great fillip to medicine under its great emperors, we prefer to believe that our author should have

been a Hindu as the atmosphere everywhere is predominantly Hindu (p. 617 and elsewhere). We also urge that there must have been three Vagbhatas; the first must have written the present treatise; the second, in the 4th century, might have curtailed it a bit for the benefit of the busy medical practitioners (Yajnavalkya's commentator also refers to similar shortened medical course of 4 years as contrasted with the longer of 8 or 12 years). The *Rasa Ratna Samucchaya* dealing with the Rasas of the Ayurvedic system (perfected by Nagarjuna in the 8th century) must have been composed by Vagbhata III in the 13th century. A few of these Rasas like *Shilaaajitu* (p. 515) *Mandoora* (p. 576) and *Loha* alone were known in the early centuries following Christ. Such a critical introduction would have added to the usefulness of the book here. An appendix, supplying the names of the medicinal herbs in the various South Indian languages and Hindi (as has been prepared by Dr. Lakshmiopathi or Colonel Chopra) would have been useful to medical practitioners and to the lay public.

It is interesting to note that 'Cancer', the most frightful disease, was already studied by our author as *Valmeekaroga* in *Uttarasthaana* XXI 20. The present annotator has used words from his Bijapur dialect like *Hendi* (on p. 342) for the young calf's *shakrit* or excreta. This word is unintelligible to southern Kannadigas. On p. 525, the translation of the quantity of ghee as being double — *dvaghritaat* — in verse 43 seems to have dropped out in the translation. Such minor slips apart, the analysis of the topics is penetrating and deserves every encouragement. The get-up is satisfactory.

—Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

ANNUAL NUMBER, AUGUST 7, 1960

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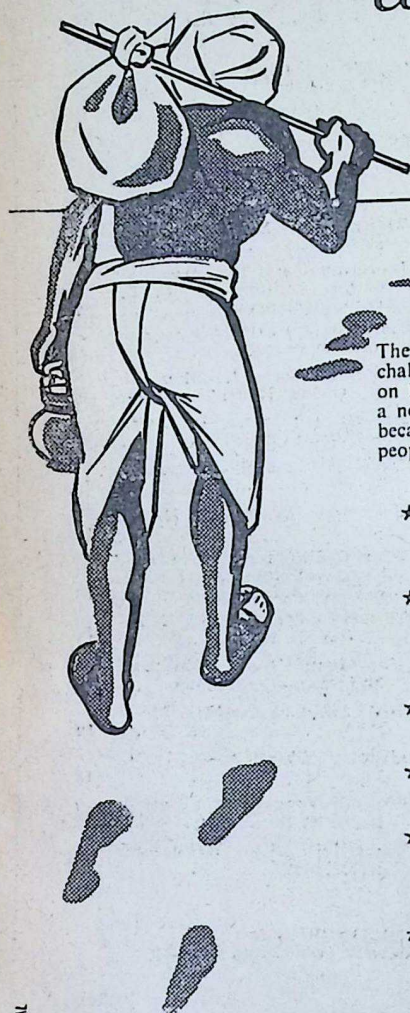
RADHA-KRISHNA

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a pilgrimage long but rewarding

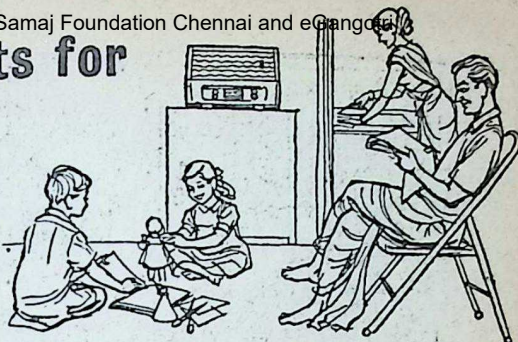


The birth of the State of Maharashtra constitutes a challenge thrown by history. Its future depends on how its people meet this challenge. Now starts a new journey — a pilgrimage long but rewarding, because at the end of the journey lies the people's ultimate salvation.

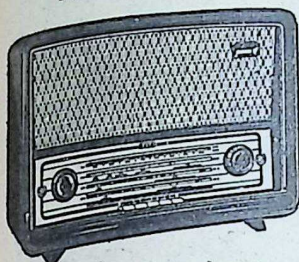
- ★ The people of Maharashtra are committed to strive for the achievements of ideals for which Gandhiji stood.
- ★ The consideration behind the demand for linguistic States is that a unilingual unit will facilitate the participation of the people in the affairs of the State.
- ★ United Maharashtra is not an end in itself but a means to social unity and equality.
- ★ The issues of Maharashtra will be determined against the background of national affairs.
- ★ The administration of Maharashtra State will be carried on without any kind of discrimination in respect of caste, religion, language or region.
- ★ The people of Maharashtra must think of themselves as members of one community.

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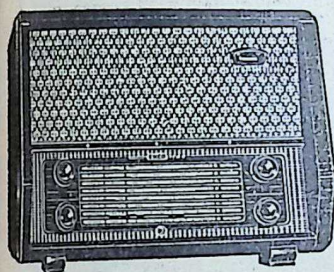


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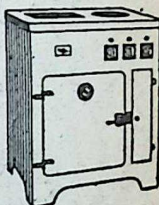
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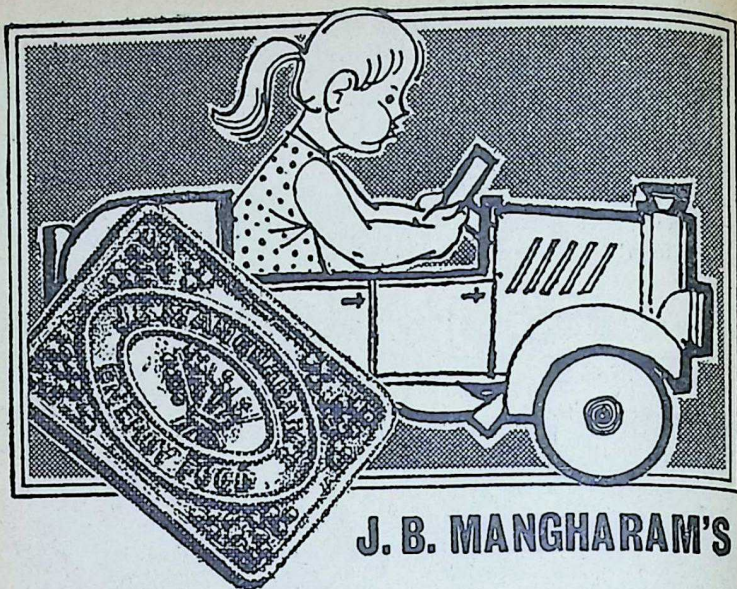


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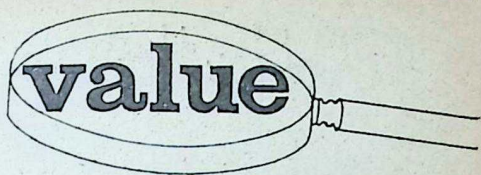
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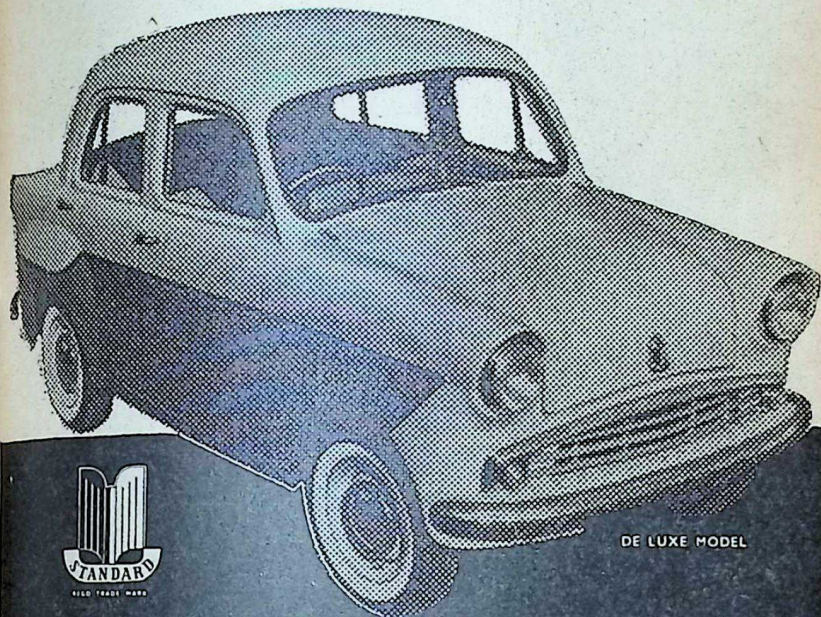
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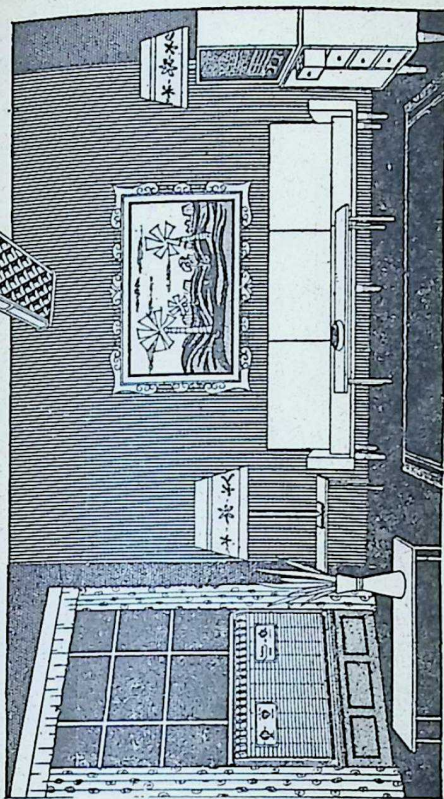
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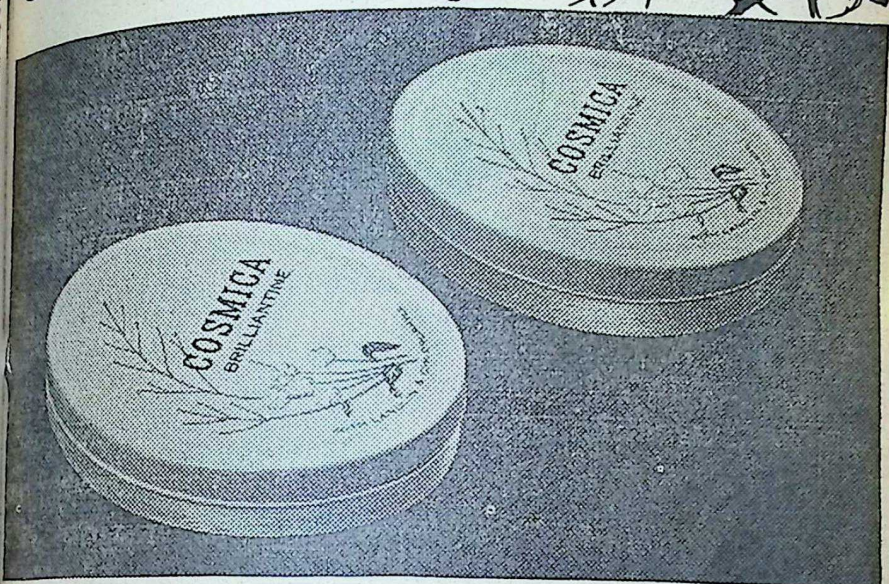
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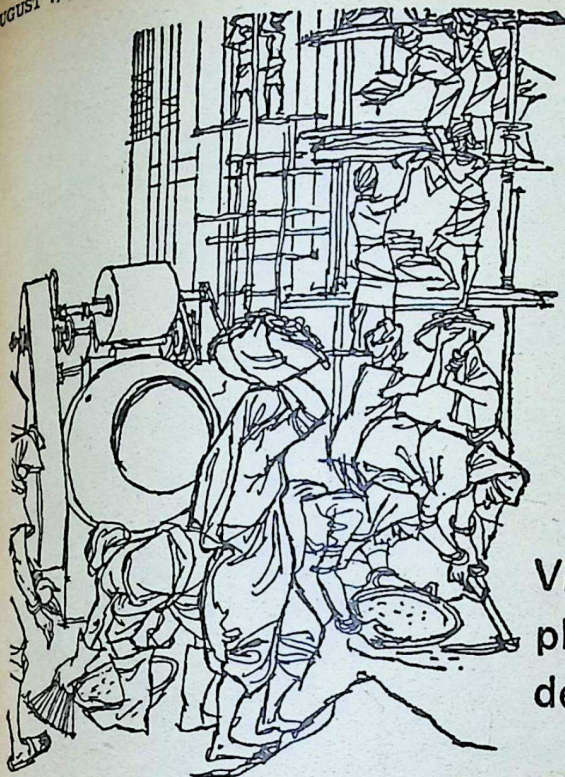
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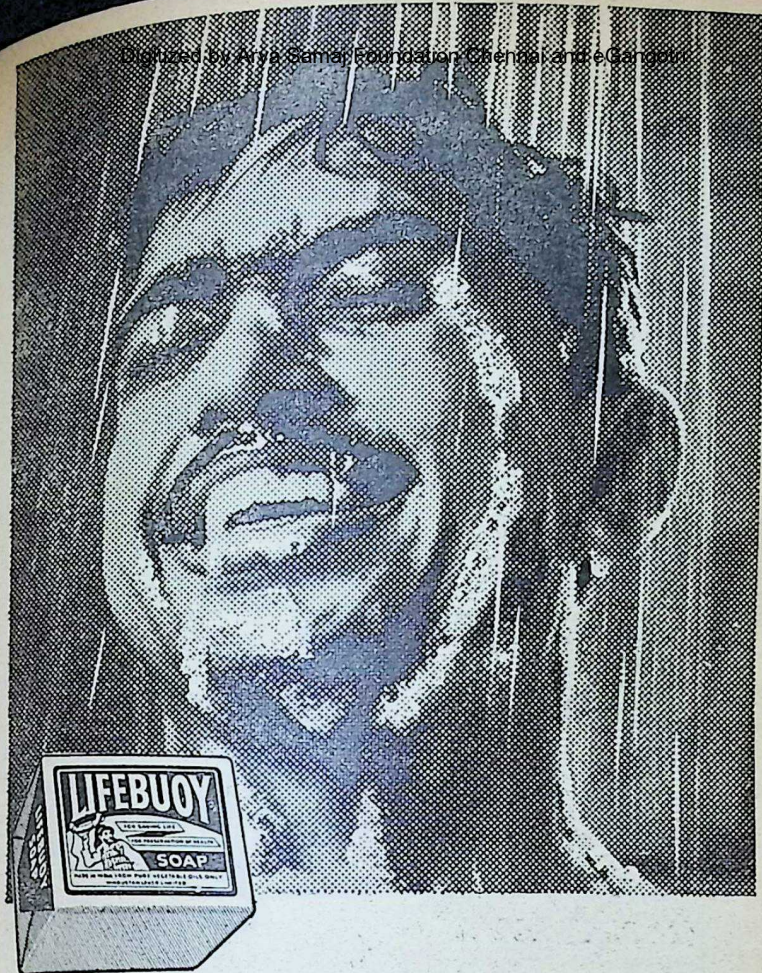
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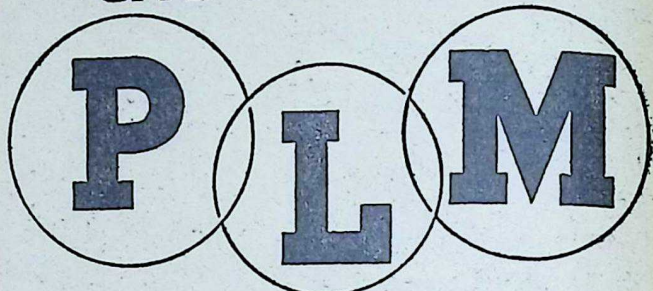


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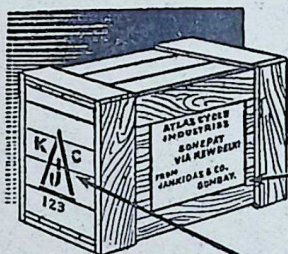
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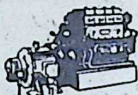
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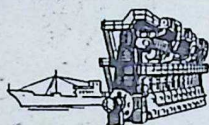
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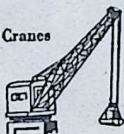
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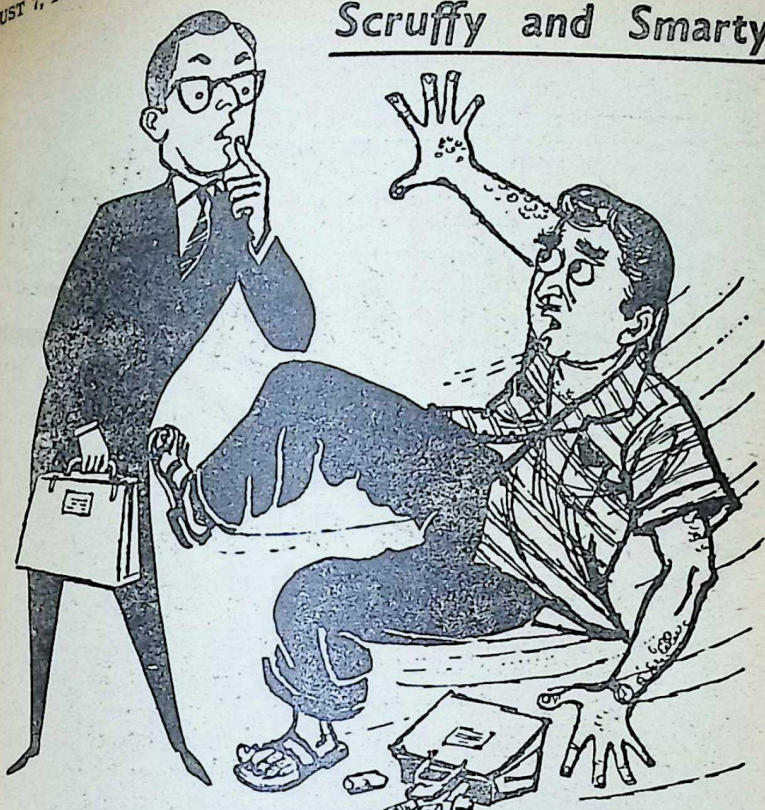
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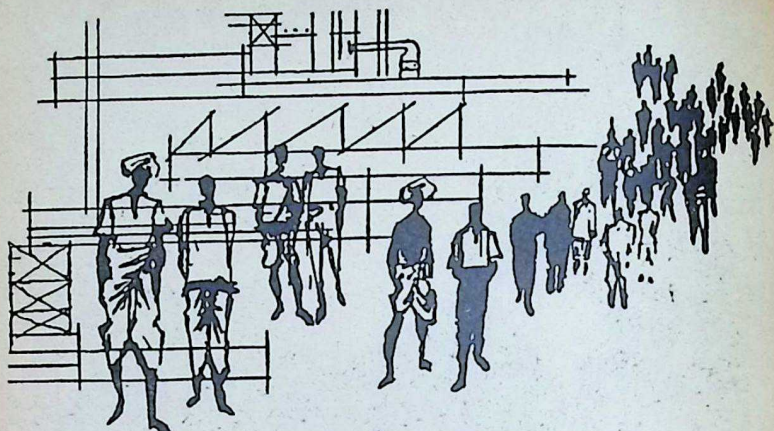
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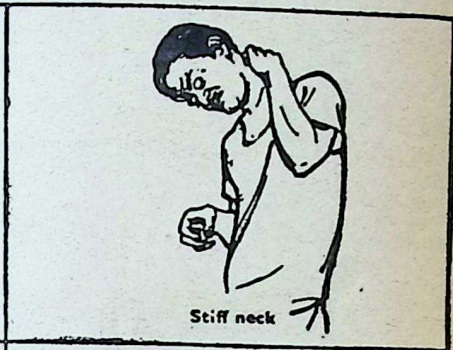
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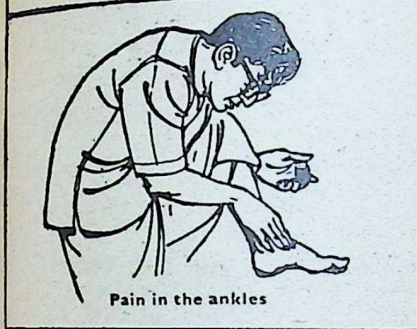
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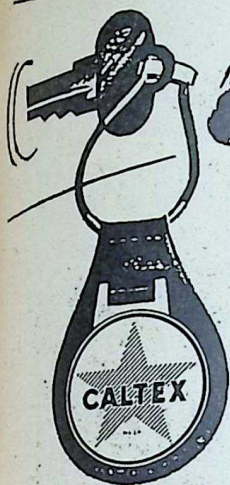
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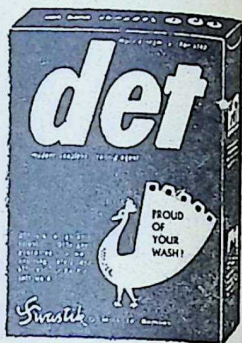




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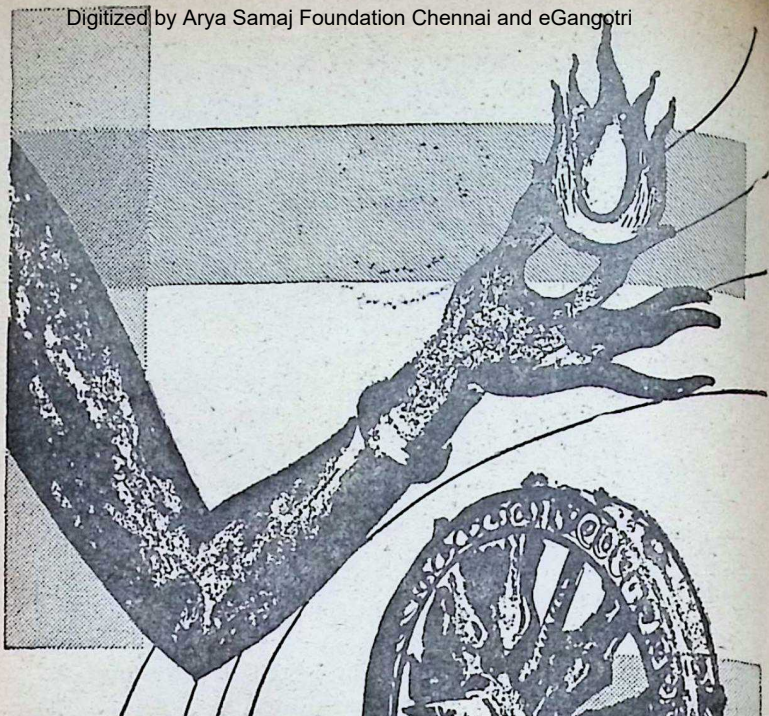
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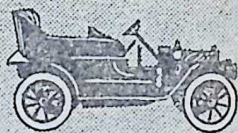
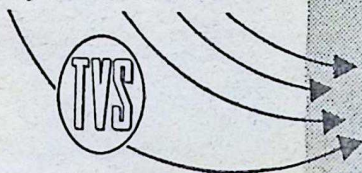
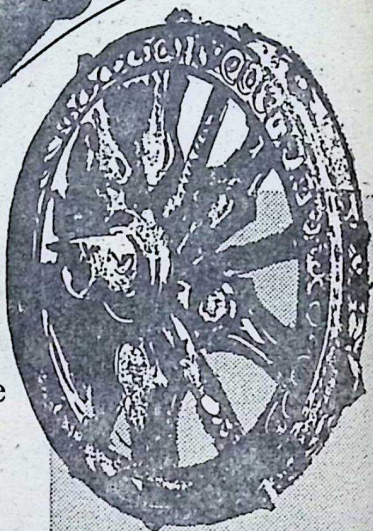
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Control of fire and
the use of wheel
gave us the automobile

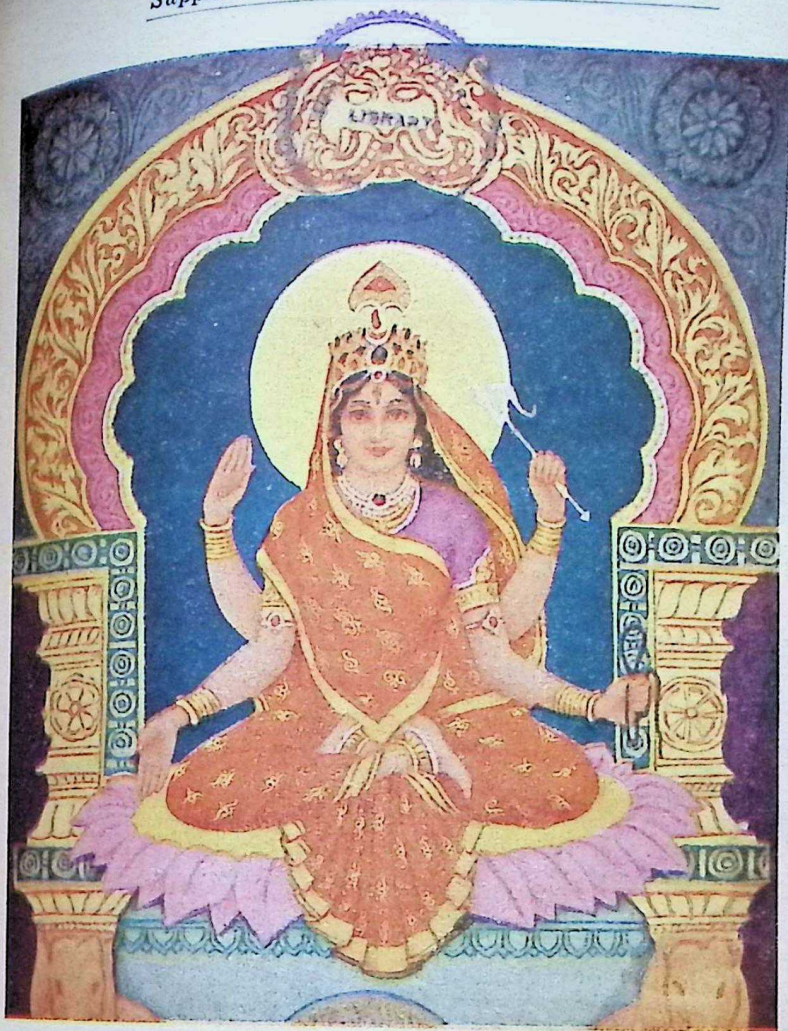
TODAY, TVS, with its
several units, meets the
increasing demands of the
automotive industry in all
its aspects in South India.



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Supplement to 'Bhavan's Journal' Annual, 1960.



SRI BHUVANESHWARI

Courtesy : Gita Press, Gorakhpur.



BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

आ नो भद्राः क्तवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

GODDESS BHUVANESHWARI

उद्यदिनद्युतिमिन्दुकिरीटां तुङ्गकुचां
नयनत्रययुक्ताम् ।
स्मेरमुखीं वरदाङ्कुशपाशाभीतिकरां
प्रभजे भुवनेशीम् ॥

I salute Goddess Bhuvaneshi,
who shines like the rising sun,
having crescent moon on her
head, lofty breast, three eyes,
smiling face, four hands carrying
the noose and goad in the two
hands and bearing अभय mudra
and वरद mudra on the other two
hands.

[Illustration on the opposite page]
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KULAPATI'S MESSAGE

WITH this number, the "Bhavan's Journal" enters its seventh year.

During the six years of its life, the Journal has endeared itself to the country. Although the print order of this number has mounted to 40,000 copies, its value cannot be measured in terms of mere numbers. It has become the leading exponent of Indian culture, Bharatiya Vidya, in its true sense.

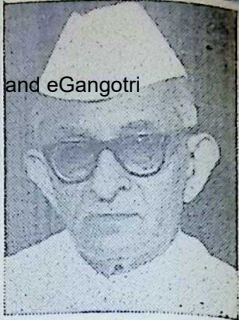
We are passing through a crisis in culture. To many, the truth of the senses appears to be the only reality. A giant wave of materialistic values has brought about the apotheosis of force and fraud, a fondness for ostentatious living and easy sex relations.

Indians are urged, day in and day out, to ignore the genius of our culture by men who are allergic to everything that flows from our glorious heritage.

In the name of 'scientific attitude', they undermine higher values in life.

However, there are no more gullible persons than the moderns, who, if the pill is labelled 'scientific attitude', would swallow any poison that a guinea-pig would blush to accept.

This Journal has spoken in no uncertain voice that the only way out of the present situation in which man finds himself all over the globe, is what has been indicated by the Indian seers of old: that the truth of faith is more important to peace than the truth of the senses; that happiness, individual or collective, can be secured only by changing the mind of men through faith, not changing externals.



Can politicians save us in this situation? No, for they have brought us to the brink of self-annihilation.

Can scientists save us? No, for they have given to the politicians all the instruments of universal destruction.

Can economists save us? No, for they have, by exclusive emphasis on materialistic values, reduced man to a money-hunting insect.

Unless the outlook of all the tribes, helpful though they are in the welfare of man, is spiritualised, they can only hinder, not help, the growth of man.

We must, therefore, go back to the wisdom of our ancestors. तेन लब्धं भुञ्जीथा । We must learn to enjoy life by dedicating it to higher causes, the Highest Cause of all—God, transmuting attachment, fear and wrath in us into aspirations for Truth, Love and Beauty. This old message is never old; it is eternal and ever new.

This Journal and its Hindi edition 'Bharati' and its Gujarati edition 'Samarpan', in a very humble way, try to convey this message in terms which might be understood by the modern reader.

To all those who have helped in making this Journal a success, I offer my thanks.

K. M. Munshi

Kulapati's Letter

ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 211

- ★ TRUSTEESHIP IN SOCIAL RELATION
- ★ ITS NATURE AND MEANING
- ★ GANDHIAN CONCEPT

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Bombay.

AUGUST 7, 1960.

My YOUNG FRIEND,

SINCE trusteeship was accepted as one of the principles of the Swatantra Party, in the framing of which I had some little share, I have been thinking about it. I tried to consider the following: first, the nature and meaning of trusteeship; second, the forms it assumes in human relationships; third, trusteeship as an effective means of social reconstruction; lastly, the steps necessary to secure such reconstruction.

We are all familiar with the concept of trusteeship in law. It is defined as 'confidence reposed in a person with respect to property of which he has possession or over which he can exercise a power to the intent that he may hold the property or exercise the power for the benefit of some other person or object'. The trustee, as the legal owner, is to carry the burden of

ownership, possession and management while the 'person' or 'object' called beneficiary in law is to enjoy its benefit derived from such ownership.

Trusteeship in law, therefore, implies unselfish exercise of responsibility in respect of property coupled with responsibility to use it for the beneficial owner's welfare. This responsibility attached to a trustee is in the nature of a moral obligation binding upon his conscience; it is enforceable in law only because a Court of Equity recognises the moral obligation as a legal one and undertakes to enforce it.

It is true that many trustees commit breach of trust and despoil the trust. It is equally true that some trustees betray the confidence reposed in them by disregarding their moral obligation altogether and find themselves in gaol.

However, there are good trustees as well who not only scrupulously observe the obligation imposed by law but translate it in terms of a moral and religious duty.

I knew Jamietram Kaka intimately. He was a very shrewd and highly efficient solicitor with a very large practice. During the course of a long professional career, he had accepted trusteeship of various kinds—of the estates belonging to minors, of charitable trusts, of institutions and temples. In all cases he undertook his duties with scrupulous regard for the responsibilities which they entailed. No sooner had he accepted the office of a trustee he looked into the accounts of the trust, set them right, straightened out the irregularities, and administered its property and funds with the same systematic thoroughness with which he looked after his own affairs. When he administered the estate of a deceased friend or a client, he did not consider his duty at an end when he discharged it as regards property. He also looked after his family, brought up his children, looked after their needs, got them properly educated, got them married and finally settled them in life, at the same time handing them their patrimony wisely multiplied.

Kaka did not accept trusteeship as a mere legal obligation in relation to property. Though his trusteeship was the creation of law, he enlarged its scope by stepping out of the realm of law into the domain of moral responsibility. When such a trustee is impelled to discharge his responsibility by a moral urge, he finds it discharged only when, under his guid-

ance, the beneficiary finds self-fulfilment.

The moral urge which lies behind such trusteeship has a spiritual basis which we can discover by examining other analogous human relations. True friendship, for instance, rests on mutually accepted spiritual trusteeship. Most friendships are hedonistic; they are made for selfish ends. When a man befriends another from motives of profit or pleasure, he is not a real friend. 'Real friend' as Aristotle rightly observes, 'is one who does what is good or what he believes to be good for another for the other's sake'.

A real friend is therefore a trustee undertaking a spiritual responsibility for the other. He does not cultivate the relationship for his own good; he does it to secure such welfare of the other friend as would satisfy the other's needs for emotional security. Sri Krishna loved his friend Arjuna not to secure profit or pleasure for himself. He constituted himself trustee charged with the responsibility of seeing that Arjun secured his own fulfilment. He upbraids Arjuna for his failure to do his duty; points out the path of self-fulfilment; finally leaves him free to fulfil himself in his own way. 'I love thee; thou art dear to Me.' Therefore, says the Lord, 'Yathechhasi tatha kuru'. 'Do as thou thinkest best'.

I learnt this truth in the hard and bitter school of experience. In my young days, I had a friend. We were bound to each other by a rare mutual devotion. But I, as the senior friend

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self-fulfilled
to have an admiring and trust-
ing junior; he saw in me an ideal and
a sort of guardian angel. But in
the course of years, I found him
wanting, for as he grew up he could
not accord me the worshipful admi-
ration which, in the days of my early
struggle, I could not do without. He
too found me wanting, for he found
me critical and dominating. We fell
out; we quarrelled; we made up; we
were unhappy with each other and
without each other; we made each
other thoroughly miserable.

Then my friend and I parted in
mutual dislike and utter misery with
reciprocal sense of the other being
ingrateful. Then out of unhappiness
which came to me out of the death of
my well-loved friendship, I learnt the
truth that as a friend I had the right
to give, not the right to expect. In
place of mutual devotion, we had, by
insisting on or demanding it, denied
ourselves the spiritual basis of friend-
ship. Each one of us could have lived
for the other's welfare without expect-
ing *quid pro quo*.

In this way at the price of anguish
and tears, I learnt the lesson: when
you give, giving itself should be the
only aim and the only reward; if you
expect a return, say in the shape of
gratitude or affection, you remove the
spiritual basis of friendship; all that
you will then get will be broken hearts
or worse, bitterness, which the wither-
ing sense of ingratitude brings.

Another illustration of the same
spiritual basis of human relationship
is found in love; not what is called
'love' in modern society—an intensely
selfish and appropriative sentiment
which seeks merely to satisfy one's



lust or ego, but the creative love which
inspires and ennobles life.

A true lover finds his own fulfil-
ment in assuming spiritual trusteeship
of the beloved. He eliminates his ego
and finds joy only in creating condi-
tions in which the latter would find his
or her own fulfilment. He seeks no
reward and finds no satisfaction other
than seeing the beloved flower in the
sunshine of the emotional security he
provides. The feeling is beautifully
expressed in Shelley's words, 'I am
not thine; I am a part of thee'.

I know this is rather difficult to put
into practice; all spiritual efforts are
difficult and often more difficult of
being successfully realised. Such a
spiritual attitude, again, can be more
easily developed by a woman who
normally has a maternal instinct and
a desire for security, while a man, who
is more of an egotist, demands con-
stant admiration and loves to protect.
That is why the two are complemen-
tary and can develop a fuller measure
of love than two members of the
same sex.

In giving these illustrations, I am
extending the scope of trusteeship
which is commonly understood as
relating to property. However, in the
relations I have described each is a

trustee for the other. The trust property is not tangible, I admit, but much more valuable. It is what makes life precious—the mutually accepted bond made up of hopes and disappointments, happiness and misery, inspiration and frustration which makes for a happy life.

In order to pursue the search for the spiritual basis of trusteeship, it would be worthwhile referring to its highest manifestation as found in the mother's love and in the love of the *bhakta* for God. A mother's love illustrates spiritual trusteeship at its finest. It does not arise from contract, nor from a desire to have 'good time'. It flows unmixed with any selfish aim. She slaves, works, passes sleepless nights, because she finds self-fulfilment in seeing that her child fulfils itself.

The devotee's surrender to God is the highest expression of this spiritual urge. He holds his all—his family, his property, his hopes and every throb of his heart at the service of the Lord. His attitude can be described by a free translation of a Sanskrit verse thus: 'I want not wealth, nor even learning. Nor do I want Heaven or Liberation. Let me be born again and again. But Lord, grant me this: I may love Thee and for the sake of Thy love alone'.

This is the attitude of surrender—*Sharanagati*—in which the *bhakta's* ego is completely eliminated in the service of the Lord and the highest self-realisation to him is possible only when His Will is fulfilled. This attitude is best described in Sri Krishna's words, 'Whatever thou doest, whatever thou doest eat, sacrifice, give or suffer, Arjun, dedicate that to Me'.

The moral obligation in which the doctrine of trusteeship is therefore rooted is in the spiritual attitude of surrendering one's ego in the service or glory of another so that the latter may find self-fulfilment.

Fundamentally, therefore, the responsibility of the trustee in undertaking the responsibility, legal, moral or spiritual is the same: *subjective satisfaction in creating value in the object*. In the case of moral and spiritual trusteeship, the value is created in the friend, the beloved, the child or God; in the case of legal trusteeship, the value is created in the beneficiary, that is, the individual in personal trusts, an institution or an object in charitable trusts.

In contrast, the man who acquires property for his own benefit seeks subjective satisfaction *not* by creating value in the object, but in the subject, that is, one's own self.

Subjective satisfaction is the first criterion in both cases. In the case of trusteeship, the satisfaction is not egoistic; in the case of individual acquisition, the satisfaction is egoistic.

It is true that in the case of trusteeship on the socio-economic plane the ethico-spiritual basis becomes transparent only if the trustee owns the property, but not for his own enjoyment; if he feels himself under a moral obligation to see that another fully enjoys the property he holds, if in labouring to fulfil his obligations, he derives subjective satisfaction; that is, if the satisfaction arises from the beneficiary enjoying the property. Thus the satisfaction is pure of its egoistic element; the enjoyment becomes as satisfying

value as the enjoyment of it by himself; that is by creating in such vicarious enjoyment a value as satisfying as if the trustee is enjoying the property himself.

The trusteeship, therefore, is a limited projection of *asteya*—'Non-stealing'—a primary training ground for a greater surrender. 'Non-stealing' as a universal principle is an aspect of the Eternal Moral Order. According to it, to use one's possessions for individual enjoyment beyond what is needed for effective living, is theft. Effective living enables one to maintain one's powers fully developed, to discharge one's responsibilities to others; it excludes comforts which bring only subjective satisfaction.

Gandhiji emphasised the principle of trusteeship in social and economic affairs. He wanted property to be held by the legal owner in trust for those who needed it, by 'deliberate and voluntary restriction of wants which promotes real happiness and contentment and increases the capacity for service'. At the same time he did not rule out for the owner a standard of life higher than that of the poor, if it was necessary to keep himself fit to discharge his duties faithfully.

One of the necessary elements of trusteeship, according to Gandhiji, was the adoption of voluntary simplicity in life. He set his face against the gospel of what Herman Finer calls the greed of man masquerading under the garb of a high standard of life.



In his *Theory and Practice of Modern Governments*, this political thinker adds: 'this greed is at the root of most of the major political problems, domestic and international, of the present day'. Unfortunately, however, the notion that above all things, the acquisition and consumption of a great amount of material wealth is man's most proper good dominates the minds of the so-called advanced nation.

The Gandhian concept is not only the right one morally and practically but also historically. Toynbee and Sorokin, two greatest students, one of history and the other of society, support the view thus expressed by Dean Inge: 'The low standard peoples are likely to win in the long run; for, to quote Toynbee, they have far greater spontaneous recuperative power'.

The problem is how to reconstruct society on the basis of trusteeship when it is passing through a coercive stage. I will deal with this problem in my next Letter.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. M. S.

VEDIC BENEDICTION

आ ब्रह्मन् ब्राह्मणः ब्रह्मवर्चसी जायतां,
 आ राष्ट्रे राजन्यः शूर इषव्योऽतिव्याधी
 महारथो जायतां, दोग्ध्री धेनुः वोढाऽनड्वान्,
 आशुः सप्तः पुरन्धर्योषा, जिष्णू रथेष्ठाः
 सभेयो युवा अस्य यजमानस्य वीरो जायतां,
 निकामे निकामे नः पर्जन्यो वर्षतु,
 फञ्चत्यो नः ओषधयः पच्यन्तां,
 योगक्षेमो नः कल्पताम् ॥

O Brahman! Let there be born in the kingdom
 the Brahmin illustrious for his religious and spiritual
 knowledge.

Let there be born the Kshatriya (Rajanya) hero
 skilled archer, in shooting with arrows, piercing with
 shafts, a mighty warrior.

The cow giving abundant milk;

The ox good at carrying; the swift courser;

The woman highly virtuous and industrious;

May there be born to the sacrificer a youthful son
 bringing victory;

May Parjanya send rain according to our desires;

May our fruit-bearing plants flourish.

May acquisition and preservation of property be
 secured to us.

— Shukla Yajurved

Four Lessons of Indra

ONCE Prajapati addressed a meeting of Devas and Asuras.

Said he: "The Atman is free from evil, old age, death, grief, hunger and thirst. Satya is its desire and intention. Seek it. Comprehend it. He who does so obtains all worlds and desires."

"Aha! Let us seek that Atman" declared both the *devas* and *asuras*.

Indra on behalf of the *devas* and Virochana on behalf of the *asuras* went to Prajapati with the sacrificial fuel (*samit*) and served him as disciples for thirty-two years.

Prajapati asked them at the end: "What do you want to learn?"

They replied, they wanted to learn about the Atman or Self.

Said Prajapati: "That Purusha who is seen in the eye—he is the Self (Atman), immortal, fearless, Brahman."

"But this one, Sir, who is perceived in water and in mirror—who is he?" asked they.

"The same one, indeed," replied Prajapati. Continued he: "Look at the bucket of water and tell me what you comprehend of the Self."

They looked at themselves in the water and said, "We see, Sir, our-

selves correct to the hair and nail!"

"Put on ornaments and smart dress and look at yourselves in the water and tell me what you see," told Prajapati.

"Just as we are, Sir, well ornamented and well dressed," replied they.

"That is the Self, the immortal, fearless, Brahman," replied Prajapati.

Both Indra and Virochana left with a tranquil heart.

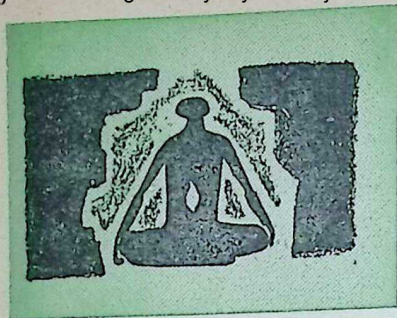
Prajapati said to himself, "They are going without having found the Self. Whosoever accept this doctrine as final shall perish."

Virochana started preaching among the *asuras* that one's bodily self constituted *Atman* and by making oneself happy here, one could attain both the worlds.

From this day has started the demoniac cult of equating Atman with bodily self.

Indra, however, returned to Prajapati even before reaching the *devas*.

He had a doubt. Asked he of Prajapati: "Sir, if this body is well-ornamented and well-dressed, the self too



becomes well-ornamented and well-dressed. Now if this body becomes blind, lame and maimed, the Atman too becomes so. This Self which perishes after the perishing of this body is no good."

Prajapati admitted the truth of this statement and asked Indra to undergo discipleship for another thirty-two years. At the end of it he taught Indra: "He who moves about happy in a dream is the immortal Self, fearless, Brahman."

Indra went away with a tranquil heart.

But soon he returned with a doubt: "True, that the dream-self is not blind, lame, or suffer any defect of the body. But the body-self can be killed or unclothed which is disagreeable. How can Atman experience the disagreeable? So the dream-Self is no good."

Prajapati agreed with Indra and asked him to undergo another thirty-two years of discipleship under him.

At the end of it he taught: "Who is sound asleep, composed, serene, dreamless, that is the Self, immortal, fearless, Brahman!"

Indra returned with a tranquil heart. But again he returned before reaching the gods sensing danger.

Asked he of Prajapati: "True, Sir, that one in dreamless sleep is unaware of bodily Self and of his environment. But that seems to me like a complete annihilation of his body-Self! I see no good in this!"

Prajapati agreed and asked Indra to put in five more years under him.

After thus putting one hundred and one years of discipleship, Prajapati said: "O Maghavan! Mortal indeed is the body; death overtakes it. But it is the basis of that deathless, bodiless self. Pain and pleasure, verily, affect enslaved Self. There is no freedom for one who associates with body, from pain and pleasure. The wind is bodiless. The cloud, lightning and thunder are bodiless. Having risen up from yonder space and reached the highest light, they appear in their own forms. Even so this serene self, rising from this body and reaching the highest lights will appear in its own form. That Self is the Uttama Purusha."

[A Parable from Chandogya Upanishad.]



NARADA'S GOSPEL OF DIVINE LOVE



The Bhakti-Sutras of Narada number 84 in all. The first 24 deal with the nature of Bhakti in its dual aspect of Para and Apra. 25-33 explain the relative superiority of Bhakti over Karma, Jnana and Yoga. Sutras 34-50 explain the methods of practising Bhakti. Sutras 51-66 describe the marks of a true Bhakta and the last 18 are in praise of those realised Bhakti souls. An attempt is made here to give a free rendering of the Sutras.

जयति जगति मायां यस्य कायाधवस्ते
वचनरचनमेकं केवलं चाकलय ।

ध्रुवपदमपि यातो यत्कृपातो ध्रुवोऽयं
सकलकुशलपात्रं ब्रह्मपुत्रं नमामि ॥

Victory unto Narada, the abode of all good, a simple word from whom brought salvation to Prahlada and through whose grace Dhruva attained the exalted place in heaven. I pray to Him.

(1) We shall presently expound Bhakti.

(2) That is but the Supreme Love of God.

(3) It is nectarine.

(4) One who acquires it becomes perfect, immortal and contented.

(5) Attaining it, he has nothing to grieve about, nothing to scorn, nothing to enjoy and nothing more to gain.

(6) Realising it, he becomes intoxicated, stunned as it were and delights in his own Self.

(7) This divine love is far different from lust, as it involves renunciation (as against possession in the latter).

(8) This renunciation is but the complete dedication or concentration of all secular and sacred activities.

(9) In this dedication there is *ananyata* or singleness of purpose in utter disregard of all that go against it.

(10) Relinquishment of all dependence constitutes *ananyata*.

(11) Disregard of all inhospitable acts itself constitutes devotion.

(12) After becoming firmly established in his realization let not his hold of the Shastras relax.

(13) Or else there will be the risk of his fall.

(14) Even so, let him keep hold of worldly affairs, but let him confine his food and other needs to the barest minimum of holding the body till its natural end.

(15) The characteristics of this Bhakti is variously described in accordance with different viewpoints.

(16) According to Vyasa it constitutes of devotion to worship of deities.

(17) Garga says it means love of sacred discourses and stories.

(18) According to Sandilya it means anything that is not opposed to delighting in the Self.

(19) But Narada holds that Bhakti constitutes (a) consecration of all activities to Him and (b) great anguish

for the slightest forgetfulness about Him.

(20) There are examples of expressions of perfect Bhakti.

(21) As the Love of the Gopis Braja to Krishna.

(22) Here you cannot criticise the Gopis for forgetting in their ecstasy the Divine character of Krishna.

(23) Were they really so, would their love not have amounted to passion?

(24) Profane love does not add to inclusive happiness.

(25) This Bhakti is superior to paths of Karma, Gnana and Yoga realizing God.

(26) For, it is of the nature of fruit of all these.

(27) Also because of the Lord's dislike of man's conceit and His liking for man's need for His help.

(28) Some feel that Gnana is the only path to Supreme Love (Bhakti).

(29) Others think they are mutually dependent.

(30) Narada feels that Bhakti is its own fruit and it is its own path.

(31) Even as the king, home and food are what they are, despite vicissitudes.

(32) The prince does not add to his status by hearsay; nor does the warrior benefit by his return; and eating does not stop its need.

(33) Therefore those that seek liberation should hold Bhakti as their goal.

(34) Great teachers have said about the means of attaining it.

(35) They are (a) giving up of sensory pursuits and (b) their association.

(36) Unbroken service to the Lord.

AUGUST 7, 1960

(37) And by hearing and singing the glory of God in worldly life it-

(38) Largely as a result of the blessings of the great and to a certain extent by the Grace of God.

(39) Difficult as it is to get, the association of the great is mighty in its effects and subtle in its influence.

(40) It is obtainable by His grace alone.

(41) There is no difference between the Lord and His great Devotees.

(42) Hence achieve that alone; achieve that alone (God's Grace).

(43) Association with evil should at all events be given up.

(44) Evil company leads to lust, danger, delusion, loss of memory, destruction of intellect, and utter ruin.

(45) Starting like ripples they, by joining together, become oceanic.

(46) He transcends Maya who gives up sense-pursuits, who seeks and serves the spiritually great and who is denuded of the sense of 'I'ness and 'my'ness.

(47) By retiring to a lonely spot, snapping all chords of attachment, with no thoughts of acquiring or preserving, one transcends the triad of *gunas*.

(48) He transcends the pairs of opposites like pain and pleasure who gives up the fruits of actions and abjures all self-powered actions.

(49) In his one-pointed, unbroken love of God he is emboldened to let go even the actions enjoined by the Vedas.

(50) He alone crosses the Maya and helps liberate the world too.

[To be concluded in the next issue.]

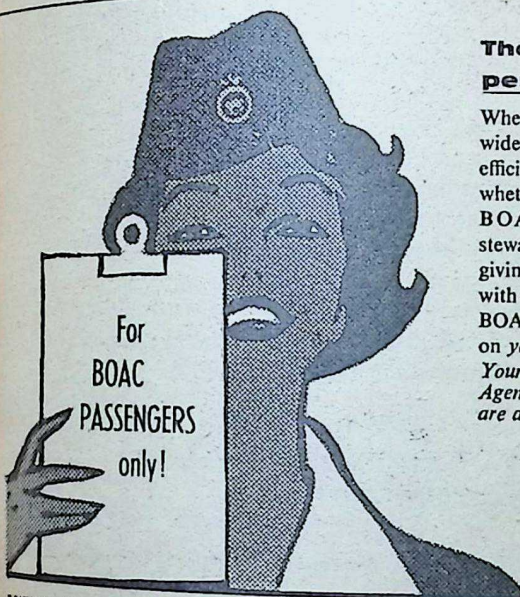
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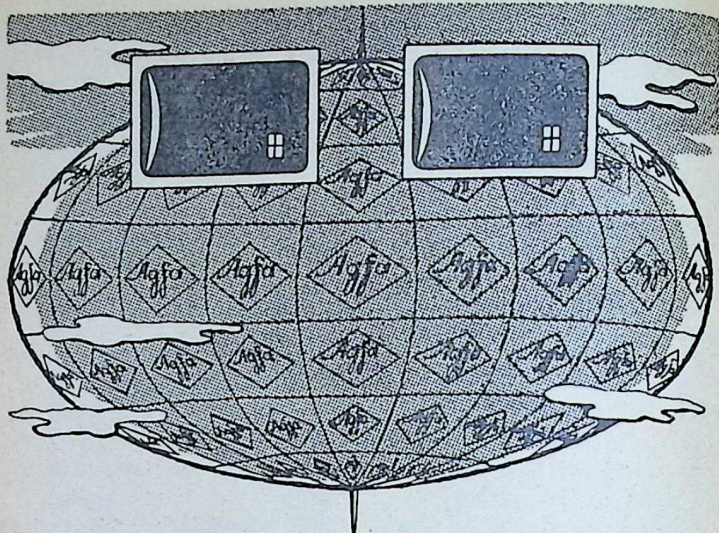
**WORLD LEADER IN
JET TRAVEL**



BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS

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AND QANTAS



THE WORLD SEEN WITH MANY EYES

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Saundarya Lahari

Sri Sankara
Bhagavatpada



The Saundarya Lahari is considered a *tantric* work and the verses have the effect of *mantras*. Four representative verses are given below with their liberal translation.

विरिञ्चिः पञ्चत्वं व्रजति हरिराप्नोति विरिति
विनाशं कीनाशो भजति धनदो याति निधनम् ।
वितन्द्रा माहेन्द्री विततिरपि संमीलति दिशां
महासंहारेऽस्मिन् विलसति सति त्वत्पतिरसौ ॥

O, Divine Spouse: At the time of the Great Deluge, Brahma perishes, Vishnu retires (having nothing to protect), God Nirriti, Kubera and the group of Indras will no longer be there. Your husband Siva alone survives (because of your greatness as the Sakti part of the Supreme Siva-Sakti).

[This verse repeated a thousand times has the power of overcoming all opposition.]

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जपो जल्पः शिल्पं सकलमपि मुद्राविरचनं
गतिः प्रादक्षिण्यक्रमणं अशनाद्याहुतिविधिः ।
प्रणामः संवेशः सुखमखिलमात्मार्पणदृशा
सपयोपर्यायिस्तव भवतु यन्मे विलसितम् ॥

May my prattlings become your constituted Japa and my manual actions the proper mudras. Let my meanderings constitute my circumambulations round your holy self. Let what I eat and drink become your duly offered oblations. Let my lying down constitute my prostrations unto you. Let all my comforts and happiness become a form of your worship since I surrender myself entirely to you.

[Constant Japa of this verse will lead one to atma-jnana.]

ददाने दीनेभ्यः श्रियमनिशमाशानुसदृशीं
अमन्दं सौन्दर्यप्रकरमकरन्दं विकिरति ।
तवास्मिन् मन्दारस्तवकसुभगे यातु चरणे
निमज्जन्मज्जीवः करणचरणैः षट्चरणताम् ॥

O, Devi! May I with my five karmendriyas and mind become engrossed in the worship of your feet which bestow riches always in accordance with the desire of your devotees and which give out in abundance the honey in the form of the beauty. Let me become a bee with six legs (the five sense organs and the mind).

[Constant Japa of this verse will improve financial condition.]

सुधामप्यास्वाद्य प्रतिभयजरामृत्युहरणीं
विपद्यन्ते विश्वे विधिशतमखाद्या दिविषदः ।
कराळं यत्क्ष्वेलं कबलितवतः कालकलना
न शंभोस्तन्मूलं जननि तव तादृकमहिमा ॥

Even after drinking nectar which frees one from fear, old age and death, Brahma, Indra and other Devas perish. But Sadasiva, your spouse, drank the most powerful poison and yet overcame death. Isn't that due to your ear-rings (Saubhagya)?

[Constant recital of this verse will save one from unexpected calamities.]

THE PATH TO PEACE

H. H. Jagadguru
Sri Sankaracharya of
Kanchi



HERE can be no peace in the world unless every man is at peace with himself. A society or nation whose members have not cultivated the art of peace cannot live in peace within itself or with others.

The Sanskrit word for peace is *Shanti*. *Shanti* is absence of agitation. Agitation is the result of activity. Activity springs from desire. Thwarted desire produces anger. Anger breeds enmity. Enmity produces war which destroys peace.

Generally, desires of men are for objects which wean them away from the performance of their appointed duties. What is good and desirable for one man will not be so for another. Desiring what does not pertain to a

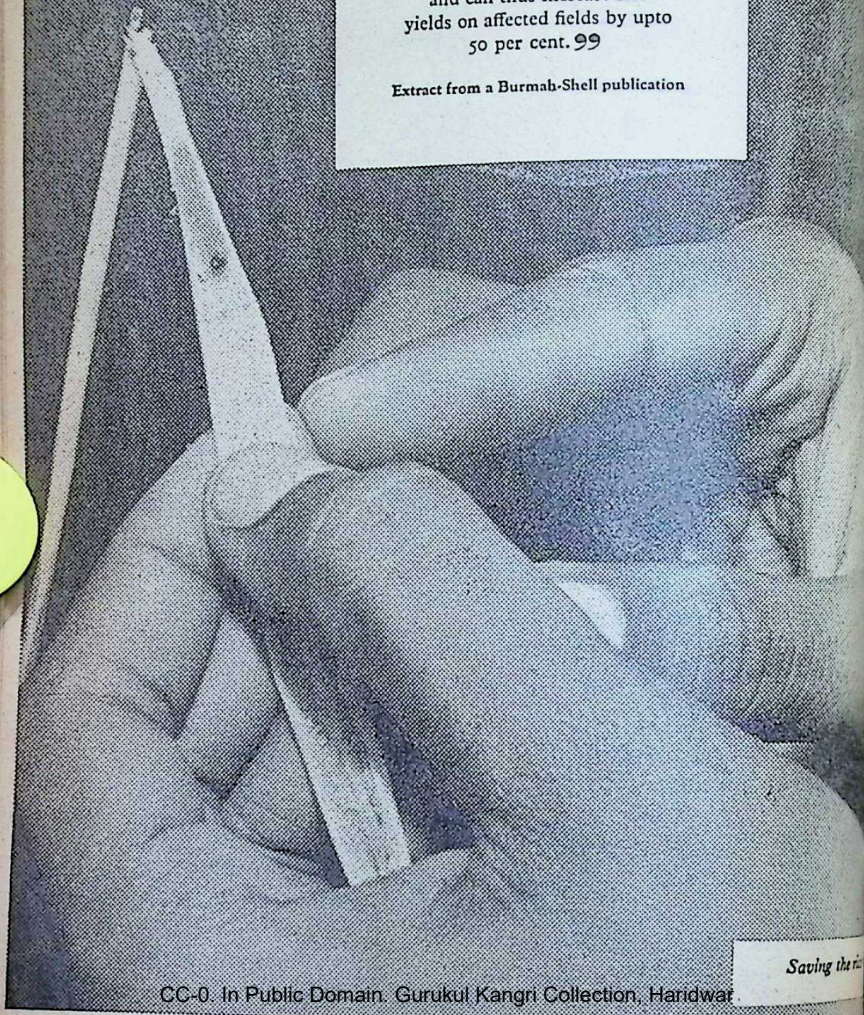
man involves him in actions which are not his *dharma*. As Sri Krishna said in the *Gita*, *paradharma*, the *dharma* of another, even if well done, is fraught with danger. Far from producing peace and equanimity, it produces *ashanti*, both to the doer and to others.

The performance of one's own duty, however imperfectly, gives a satisfaction which, doing another's duty, however well, cannot produce. The animosities and hostilities of men are due to the confusion of *dharma*s. Ignorance of one's own *dharma*, or, if it is known, want of resolution to practise it at all costs, leads to transgress the limits of their *dharma*s.

India has more acreage under rice than any other country in the world. Yet production is not large enough to meet the demand.

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AUGUST 7, 1960

the determination of what is one's *dharma* and what is not, the Sastras should be our guide. तस्माच्छास्त्रं प्रमाणं said Sri Krishna. If universal peace should be promoted, the *dharma* prescribed in the Vedas should be observed. If we take our refuge in the root of all things, namely the Vedas, then all the warring animosities that disturb the branches will vanish. Let us give a precedence to the ways of life prescribed in the Sastras which cannot weaken with age or stale by use.

All problems of life, individual, social, economic, political, national or international, will get solved if each one of us is intent on the practice of his own *dharma* and cultivates devotion to God. With a mind chastened and purified by his own *karmanush-dharma*, he should be filled with devotion to God in the manner that he has been taught to worship by his *kulachara*.

Every day we should think of God for a couple of minutes at least and invoke His grace that it may be given to us, to those dependent on us and to all people of the world to lead a life of *dharma* as stated in the Vedas.

We should pray to God that He may, by His grace, deign that every human being, of whatever race, nationality or country, shall be the recipient of His blessing and that all our hearts shall be flooded with love of Him.

Let us realise that the indwelling spirit of God resides in each one of us. That will help us to look upon all mankind as one, that the whole of

humanity is one family (वसुधैवकुटुम्बकम्).

A spiritual life alone can provide the cohesive force which brings men together and makes them live in amity and good will.

The noblest words of Peace that the world has ever heard have come from men of religion. It is only the truly religious man scrupulously observing the ordinances of his faith and with respect for faiths other than his own, who knows and feels that the God whom he worships is the God of all religions that can attain *shanti* in himself and promote *shanti* throughout the world.

He does not set himself against his God or against his fellowmen.

He has no sense of possession or of egoism, *mamakara* or *ahankara*.

He sees God in all men and loves them as he loves his God.

The love of the Universal that is God promotes universal love.

Peace is the offspring of love, which, directed to God, is called Devotion or Bhakti, and when directed to fellowmen is called Maitri. He who does not love God cannot love his fellowmen.

The loyal fulfilment of one's own *karma* is true praise and true worship of God.

Sri Sankara said, कर्मस्वनुष्ठायतां तेनैव शस्य विधीयतामपचितिः "Discharge well and truly the *karma* which is yours and that will be worship most pleasing to the Lord."

Intent on performing our own allotted work and offering it for His acceptance, we shall attain true *shanti*.

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N'S JOUR

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SANATAN DHARMA



H. H. Jagadguru
Sri Sankaracharya of Sringeri

DHARMA" is the name given to our code of moral and spiritual Law and the word is not translatable into any other language for they have no word conveying exactly the same significance.

Etymologically, Dharma is that which sustains. It sustains the universe and all the things, animate and inanimate, in it; but for it, they cannot exist or function.

It is therefore a universal principle and necessarily therefore eternal also. To make this clear it is very often called Sanatana Dharma, "Eternal Sustainer."

It is considered Eternal not because we do not know how it arose or when it came into existence but only be-

cause it is Eternal, has no beginning and knows no limitation of time.

It is not a conventional Code brought into existence at any particular time or by any particular person or set of persons. It is Eternal because it is true.

Nothing can be really true which is not true for all time or can admit of alteration.

If fire scorches and water chills, it is not due to any convention brought about by the consensus of any set of individuals or enforced by any powerful ruler. It is in the nature of fire to scorch and of water to chill. The scorching and chilling are inherent characteristics of fire and water and cannot be divorced from them and

are therefore their respective Dharmas.

If 50 people contribute Rs. 3 each to honour a Pandit, the total amount will come to only 150 rupees, though they may all sincerely feel that this is not an adequate remuneration for the valuable discourses of the Pandit. Any amount of sincere feeling on their part will not affect the arithmetical truth that 50 multiplied by 3 is only 150. It is quite open to the Pandit also to say and feel that this 150 is a 1000 to him; but his saying or feeling so will not in any way swell the cash. So truth is one thing and concept is quite another. Our Dharma is Truth and therefore Eternal; it is not a concept liable to variations.

The Dharma for the regulation of human behaviour is enunciated in the Vedas.

Veda is knowledge.

Knowledge is always dependent on the thing known and not upon will or feeling of the knower.

Whether a man is happy or unhappy, healthy or unhealthy, sober or angry, literate or illiterate, a pot always a pot; it does not and cannot accommodate itself to the moods of anybody however eminent. Such is Vaidika Dharma.

It is truth Eternal.

We may in our ignorance choose to ignore it or try to adjust it to our moods but, being eternal and ever true, it has its own way of asserting itself and we can never escape it. It elude it except at great risk to ourselves.

We must be wise enough to conform to it and profit by it as much as possible.

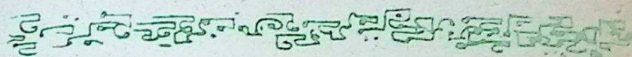
May God help us to do it!



For the sake of the promotion of strength and efficacy among beings the declaration of dharma is made. Whatever is attended with nonviolence (ahimsa), that is dharma. Such is the fixed opinion.

Dharma is so called on account of its capacity for the sustenance of the world. On account of dharma, people are sustained separately in their respective stations.

Krishnavatara



K. M. Munshi

PART II

RUKMINI HARAN



With this Part this work enters into a more difficult stage of the life of Sri Krishna.

At all times, to discover the true life story of a hero who had attained great eminence in his own lifetime is very difficult. In such cases, exploits become miracles, followers become idolaters and enemies become demons.

This task becomes a hundredfold more difficult in the case of Sri Krishna, who was, on all accounts, accepted as divine in his own lifetime, whom three millennia have combined to invest with powers and perfection of God Himself; whom schools of devotion, age after age, have worshipped as the Divine Absolute.

It is, therefore, almost an impossible task that I have undertaken. The miracles and divine powers attributed to Sri Krishna often conceal the genuine man who, in spite of the heavy-loaded varnish of superhuman exploits, undoubtedly possessed godlike greatness in an abundant measure. Unfortunately, the Puranas, composed often at the interval of centuries, never hesitated to

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displace incidents or attribute motives which appealed to their age.

The most authentic source material is found in the Mahabharata. Though Sri Krishna's early life is not stated in detail, in the work most of the exploits of his boyhood can be found in passing references.

In order of time comes Harivamsa, specially composed, it appears, to give the life and exploits of Sri Krishna. It was composed long after, hundreds of years, the original Mahabharata was composed by Vyas. But the tradition it is based on, evidently the tradition of Mathura Yadavas, is authentic. The events have a natural connection, the motives more often transparently human.

Vayu, Vishnu and Matsya Puranas record the same tradition, but meagrely.

With Bhagavata Purana (8th Century A.D.), we enter into a highly devotional phase of the Krishna cult. Events in that Purana are mostly drawn from Harivamsa, but they are rearranged, their sequences altered and invariably their contents are re-stressed to suit the central theme of the work. In many incidents, the human contours of the events are changed beyond recognition. It is a great scripture, one of the finest poems in the world's literature, but as a source-book of the life of Sri Krishna, less useful than Harivamsa.

Later Puranas, like Brahma Vaivarta, are the products of a decadent age and add all kinds of incidents and motives in Sri Krishna's life which are of no use for reconstructing the real life-story of the man who, of all names in myth or history, has the greatest claim to be considered divine and who, above all others, stands for the affirmation of life in its highest form.

In the First Part, I dealt with the childhood, and the only apocryphal episode I accepted related to Radha, which, though doubtfully historical, is too intimately associated with Sri Krishna to be left out.

This Part is mainly founded upon Harivamsa, which, in spite of the miracles which it attributes to the hero, bases them evidently upon events which, as I said, appear to have based on authentic tradition.

If, therefore, I try to read human actions and motives intently in what are generally considered miraculous or devotional I would be forgiven.

I have set myself the almost impossible task of reconstructing the life of the Lord as He lived, moved and had His being in His earthly existence. And if I err, I am sure, He would forgive my lapses.

I. RISHNA'S perception was right. His swift action in killing Kamsa had a stunning effect. It halted the confusion and carnage

both. The people were for a moment dazed; then, realising what had happened, they shouted in a spontaneous outburst of relief. The saviour had come; the tyrant was dead; the prophecy was fulfilled.

The Magadhans were equally stunned. The mighty Kamsa, whose orders they had been carrying out, was dead. The Yadavas outnumbered them. Pradyota, whom they had thought to be loyal to Kamsa, had killed their chief Writrighna. The populace was exultant. Confounded and leaderless, they resisted from the attack.

The young giant who had killed Musthika and who was now leading the Yadavas, had ordered the Yadava chiefs to stop the attack. He was standing between the two fighting groups, peace in hand. His eyes, inflamed with anger, were eyeing every one menacingly. 'If anyone uses his weapon, I shall break his head,' he said in his trumpet-like voice.

Every one obeyed. Every weapon was lowered.

In the meantime, Vasudeva had taken counsel with Akrura and Pradyota. Then he went up to the royal guests. With arms ready in hand and their retainers surrounding them, they were watching the situation.

'Best among Kings, you need not worry. You are the honoured guests of the Yadavas. Please remain with me

to your quarters in the Palace. I shall be at your service.'

Akrura gave the necessary orders to the royal chamberlain to bring the dead body of Kamsa into the Palace, and left for the Princesses' quarters to meet his bereaved spouses.

Pradyota who till lately was in charge of the palace and the city, summoned his lieutenants and ordered them to maintain peace in the city.

Crowds had broken the enclosures and rushed to surround Krishna with exultant cries of 'Jaya Krishna Vaasudeva.'¹ Some prostrated themselves before him. Some touched his feet. He was their saviour.

Krishna looked at them sorrowfully and raised his hand covered by Kamsa's blood. The crowd became silent. 'This is not the time for jubilation. Go home quietly. We are in mourning. Our Prince is dead,' he said.

Thus rebuked, the crowd fell apart and the people made for their homes. He walked up to the place where Nanda, surrounded by his *gopas*, was standing.

'Father, forgive me for doing what I did,' said Krishna as he fell at the

1. Usually, out of respect, a man of position was addressed by a slight change in his father's name or in the name of his family. Sri Krishna being the son of Vasudeva was called Vaasudeva, which ultimately, when he was apotheosised, came to be identified with the name of God. To distinguish Sri Krishna from his father, I have used the name Vaasudeva, as it is pronounced. Krishna was also addressed as Yaadava, and Maadhava from the names of his forbears.

feet of his foster-father. 'But there must be an end to wickedness some day. So have the Gods willed.'

'Krishna, my boy,' said Nanda, in a voice choked with emotion. 'May you live a hundred years, my Govind!'

Uddhav, Krishna's friend, who had his clothes, gave him his *dhoti* to wear. He was in mourning on account of the death of his maternal uncle and could not wear other clothing.

'Father, you go to our camp, I will come to you after the funeral rites are over,' said Krishna.



Devaki came down from the terrace and stood on the veranda, her eyes fixed on the spot where her son happened to be.

When Chanur challenged Krishna, fear froze her heart. She had known sorrow for twenty-five years, from the day she had been married. She had spent the nightmare of a life. She had shuddered, moment after moment, thinking of her sons so brutally killed; of her two living sons growing up under strange roofs, pursued by the wrath of her cousin. Only faith had borne her up: her eighth son would come to her some day.

She had waited for this day breathlessly, moment after moment. Her only solace so far had been her worship of the little golden image which she swung in the toy cradle. It was to her the living presence of Krishna; speaking, smiling, indulging in pranks; enveloping her in his tiny arms; going away in childish anger to fling himself in her arms. All these years she had lived in the world in which there were only two, her darling and her-

self. And like a fragile ethereal of undying hope she had waited

She had been told that he was to come to her before the prophecy was fulfilled. It might endange life. And so, she had waited for less, creeping moments.

Then Gargacharya, the family preceptor, had come and her of the endless differences between the Yadava chiefs. Her mind was immediately made up. She had lived life only for her darling; if he killed, the prophecy would have been fulfilled; her faith would have been shattered; she would have had no reason to live. She had therefore decided that if her son was killed, to enter fire. She had then gone to the Yadava chiefs and told them of her pledge.

Now he—her darling—was dead. She saw him coming through the gates. She saw him following her seventh son who was to be the world the son of hini; saw him dressed in gay gold-embroidered, with a peacock plume on his head-dress, handsome, graceful, with lotus eyes, with a smile which moved hearts to instant love.

Then Chanur had come and challenged him. She had overcome her fright. Where was her faith gone? No! He was her eighth son—a saviour. Nothing could happen to him.

Then the miracles had happened one after the other. This boy had thrown the irresistible Chanur to the ground and killed him; pulled the wicked cousin by the hair, cut off his head, fulfilled the prophecy. Her darling sang as it had never sung for twenty-five years. The palace seemed to be dancing with joy.

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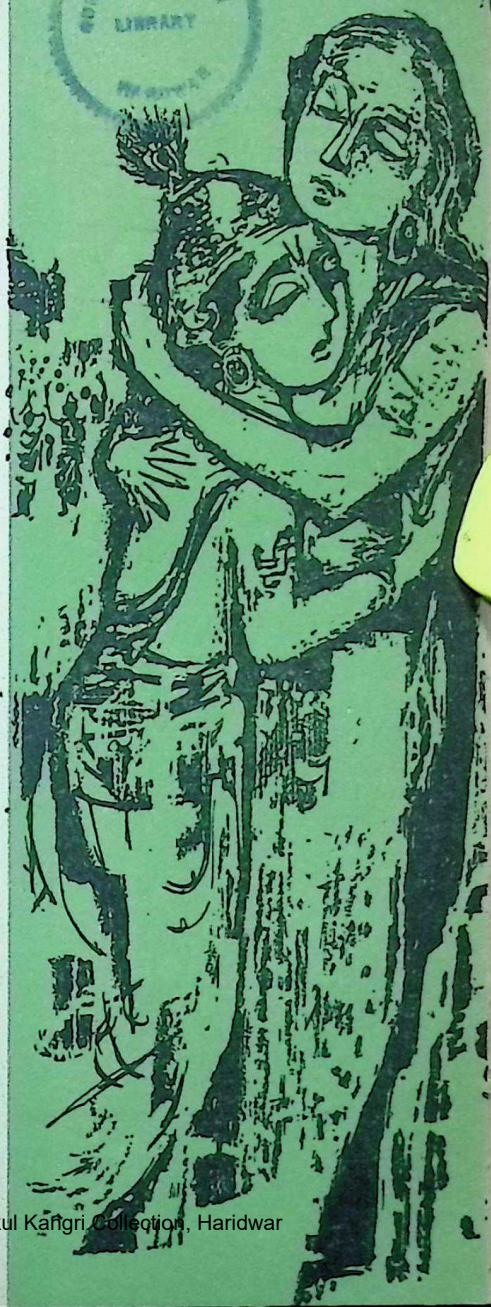
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The Yadava chiefs, some exultant,
feeling a sense of relief, gathered
the courtyard of Vasudeva's
palace. Then Vasudeva came with
Gargacharya.

Soon Acharya Sandipani joined
them. He was now the preceptor of
Vinda and Anuvinda, the two young
princes of Avanti, who were among
the royal guests of Kamsa. He had
also spent a few months with Krishna
and Balaram at Vrindavan as directed

'Mother!' he clasped her; her
voice was choked.





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'S JOURNAL
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Veda Vyasa, the venerable Pradyota came with two other chiefs who had so far been establishing order in Mathura. 'Best of Shooras, we are in a very difficult position. Things have been moving so fast that unless we move our enemies will soon overtake Mathura,' said Pradyota addressing Vasudeva. 'Some I know,' replied Vasudeva. 'Some of our guests were Kamsa's great friends. They are sure to turn against

That is not the only worry. Jarasandha, the emperor of Magadha, will never forgive us for killing his son-in-law. Two of the queens—the noble Asti and Prapti—will range against us. We have two thousand Magadhan warriors amidst us. We don't know what they will do.'

We must act promptly. There should be no divided counsel amongst us,' said Vasudeva.

'King Ugrasena is weak. We must immediately select some one to be our master,' said Pradyota.

Some of the chiefs grew suspicious of the general. He looked to them as if he was aspiring to be the master.

'Where is the hurry?' protested some of the chiefs.

Vasudeva, after some thought, agreed with Pradyota. 'We must have some one to replace Kamsa—and immediately. That will be our challenge to our enemies.'

'What does the venerable Gargacharya feel?' asked Pradyota.

'I feel the same way as you do,' replied Gargacharya. 'There is no doubt that

be a conspiracy to destroy Mathura. We have to gather strength immediately.'

'I am convinced that we should act promptly and vigorously. We should invite the Yadava chiefs who have migrated or have been banished to come home and enter into new alliances.'

'But who should be our chief?' asked a Yadava elder. 'Some one in whom all have full confidence.'

'Vasudeva, the Best of Shooras, should be our chief,' suggested one Yadava.

'My life has been one of sorrow. I have spent many anxious years. I will help whomever you choose. But I cannot be the chief,' said Vasudeva.

Many people began to eye Pradyota with suspicion. They did not want him, however competent he was.

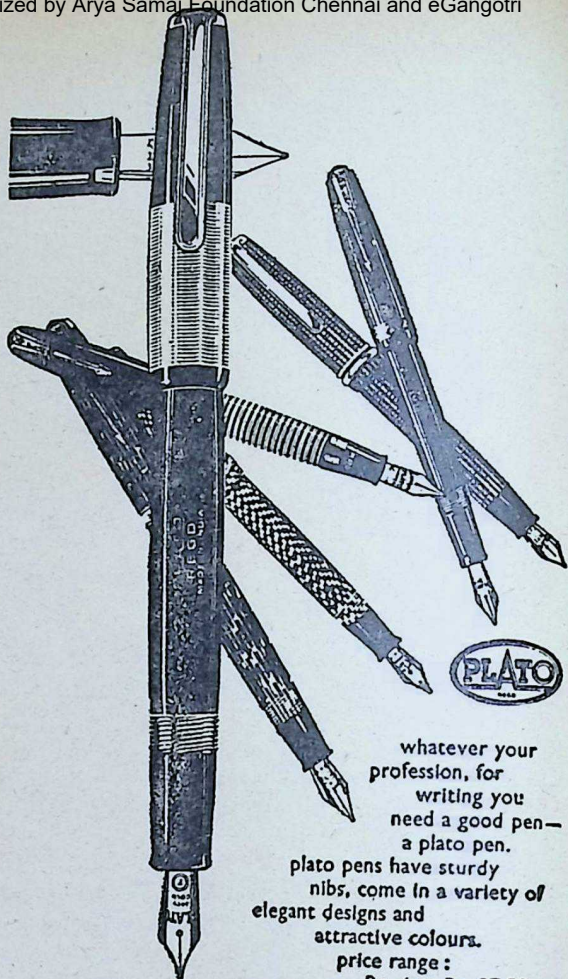
Krishna came and took his seat by the side of his father. Every one, young and old, accosted him with folded hands. He was not a sixteen-year-old boy; he was their redeemer.

'Where have you been? I was waiting for you, Krishna,' said Vasudeva.

'After I brought mother here, I had been to see whether the remains of Uncle Kamsa have been attended to with proper rituals,' said Krishna.

'Our salutations to you, son of Vasudeva. You have worked a miracle.'

'I don't feel happy,' said Krishna, sadly shaking his head. 'I could not bear to hear the queens wailing. Uncle was a good and affectionate husband. Their hearts are broken,' said Krishna



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AN'S JOUR
AUGUST 7, 1960

Some were surprised at this weak attitude on the part of their hero.

'Hereafter their life will be a wilderness,' he continued. Those who heard him were silent.

'But what could I do?' he continued. 'Wickedness must reap its reward. So have the Gods enjoined,' he added.

Before he could say anything more, Akrura came, leading the old and feeble Ugrasena. Balaram followed, supporting the aged Vajra Andhaka whose wounds, inflicted by Vritrighna under Kamsa's orders only three days before, were wrapped in bandages.

Every one stood up. The King took his seat near Vasudeva. Next to him sat Andhaka and Akrura. Balaram sat near Krishna.

Then complications, internal and external, were discussed again and again.

Ghatikas¹ went by. Every aspect of the situation was examined.

Then old Ugrasena spoke to the Yadavas thus: 'I have heard everything. I agree with Pradyota that we must have someone to lead us in this crisis. I have also gathered your views. I am old, physically broken. For years I have been in prison and lost touch with the world. I had one son; now I am sonless. I want Krishna to be my son and to succeed me as a king.'

Every one applauded the idea. In fact the King only reflected the general wish.

During all this discussion between the elders, Krishna had sat quiet, modestly evading all eyes when his name was mentioned.

1. Unit of time twenty-four minutes long.



Every one responded by saying '*sadhu, sadhu*' (well said).

Krishna folded his hands and in tones of high respect said: 'Lord, you have conferred on me a high honour, the highest perhaps in the world; for, Mathura is the crown jewel of the earth. But I am not fit for this responsibility. I know only the ways of a cowherd. I cannot be a king.'

'No, no, my son, you are the fittest choice'.

'Lord of Yadavas, have mercy on me. I know what qualities a ruler should possess. I have not these qualities. Lord of men, you alone possess the qualities of a ruler which can keep the Yadavas together; you are loved by the people. And you should rule yourself. Venerable Father and Uncle Akrura, Pradyota shall carry the burden under your directions. And I shall be at my lord's side always. But first we have to be initiated into Kshatriya-hood, master the *Vedas* and learn the art of warfare.'

The two brothers and Uddhava lay down to sleep side by side.

Balaram began to laugh by himself in the darkness. It was all funny. On full moon day, they were just cowherd boys. In three days, they were princes, and Krishna had rejected a throne. Perhaps it was foolish of him to have done so; perhaps, he was, as usual, wiser not to have taken up such responsibility.

The three days, thought Balaram, were days of triumph; that was due to his younger brother. He had fulfilled the prophecy. He was not con-

vinced that Krishna was a god, as a younger brother, was so sweet, loyal and so clever. Balaram carried away by an affectionate burst. He rolled himself near Krishna and embraced him.

Krishna opened his eyes responded.

'Krishna, Brother, you are wonderful,' said Balaram.

'Because I have a brother like you,' murmured Krishna.

And arm in arm, the brothers

[To be continued]



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Adhyatma Ramayana

After receiving the hospitality of purified Ahalya, Vishwamitra started to Mithila with Rama and Lakshmana. On their way they had to cross the Ganges. There the boatman praised Rama humorously.

SITA VIVAHA

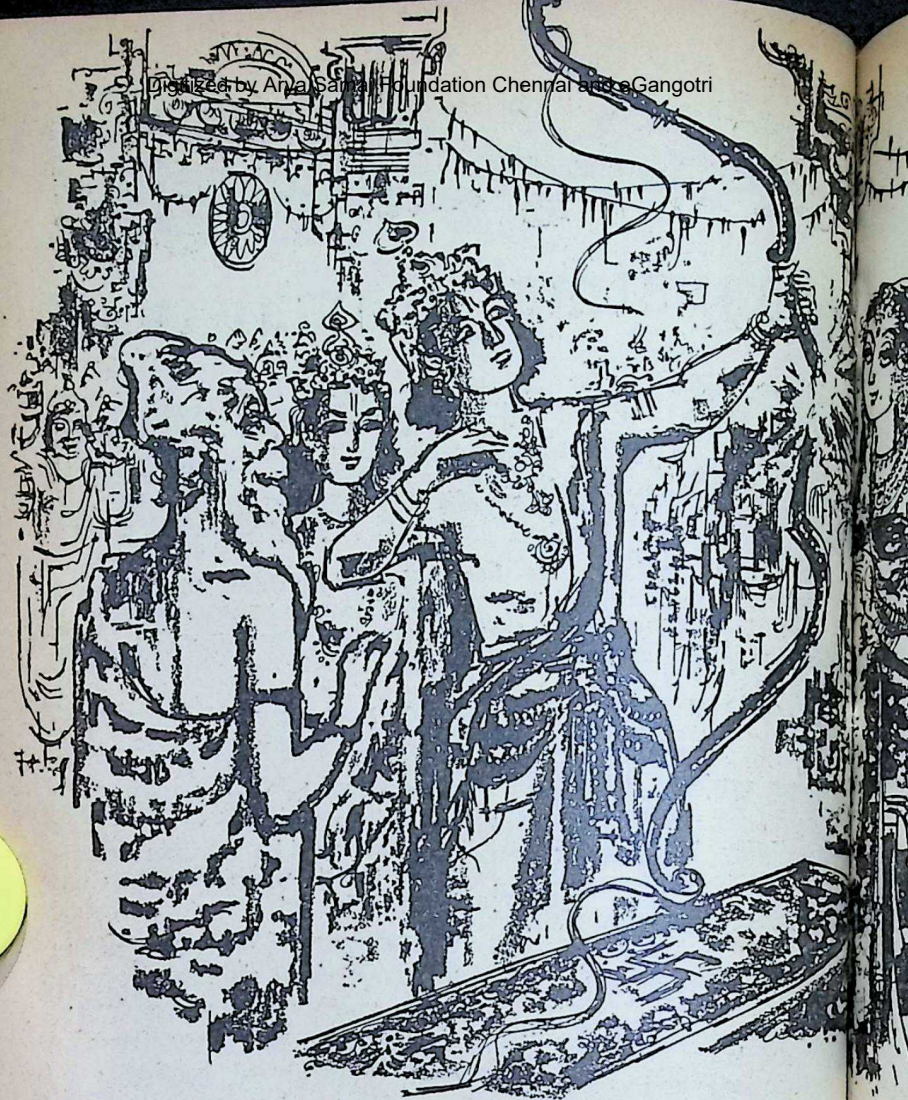
यमि तव पादपंकजं नाथ दारुषदोः
किमन्तरम् ।
युक्तीकरणचूर्णमस्ति ते पादयोरिति कथा
प्रथीयसी ॥
याम्बुजं ते विमलं हि कृत्वा पश्चात्परं तीरमहं
नयामि ।
यत्तरो सद्युवती मलेन स्याच्चवेद्विभो विद्धि
कुटुम्बहानिः ॥

O Rama! I do not find much difference between stone and wood. Those who belong to the same inanimate kingdom. There is a wide talk that you possess human-making dust in your feet. So, let me wash it off first, and then I shall take you to the other shore by this boat. If this boat happens to be a chaste woman by curse, my family would be put in great difficulty."

So saying he washed Rama's feet and led them to the other shore. Sage Vishwamitra with the Princes proceeded to Mithila where the Yagna was being performed.

प्राप्तं कौशिकमाकर्ण्य जनकोऽपि मुदान्वितः ।
पूजाद्रव्याणि संगृह्य सोपाध्यायः समाययौ ॥
पप्रच्छ राघवौ दृष्ट्वा सर्वलक्षणसंयुतौ ।
द्योतयन्तौ दिशः सर्वाः चन्द्रसूर्याविवापरौ ॥
कस्येतौ नरशार्दूलौ पुत्रौ देवसुतोपमौ ।
मनः प्रीतिकरौ मेऽद्य नरनारायणाविव ॥

Knowing that Kousika had come, King Janaka with his Purohit went there taking the necessary things to receive him. Seeing Rama and Lakshmana by his side, brightening all the ten directions like the Sun and Moon, Janaka asked the Rishi: "Whose sons are these two? They look like angels.



They look like Nara and Narayana. I am very much pleased by their sight."

Vishwamitra narrated the story that they were sons of King Dasaratha. They were brought by him to guard his sacrifice. **Rama** after killing Tataka with a single arrow came to

his Ashrama, and helped him in (sage's) sacrifice by slaying Suba and throwing away Maricha into ocean. On the way Rama purified Ahalya and was duly honoured her.

इति रामेण कृतं सर्वं तदा माहेश्वरं वतः ।
पूजितं राजभिः सर्वैर्दृष्टमित्यनुशुभम् ॥

तो दशैय रा
रायोच्यां
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ara which
He hear th
pped and



see it. O King! Please show that bow to him. After seeing it, he wants to meet his parents."

King Janaka, having ordered his minister to bring the bow to the Yagasala, said to Kousika.

यदि रामो धनुर्धुत्वा कोद्यामारोपयेद्गुणम् ।
तदा मयाऽऽत्मजा सीता दीयते राघवाय हि ।
तथेति कौशिकोप्याह रामं संवीक्ष्य सस्मितम् ॥

"If Rama strings the bow after securing it in position I shall give him (in marriage) my daughter Sita." Seeing Rama smiling Kousika said 'yes'.

एवं ब्रुवति मौनीशे आगताश्चापवाहकाः ।
चापं गृहीत्वा बलिनः पञ्चसाहस्रसंख्यकाः ।
घष्टाशतसमायुक्तं मणिवज्रादिभूषितम् ॥

When Kousika, the King of Sages, was giving reply, the men who were asked to carry the bow, five thousand in number, all stalwart, brought Siva's bow which was adorned with precious jewels and one hundred bells.

दृष्ट्वा रामः प्रहृष्टात्मा बद्ध्वा परिकरं दृढम् ।
गृहीत्वा वामहस्तेन लीलया लीलयन्धनुः ॥
आरोपयामास गुणं पश्यत्त्रखिलराजसु ।
ईषदाकर्षयामास पाणिना दक्षिणेन सः ॥
बभञ्जाखिलहृत्सारः दिशः शब्देन पूरयन् ।
दिशश्च विदिशश्चैव स्वर्गं मर्त्यं रसातलम् ॥
तदद्भुतमभूत्तत्र देवानां दिवि पश्यताम् ।
आच्छादयन्तः कुसुमैः देवाः स्तुतिभिरोडिरे ॥
देवदुन्दुभयो नेदुः ननृतुश्चाप्सरोगणाः ॥

Seeing that bow Rama felt glad in his mind. Making himself ready, he took it by his left hand and keeping it in a balanced stage, pulled the string slowly with his right hand to tie it on the other end. When all other kings were witnessing, the bow broke in the

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noured
रं दशं राजेन्द्र शैवं चापमनुत्तमम् ।
राज्योद्यां जिगमिषुः पितरं द्रष्टुमिच्छति ॥
He wants to see the bow of San-
tra which is kept in your palace.
he hear that it is being duly wor-
shipped and all the kings come and

middle making huge sound, spreading it in all the directions of heaven, earth and nether regions. It was really a wonderful scene for the devas standing in the sky. They rained flowers; divine trumpets were blown. The nymphs danced.

सीता स्वर्णमयीं मालां गृहीत्वा दक्षिणे करे ।
स्मितवक्त्रा स्वर्णवर्णा सर्वाभरणभूषिता ॥
मुक्ताहारैः कर्णपत्रैः कवचचरणनूपुरा ।
दुकूलपरिसंवीता वस्त्रान्तर्व्यञ्जितस्तनी ।
रामस्योपरि निक्षिप्य स्मयमाना मुदं ययौ ॥

The gold-coloured Sita with her smiling face, wearing all her jewels such as pearl-necklace, *Karnapatra* (an ornament which adorns the top of the ear) and a silk *sari*, approached Rama with a golden garland in her right hand. The anklets produced sweet sound while she was walking. She placed the wreath on Rama and attained great joy.

With the consent of Vishwamitra, Janaka sent word to Dasaratha who along with his retinue came to Mithila.

In a spacious *pandal* decorated with flags and festoons, on an auspicious day Rama was seated in a precious seat. Vasishtha and Vishwamitra were seated either side of Rama. All the preliminaries over, Janaka came with his wife and washed the feet of

Lord Rama and sprinkled the water on his head which was received with great reverence by Siva, Brahma, and other sages.

ततः सीतां करे धृत्वा साक्षतोदकपूर्वकं
रामाय प्रददौ प्रीत्या पाणिग्रहविधानतः
सीता कमलपत्राक्षी स्वर्णमुक्तादिभूषिता ।
दीयते मे सुतां तुभ्यं प्रीतो भव रघूत्तम ।
इति प्रीतेन मनसा सीतां रामकरेऽर्पयत् ।
मुमोद जन्मो लक्ष्मिं क्षीराधिरिव विलम्बितम् ॥

Taking Sita by his hand along with Akshata, flowers and water Janaka gave Sita to Rama in marriage according to the Hindu customs of Panigrahana. Then he said to Rama: "Be of Raghus, I give you this lotus-eyed Sita with all her jewels made of gold and pearls. From this moment on she is yours. Be and become satisfied." Rama rejoiced very much as the Ocean of Milk rejoiced by giving Goddess Lakshmi to Lord Vishnu.

Urmila, Mandavi and Srutakshi were given in marriage to Lakshmana, Bharata and Satrugna respectively.

चत्वारो दारसंपन्नाः श्रातरः शुभलक्ष्मि
विरेजः श्रमया सर्वं लोकपाला इवपरे ॥

The four brothers along with their wives pleased their parents and the world exercising their powers as guardians of the world.

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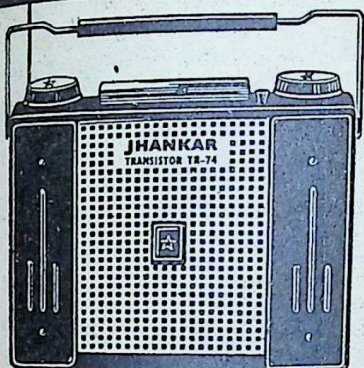
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RasKrida

Popular legend has that Sri Narayana Tirtha was the third incarnation of Lila Suka, the second being Jaya Tirtha. Like the former two, Narayana too has sung ecstatically on Sri Krishna in his *Krishna Lila Tarangini*. The following is an extract from the 7th 'taranga' of that work.

वनेकजन्मसाहस्रतपसा परितोषितः ।
राविर्भूतः स भगवान् तासु गोपीषु जन्मन्ति ॥

Shagavan Krishna appeared in the arms of Gopis, being satisfied by the dance practised by Gopis in their previous birth.

तत्र खलु वृन्दावने मन्दार पारिजात सन्तान
कल्पक हरिचन्दनादि तरुवृन्दआनन्दित शुक्
पिक शारिकादिवृन्द विनिन्दितनन्दनोद्याने
समुत्फुल्ल शारदमल्लिकादि मकरन्द परिमल
लालसतया संचरच्चञ्चरीक झणझणात्कार-
सूपुरादवैः विविध पल्लविविशेषोद्यमलित नानाविध

बिनोद निनाद ताल मृदंग संगीतादि कलावि-
शेषः आलक्षितानेक कोटि वनदेवता नाटक
रसोत्कटे कलिवन्दनन्दिनी पुलन्द समुल्लसित
लवंगलतादि विविध लताभवने क्वापि क्वापि
शारदसान्द्र चन्द्रिका संगविलसित मणिवालुका
मौक्तिक सितसिकता मुधारमणीय वेदिकाजाले
दिव्यविमानसमारूढ सुरकिन्नरादिधरवनिता-
गणेषु पश्यन्तु, वर्षन्तुच मुहुर्मुहुः पारिजातादि
दिव्यसुगन्धिकुसुमानि, भक्तसंकल्पसिद्धि-
सातन्वानः गोपरमणी नयनोत्पलाराधित मदन-
गोपालमूर्तिः वासुदेवः, गोपीभिः सह रासक्रीडा
महोत्सवारंभसंभ्रमचेताः गोपीभिः सार्धं आत्म-
तत्त्वमुपदिशन् इदमाह-

In that Vrindavana forest which has
conquered the beauty of Nandana
(Indra's garden) by the pleasing sound
of parrots, cuckoos and other birds
sitting on the branches of the trees
such as Mandara, Parijata, Kalpaka
and Harichandana, Vasudeva in the
form of Madana Gopala Murthi, who
was worshipped by the lotus-eyed
Gopis, who was ready to grant the
reward of their desire, was ready to
commence the *rasa* dance with them.
There the angels have already com-
menced their dance, with the sound
of anklets produced by the humming
bees fond of the pollen in the flowers,
and to the accompaniments of *tal* and
mridang and music of various sounds
produced by different birds, there were
many....having different seats in
different places on the sands of Yamu-
na (the daughter of Kalinda). The
celestial nymphs were watching the
scene sitting in the Vimanas and rain-
ing flowers. Then Lord Krishna taught
them the highest truth of Atman.

ब्रह्मानुभूतिरसिकां शौरेवग्लिक्षणां मु-
गोप्यः पिबन्त्यो मोदन्ते कृष्णब्रह्मणि
स्थिताः

All the Gopis drank by their
the nectar came out in the form
speech from the mouth of Krishna and
rejoiced becoming one with Krishna

नृत्यन्त्यस्तेन तद्गीतं गायन्त्यो रासमण्य-
तेनोपदिष्टमद्वैतं अनुकुर्वन्ति मानतः ॥

They all danced with Krishna
singing the song of Krishna and imitat-
ing in different ways the truth of Advaita
taught to them.

संसाररोगसन्तप्ताः कृष्णब्रह्मरसायन-
गोप्यः पिबन्त्यस्तन्मुक्ताः रमन्ते ह्य-
गतः

The Gopis who were distressed
by the disease of Samsara drank the
yana of Krishna Brahman and
came free. Since they have attained
Abhaya (fearlessness) they
sporting in Brahmananda.

आत्मारामाः परानन्दनित्यतृप्ताः पुनः
आत्मानुभूतीर्गायन्त्यः कृष्णकरसतां प-
रमन्ते परमानन्दे कृष्णब्रह्मणि ता भु-
त्यक्तदेहाद्यहंमनाः निर्विशेषमुखे स्थि-
ताः

Being immersed in God they be-
not only one with Him, but also
singing of their own experience. They
were enjoying the highest and
lasting bliss, since they have con-
quered Ahanta (अहंकार) and ego (ममा-

जगदुदयलया देः सादरं साधकैर्यत्
श्रुतिगुरुद्वन्द्वभक्त्या लब्धमद्वैत तत्त्व-
श्रुतिशिरसि विविक्तं पञ्चकोशान्त-
घनभुवि विहरन्तं तं तु पश्यन्ति गोप्यः

The supreme Brahman who is
root-cause of creation, present



हृदयनिहितं कान्तं काचित् कलन्दमुतातटे
प्रियतममदालिगत्यक्ता निरंकुशतृप्तिः ।
निजपरभिदातीतं धैर्याच्छ्रुतेः शिरसां बलात्
मुहुरपि भृशं गायन्त्येनं चिरं बहु मोदते ॥

On the banks of the Yamuna one Gopi thinking always of Krishna had embraced him. Krishna also kept company with her till she became fully satisfied. She had closed her eyes and began to realise the oneness that is non-dualism. Even after Krishna had left her she was under the impression of embracing Krishna. She had completely forgotten her body and this world.

निर्विशेषचिदानन्दं आविर्भूतं निजेच्छया ॥
कृष्णभावेन बुद्ध्यादि तत्त्वभूषं जगुश्चताः ॥
बुद्ध्यादि तत्त्वगुणैर्विहितं बोधयेष
सिद्धानुभावं अशेषजगन्निदानम् ।

destruction, whose reality is viv-
explained in the Upanishads, who
residing inside of the *Panchakosas*
separate existence, who is to
known by the devotees having firm
in the Vedas and in the pre-
of Guru, is seen and enjoyed
the Gopis. In the form of Krishna
Supreme Brahman is playing in
forest. See His simplicity and how
intimate are the Gopa-maids!

कृष्णात्मतत्त्वज्ञाः कृष्णब्रह्मात्मना ।
स्थिताः
सर्वोपनिषदां सारं गायन्त्यः कृष्णं आसते ॥

The Gopis who knew the greatness
the real form of Krishna became
with him in their mind, speech and
merrily enjoyed the company of
Krishna who is the essence of all the
Upanishads.



नासाग्रलग्न नवभौक्तिकचन्द्रबिम्बं
बिम्बाधरं भवभयप्रशमं नमामि ॥

The Gopis considered Krishna as the Supreme Brahman (परब्रह्म) appeared before them in the form of Krishna of his own accord and enjoyed him in different ways.

Salutations to Krishna who destroys the fear of Samsara who has appeared in the form of Cowherd, who is always meditated by Siddhas, who is the root-cause of the entire world and who wears a pearl ornament like the moon in the edge of his nose.

सानन्दं नन्दसूनुं सकलजनिमतां सारसारा-
दुपास्यं
दास्यो लास्यं रसादद्याः करतलकलितै-
स्ताळवाद्यैः सुगीतैः ।
कुर्वन्त्यो निर्विशंकाः कुवलयमुद्गशो दिव्यता-
टंकवत्यः
वृन्दारण्ये भजन्ते सुरवरवनिताः तं जगुः
स्यन्दनस्थाः ॥

The lotus-eyed Gopis, wearing ear-rings, having no fear in their mind, praising Lord Krishna by their music, clapping their hands according to the tune danced before him making a circle. He is the best fitted to be medi-

tated by all who have taken birth in this world. Seeing him the celestial nymphs also sang standing in the Vimanas.

ध्रुवमठमुखमुख्यैः तालभेदैरटन्त्यो
वन भुवि वरनार्यो रासगोष्ठीगरिष्ठा
अलघु लघुपदादिन्यासभेदैश्च नाट्यैः
सरसभिनयन्त्यो नन्दसूनुं भजन्ते ॥

In that Vrindavana garden the Gopis enriched by the company of Krishna came round according to the tune of Dhruva, Ata and other celestial nymphs and made *abhinaya* by putting their foot-steps slowly and swiftly according to the tune.

सुहुरपि सुरनार्यो रासलीलाविलासं
जगुरिति दिवि दिव्यस्यन्दनानन्दवत्य
अभिनयन्त्यपि तासां वल्लवीनां मुरारे
अधिकसभिनयन्त्यः पुष्प वृष्ट्याचमयन्

Witnessing this wonderful dance of Krishna with Gopis, divine ladies standing on their feet in the sky, poured the flowers on (Krishna and Gopis) very often. They too danced accordingly standing in their position.

अंग प्रत्यंग गौण स्फुट सम विषम
व्यक्तिसिद्धैः
शृंगाराद्यैरनिन्द्यैः अधिकमभिनयं व्य-
क्त्यो युवत्यः ।

रासक्रीडाविलासैर्वनभुवि नितरां म-
तुष्टाः स्वैरं रमन्ते चिरमिह गुरुणा

The Vallavis who have achieved their object by the teachings of Preceptor Lord Krishna enjoyed the happy company of Him for a long time in that forest, by enacting the love-dances which depict the love of Srīngara and other Rasas.

WHAT IS AND WHAT IS NOT

SWAMI SIVANANDA

Culture

WE often hear and speak of ancient culture, modern culture, a cultured person, cultured behaviour, and the like, evidenced with some faint feeling that it is to be cultured.

This will naturally mean that culture is that which is related to the good, which springs from the good and also promotes the good.

Without entering into a discussion of the nature of the good, a knowledge of which, no doubt, is essential, we have any idea of what true culture is we may safely say that culture is the result of an understanding or at least of a real aspiration for an understanding of the position of man in the world.

Culture is tilling, cultivating, refining, the working of the ground in order to raise crops, the condition consequent upon the development and strengthening of inherent powers and capacities,—physical, mental, moral and spiritual, the transformation of nature into a methodical structure of proportion and completeness, conducive to and responsible for the peace and happiness, not only of an individual, but of mankind as a whole.

A certain type of education lies at the background of culture.

Culture refers to whatever is the best and the highest that is capable of being known.

It is said, many a time, that Indian culture is one of the most advanced, an ideal and a pattern to be emulated. And what are the characteristics of this culture?

We know that almost every country in the world thinks in terms of power and self, while we in India are taught to adhere to the principles of right morality, and evaluate life in the light of the reality of a universal Spirit existing behind all things.

Unselfishness and self-abnegation are placed first; and then the activities of life follow. The system of education, the concept of values, the rules of society, the aim of politics, the laws of the country, are all emanations from this comprehensive Idea of the purpose of existence, which manifests itself in the endeavours for Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha—a technique of living an integrated life in every sphere of human activity. There is a spiritual psychology behind education and life.

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If we take Indian culture as the standard, it follows that the essence of true culture is based on a spiritual sense of values and a spiritual outlook of life. The assertion of the divinity of man is his heart, and it rests on inner refinement, on the nurture and unfoldment of the spiritual spark in man.

Right aspiration is the longing for Alma-Swarajya or freedom in the universality of the Self, attainable through the conquest of the internal and the external nature. Self-realisation becomes the goal. The gospel of life, then, is a gospel of non-attachment, of the immortality of the soul, of the ultimate liberation of the soul in the Cosmic. This is the teaching of the all-inclusive inwardness of existence. The indispensability of non-attachment becomes obvious from the concept of the oneness of life, of the unity of the universe. If truth is one, attachment to outward forms is another name for clinging to falsehood, and a breach of truth, the inevitable result of which is misery.

Culture tends to freedom, and freedom is only in impersonal life.

Unselfishness and inward peace, or at least an effort to achieve this end, should mark the distinctive feature of culture, if it should last, and have any permanent significance.

Knowledge which characterises such culture is not mere learning but faith and insight with an ethical background.

This is not possible without freedom of the mind from prejudice and from craving for things that perish.

Culture in India is synonymous with the blossoming of the faculty of

the spiritual consciousness in different degrees, and by stages.

Higher than the animal man is the normal man. Higher than the normal man is the good man. Higher still is the saintly man. But above all is the divine man or God-man.

To act without attachment, to perform without reluctance one's duties according to the station in which one is placed in society by one's capacity and aptitude, and to be inwardly unified with the Divine Being, even while living in the world, is what constitutes the way to peace. The Sthitaprajna of the *Bhagavad Gita* is the Indian ideal of the highest type of culture.

In a general sense, culture includes such processes as bodily training, the discipline of the psychological faculties, the development of the consciousness of right and wrong, and good and bad, etc., which go by the names of physical culture, mental or intellectual culture, will-culture, memory-culture, thought-culture, moral and ethical culture, and the like. For culture is a progressive transfiguration of nature, a creative activity of the evolving mind of man to approximate itself to perfection, so far as it is possible for it with the knowledge and energy with which it is endowed at a given level of life.

The individual is neither a body merely, nor only a mind. The human individual, at least, is a composite structure; a complex of physical forces, vital urges, emotional stresses, moral aspirations and rational needs.

Nothing that does not comprehend these in its compass or contribute to the training and development of these

.... The essence of true culture is based on a spiritual sense of values and a spiritual outlook of life. The assertion of the divinity of man is his heart, and it rests on inner refinement, on the nurture and unfoldment of the spiritual spark in man....

aspects can be called an integral culture.

Culture is the reflection of the soul in man, and it is complete in proportion as it answers to the original, viz. internal perfection. Pure thought, decent speech, nobility of character, impartial love, truthfulness, honesty, straightforwardness, forbearance,—such virtues as these are, therefore, the natural insignia of right culture, which can be regarded as an index of self-fulfilment.

According to Sage Patanjali, perfection is a state that can be reached by steps:—harmony in the body (*Asana*: bodily perfection), harmony in the vital forces (*Pranayama*), harmony in the senses (*Pratyahara*), harmony in the mind (*Samyama*), which, we have to understand, has to be extended to family, society, nation and the world at large. All this is rooted in ethical discipline (*Yama-Niyama*). Here we have a statement of the highest conception of culture, and anything else that we say in this regard is only a commentary on this inviolable truth of the mysterious relation of man, the world and God.

From the above it will follow that true culture is impossible without one's having a definite aim of life. Hindu scriptures speak of four aims—Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha—referring to the moral, economic, vital and spiritual values that are governing our very existence every moment.

Here is a complete scheme of life, anatomy of the background of a permanent culture.

The principle of *Rita* and *Satya* (both terms meaning 'truth'), as enunciated in the *Rig-Veda*, should be enough to enable us to mould ourselves into any pattern of culture. *Rita* is the unalterable law of the universe of the cosmos, and *Satya* is its relative manifestation in life, which takes into consideration the evolution of the structure of creation and the law of action and reaction that is regulating it. The range of this '*Satya*' as determining power in Creation is wide enough to include all the laws of the world. In the moral realm it can be crystallised into the 'categorical imperative' of the five *Yamas* or restraints.

Culture is not diplomatic tact or shrewdness to put on appearances, ability to be one thing inside and another outside, in order to suit one's convenience.

Culture is not opportunism, weathercock behaviour, or any kind of relaxed hypocrisy.

Culture is not in dress, food, gesture, or knowledge of any language or languages, though these may receive some impact of good taste due to habits engendered by inward regeneration which is the mark of culture.

Culture is not affectedness of

...no superiority-feeling of any kind, for culture is normal life. Culture is not also just literature, music and dancing, or sculpture, architecture, painting or drawing, or astronomy or mathematics. It is not also the scientific advancement visible in the West, not success in flying through the air or swimming through water, not the so-called control over Nature that we hear so much today, for no control is complete or meaningful without control over oneself.

Culture may include science, literature, but it cannot be reduced to these in entirety.

Culture is not what is implied by the much abused slogan 'rule of the people, by the people, for the people,' for culture cannot dispense with Truth, which cannot be identified with the group called 'the people.' Truth is not a matter of votes by the majority. Truth is not any one stage, or even a few stages, but includes all stages at every stage. Every situation is a universal situation. Indian culture recognises this. Here is its grandeur, and this ensures its permanency.

The main difference between Western culture and Indian culture is that while the former lays stress on the individual and the social, the latter

The acquisition of power and material prosperity recognised as a final aim is the cause of a deification of individual and social values. But this cannot be the highest aim of life, if only we will think a little more patiently and deeply.

The sages of India considered the state of 'Svarat' or *Self-King* as the ideal. But this does not mean that the Indian ideal is opposed or even indifferent to the social and the individual

Progress is not possible when any one stage is neglected or abandoned, for man's being extends from a localised body at one end to the immortal spirit at the other, and all that lies between these is, also, equally essential for the onward march.

Ancient Indian culture can be preserved while recognising the value of the present-day ideals of the West.

Culture is not of the East or the West, but of humanity.

That we make such distinctions in it as Eastern and Western, ancient and modern, etc. shows that it has aspects and facets, degrees and stages, forms and patterns.

Culture implies voluntary self-restraint for the attainment of a higher goal.

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Does Gita Justify War?

MAHATMA GANDHI

THAT the central teaching of the *Gita* is not *himsa* but *ahimsa* is amply demonstrated in the second chapter and summarized in the concluding 18th chapter. The treatment in the other chapters also supports the position.

Himsa is impossible without anger, without attachment, without hatred, and the *Gita* strives to carry us to the state beyond *sattwa*, *rajas* and *tamas*, a state that excludes anger, hatred, etc.

But I can even now picture to my mind Arjuna's eyes red with anger every time he drew the bow to the end of his ear.

It was not in a spirit of *ahimsa* that Arjuna refused to go to battle. He had fought many a battle before. Only this time he was overcome with false pity. He fought shy of killing his own kith and kin.

Arjuna never discussed the problem of killing as such. He did not say he would kill no one, even if he regarded him as wicked. Sri Krishna knows every one's innermost thoughts, and He saw through the temporary in-

fatuation of Arjuna. He, therefore, told him: "Thou hast already done the killing. Thou canst not all at once argue thyself into non-violence. Finish what thou hast already begun."

If a passenger going in an express train gets suddenly sick of travelling and jumps out of it, he is guilty of suicide. He has not learnt the futility of travelling or travelling by a railway train.

Similar was the case with Arjuna. Non-violent Krishna could give Arjuna no other advice.

But to say that the *Gita* teaches violence or justifies war, because advice to kill was given on a particular occasion, is as wrong as to say that *himsa* is the law of life, because a certain amount of it is inevitable in daily life.

To one who reads the spirit of the *Gita*, it teaches the secret of non-violence, the secret of realizing the self through the physical body.

And who are Dhritarashtra and Yudhishtira and Arjuna? Who are Krishna? Were they all historical characters? And does the *Gita* deal

AUGUST 7, 1960

...them as such?
Is it true that Arjuna suddenly stops
in the midst of the fight and puts the
question to Krishna, and Krishna re-
sponds the whole of the *Gita* before
him?

And which is that *Gita*—the *Gita*
that Arjuna forgot after having ex-
plained that his infatuation was gone
and which he requested Krishna to
begin again, but which he could not,
and which therefore he gave in the
form of *Anugita*?

I regard Duryodhana and his party
as the baser impulses in man, and
Arjuna and his party as the higher
impulses. The field of battle is our own
body. An eternal battle is going on
between the two camps and the poet-
has vividly described it. Krishna
the Dweller within, ever whispering
a pure heart. Like the watch, the
heart needs the winding of purity, or
the Dweller ceases to speak.

Not that actual physical battle is
out of the question. To those who are
innocent of non-violence, the *Gita*
does not teach a lesson of despair. He
who fears, who saves his skin, who
yields to his passions, must fight the
physical battle whether he will or no;
but that is not his *dharma*. *Dharma* is
one and one only. *Ahimsa* means
moksha, and *moksha* is the realization
of Truth. There is no room here for
cowardice. *Himsa* will go on eternally
in this strange world. The *Gita* shows
the way out of it.

But it also shows that escape out of
cowardice and despair is not the way.
Better far than cowardice is killing
and being killed in battle.

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Knowledge is for life, not life for knowledge. Knowledge is the instrument with which life can be made full of truth, beauty and good. But if knowledge itself become the goal, it leads to death and darkness.

MAN MUST RESPOND TO THE MUSIC OF MORAL LAW



Dr. Rajendra Prasad

SCIENCE has given to man the master key that unlocks the doors of the most guarded treasure houses of nature, and the magic secret which secures him the arms and armour of Gods.

The economic dreams embodied in the symbols of Kama Dhenu and Kal-Taru are being made possible reali-

sation in the day-to-day world by the discoveries of modern science. The mastery of the Sea which the Gods and the Asuras succeeded in achieving only once is now an ordinary fact of human life.

But what a cruel irony of fate it is that man with all this power of Gods, has neither solemnity nor se-

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curity of his life. It appears as if this very power has become his great enemy and destroyer. Today we find all the symptoms of this destruction—the struggle and strife, scarcity and starvation, homelessness and epidemics.

What for people take to loot and exploitation when everyone has plenty and more to live in comfort and luxury? Why is it that there is enmity between individuals, nations and states? Is it because man is mad? Is it because he lacks like the wild animals of the forest the sense to distinguish between good and bad? But it cannot be so. Man is neither mad nor senseless.

The question remains—why, then, all this meaningless struggle and strife? This is the great question of the modern world—the question which demands a solution from each one of us. I believe that this struggle arises because man has forgotten his soul in the struggle to conquer nature, has thrown morality overboard in the striving to amass wealth, and has banished love and sympathy in the effort to acquire power.

I admit that conquest of nature is not an evil in itself. On the contrary, the truth is that man is unable to respond to the call of the spirit in the absence of mastery over nature. But when the struggle to master nature becomes the sole occupation of man's life, it is then that it becomes a limitless evil.

Knowledge is for life, not life for knowledge. In other words, knowledge is a mere instrument which is of use to the spirit in the striving for self-realisation. In the language of the mundane world, we can say that knowledge is the instrument with

which life can be made full of beauty and good. But if knowledge becomes itself the goal, it leads to death and darkness.

It was this truth which was claimed by the *Ishopanishad*—says that mere ignorance and knowledge take man to a land of impenetrable and blinding darkness. It proclaims the great truth that ritual vision alone can lead to salvation.

Even a single glance at the condition in which the world finds itself today proves conclusively the truth of this statement. Science has divorced itself today from morality. The occupation of the scientist is the study of the underlying relations of the different objects and aspects of nature.

The man of science does not concern himself with the question whether his discoveries are being put to a good or an evil use. The consequence of this view of his mission is that the scientist is ready to sell his talents for a few coins of gold and silver without pausing for a moment to consider the consequences, good or evil, that a course involves to the spirit of man. The results of this moral attitude of science are staring you in the face.

Today the discoveries of science are being utilised by honest people and criminals alike for the promotion of their interests and the attainment of their ends—and what is more reprehensible is that the thugs, the criminals, the unscrupulous are making more gains from the use of science than the others.

Today there is not a single spot in the world which has not witnessed the cruel destruction of human life and the degradation of the human spirit by the arms and the instruments given to man by modern science.

There is no sphere of life in which the spirit of man has not been crucified with the aid of these instruments. Man is exploiting and crucifying man with the machines and arms that science has invented. The truth is that this amoral knowledge has taken man to the land of darkness in which he cannot even see his own stretched hand.

The sages of our land had for this very reason emphatically declared that self-conquest is the supreme triumph of man. More than two thousand years ago, it was again in our country that the great Emperor Asoka renounced all conquest except the *Dhamma Vijaya*.

Mahatma Gandhi has been giving again this ancient message to the people of India and the world. It may have been that we whose eyes have been dazzled by the glitter of the modern civilisation may have failed to perceive the glory of *Dhamma Vijaya* (the triumph of the moral law).

Again it may well have been that our ears, deafened as they probably are by the maddening noise of the modern machines, may have not responded to the music of the Moral Law. But the truth remains that the peoples of the world, as our own people, have to dedicate themselves to the achievement of the total victory of moral law in human life. Man must do this and that also very soon, for if he does not wake up in time disaster and death will overtake him. But I have faith in the human spirit and I believe that he will yet realise the tragic potentialities of the amoral civilisation of modern times.

[Adapted from an Address at the Allahabad University.]



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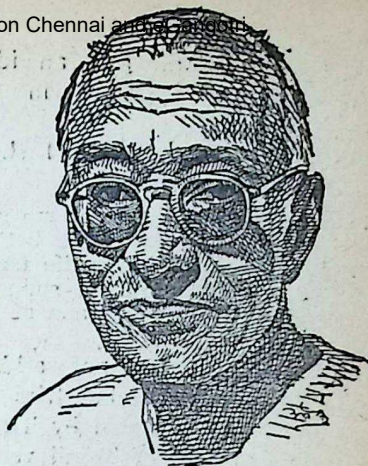


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Tiruvalluvar was one of those rare and great men whose catholic spirit rose above all denominations and religions; whose vision was not clouded by dogma or prejudice of any kind. His approach to moral doctrine is marked by a very thorough knowledge of human psychology, and a desire to help men with practical hints in the struggle against evil. Throughout his great book we can see how the poet and saint brings everything down to the level of practicability but without losing hold of the ideal.

His first book of *Kural* is the most widely known and most appreciated work in Tamil literature. It consists of 38 chapters and deals with the du-

ties of man as a householder and as an ascetic. The second book consists of 70 chapters dealing with policy in worldly affairs including Statecraft. The chapters are not addressed only to princes and those around them. They contain principles of conduct that should guide all persons engaged in secular affairs.

Tiruvalluvar, like other Indian saints, did not believe that Statecraft and *Dharma* could be separated. The well-known Indian doctrine handed down from the *Rishis* is that *Artha* and *Kama* should ever be associated with *Dharma*. If dissociated, the hunt for *Artha* and *Kama* would be sinful. Tiruvalluvar was no dissenter from this ancient doctrine.

"There is no greater wealth one can claim than *Dharma* and no misfortune greater than the forgetting of it".

"Go as far as strength and resources permit without swerving from the path of *Dharma*".

"Keep the mind from evil thoughts. This is the whole of *Dharma*. The rest is only of the nature of sound and show".

These quotations will give an idea of Tiruvalluvar's approach in all matters.

With one more quotation I shall conclude this little article.

"Do not say to yourself, let me see about it later when I shall be better fitted. Live a true religious life now; it will be the one unfailing support when all else will disappear and be of no use".

This translation has not added anything to the original but tries to bring out all that is stated by Tiruvalluvar in two lines of Tamil verse consisting altogether of 18 syllables. The characteristic beauty of Tiruvalluvar's style has been recognised by all Tamil authors and scholars as consisting in its precision and brevity of expression.

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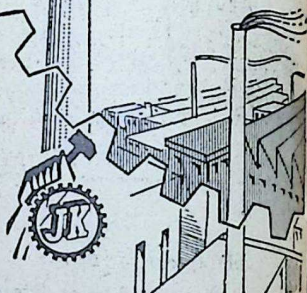
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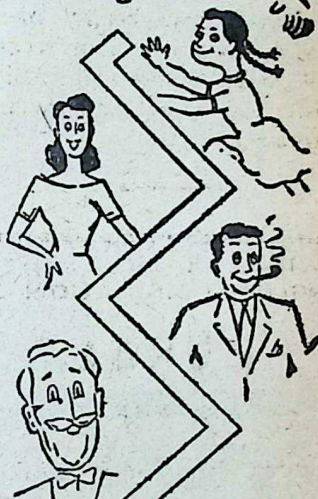
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OSMOSIS OF OUR CULTURE

Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar

INDIA has been profoundly influenced by its writers, its seers and its spokesmen in religious and in every other sphere.

Some people, like those belonging to the great Islamic Brotherhood, have called themselves the "People of the Book."

Similarly, Christians have their one Book, which affords them all the consolation and all the solace that their minds and hearts desire.

But, perhaps, to a greater extent than any other country, this country may claim to be ruled by its scriptures, epics and Puranas.

The influence exercised by the Vedas and the Upanishads, though everybody has not directly participated in reading their contents, is great.

The substance of the Vedas and the Upanishads, as they have been

modified and presented to us in our epics and Puranas, has been the mental and spiritual texture of our country.

During my travels abroad, I have always been put the question, "How will India solve her problems notwithstanding the 'illiteracy'—and I am using the word 'illiteracy' within inverted commas—and ignorance of the masses?"

My answer has been and will be that the literacy of India is not a literacy of the eye but literacy of the ear!

The *Kathakaras*, the *Bhagavats*, the itinerant minstrel-teachers, have produced the substance of our scriptures and books. We live on them and by them.

The *Ramayana* has, perhaps, exercised the most formative influence.

Side by side with *Mahabharata* it stands as the inspirer and the stimulus of the thoughts and aspirations of India.

I have, in the course of my study of the *Ramayana*, also remembered characters like Bharata and Hanuman who, to my mind, are perhaps rarer typifications of certain aspects of character than even Rama and Sita.

A character like Bharata, face to face with temptations, face to face with the realization of all normal ambitions, who spurns everything for the sake of brotherly love and adherence to *dharma*; and that great *sishya*—the supreme example of loyalty, faith and devotion—Hanuman, are characters, perhaps, as rare in essence, as supreme examples and types, as Rama and Sita themselves.

Our epics and Puranas, generally, represent the sum total of Indian life at its tensest, at its most glorious peaks of achievement, aspiration and yearning. They also represent in their characters the temptations of India, the besetting difficulties of India, the obstacles—mental and spiritual—that our country had to face not only at the gambling table where the Pandavas lost their kingdom, but also on other occasions.

To me the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* are valuable as national warnings as well as exemplars.

They indicate to us that from early times we have had these fissiparous tendencies, these difficulties of division and sub-division, quarrels and jealousies.

There have been in our history some rare moments when these have been transcended, and *Chakravartin* like

Rama and his predecessors have made a great united and spiritually coherent country.

But to me the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* are also examples of possibilities of weakness.

I am reminded of one saying Sita in this connection. When doubts were cast upon her, she, being with the high spirits which co-existed in her—the *kshatriya* spirit co-existent with a supreme devotion to the matrimonial idea—asked a question: "*Prakruthaha Prakruthamiva?*" This means, "How dare you think of me as an ordinary person liable to temptations, which you ascribe to me and thus for a moment lower yourself?"

These examples of human character at its highest also furnish us with other reactions.

Our epics and our Puranas are direct object lesson to the whole world of the difficulties and perils of a search for power.

In the case of Hiranya, in the case of Ravana and in the case of *Chakravarti*, we have instances of greatness, temporal magnificence and glory obscured by some one besetting sin whereby all the compositeness and the integrity of the personality are lost.

The *Ramayana* has profoundly influenced the whole of India with the result that it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that the literature of most of the regional languages is coterminous, synonymous with their renderings, their translations, their adaptations of the *Ramayana* story more even than any other Purana. Take, for example, the *Tulsida*

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The whole of that civilisation, what we call the Hindi civilisation—the Hindi background of the whole of the Hindi civilisation—is bound up with the *Tulsidas Ramayana*.

These three great poets—Valmiki, Bharata and Tulsidas—have rendered the same story. The main outlines of the story are well known and are universal in appeal and in their main incidents. But in description, in particular references, in the way in which the story is told, there are differences. For instance Sita bent her head to the ground, whether she slyly looked at him or whether she slyly looked at him, and with regard to such matters there are differences of poetic treatment. But, generally speaking, the main story is the same.

But the descriptions of scenery, the descriptions of the background and the idea of the proper regiment of the story are differently conceived by these three different writers.

They are united in one aim but differ in the manner of treatment.

But, nevertheless, Hindi stands by the *Ramayana* and many other reductions and adaptations.

In Tamil the process is different. Tamil possessed long before the *Kamba Ramayanam* a very great literature, some of which has been lost. The one great tradition of the Tamil country is that there were academies and literary conferences in those ancient days.

Four or five thousand years ago, annual literary conferences were held at what was called South Mathura, which is now under the sea. There is a common tradition that a part of Lanka went under the sea. There is a Tamil tradition that the old continent

of Mouriya which extended from Africa, through Madagascar, through the Indian Ocean, included India and went on to the Far East up to Borneo and Java. All that formed one big land mass which was overwhelmed by a flood and that flood is supposed to have overwhelmed South Mathura also, where the first Academy was held and in which Agastya Muni, the Vedic seer, took part.

Agastya is supposed to have colonized the South and brought about that osmosis of culture which is today the culture of South India.

Its literatures comprise a great deal of grammar, or rhetoric and what may be called Saivaite, Vaishnavite and Devi worship also.

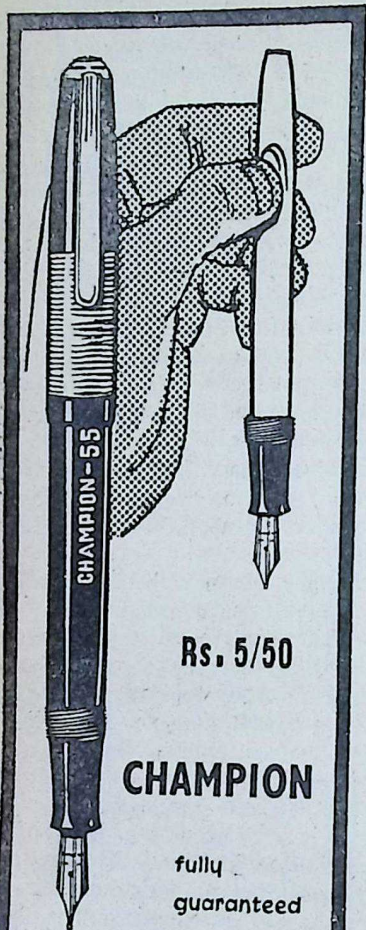
The difference between the North and the South is this: Tamil literature is widely different in outlook from Sanskrit literature.

It is different in the sense that whereas not so much importance was paid to what may be called the ordinary arts of life there was a certain detachment, a certain looking away, a certain aloofness from the world in the main body of Sanskrit literature.

Tamil literature was not primarily concerned with asceticism as an end or as a summit of life. Most of the descriptions in Tamil literature refer to the glories of agriculture, the importance of husbandry and, of what may be called, ethical rather than spiritual principles.

But with the coming of the *Kamba Ramayana* there was a tremendous change and departure.

The *Kamba Ramayana* represents what may be called, the fusion of the Northern and Southern spirit, the



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fusion of what sometimes is called Aryan civilization and what is sometimes called the Dravidian civilization.

We are now beginning to learn there is no reason to differentiate between the Northern and Southern civilizations. Mohenjo Daro and Harappa have opened our eyes to new vistas. It is neither the time nor the occasion to dwell on this subject. But one thing which I want to emphasize is, viz., that the *Kamba Ramayanam* is the apotheosis of the ideal, of the possible unification of the spirit, endeavour and aspiration of every part of India with those of every other part of India.

That, to my mind, is the lesson, the main lesson, which is derived from the *Kamba Ramayanam* where the Tamil spirit, glorying in the possession of a very ancient literature, is nevertheless willing to assimilate all elements and produce a rich and composite texture, which was of the greatest value to the development of Indian civilization.

Not only in the Tamil land wherever you go, to the Telugu, Malayalam, Kannada or any other linguistic area, you will find that the culture of the literary life of those regions has been based upon the material furnished by the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*.

The extent to which the regional languages have developed may be said to be proportionate—may be directly proportionate—to the extent to which they have imbibed the spirit of the old classics and have made them a part of their own life, assimilating

(Continued on page 1)

Garland of Death



JAIRAMDAS DOULATRAM

WHAT was the basic characteristic of Mahatma Gandhi?

Even his unexcelled achievements in the field of truth were due to one fundamental characteristic. Many of us are sometimes unwilling to speak out the truth. Why?

We are unable to speak out the truth. We are also reluctant to act up to our beliefs and convictions because we are afraid either of public opinion or of some harm which, we think, would accrue to us, if we were to experiment or put into practice these convictions and beliefs.

Gandhiji always marched on the narrow path of truth with the aid of the staff of fearlessness. He was not afraid of what would happen to him if he spoke the truth as he saw it or acted up to it.

He cured the people of India of his times, of the canker of fear which he found was at the root of their political bondage.

Step by step he removed from the mind of the people, men and women, young and old, the fear of imprisonment, the fear of physical injury, the fear of loss of property and finally

the fear of death. And so jail, lathi, confiscation, bullets—all these four weapons of the British Government were rendered ineffective because he made more and more people shed the fear of each of these instruments of physical domination.

He could successfully preach the message of fearlessness because he himself practised it almost to perfection.

He had conquered the fear not only of these governmental weapons used by man but he had been progressively shedding the fear of dangerous beasts.

He said, on one occasion, that he thought that he had conquered the fear of all other animals except the snake.

He was not satisfied with himself until he had conquered even that fear. He always practised his beliefs. He was ever ready to make experiments with truth even under the most risky conditions.

I remember very vividly an extraordinary incident which took place at Maganwadi in Wardha about twenty-five years ago.

From one of the forests a few miles away had come to Maganwadi an un-

known villager with a basketful of malicious looking reptiles. He had known of Gandhiji's interest in snakes. He claimed before Gandhiji that he had the power by reciting certain *mantras* to control the biting tendency of a snake and that no snake under the spell of the *mantra* would bite any one. He wanted Gandhiji to try the efficacy of his *mantras*.

The half a dozen snakes which he had brought had all their fangs intact. Gandhiji had studied a lot about snakes. The snakes the man had brought were all of well-known poisonous variety. The villager asked for permission to put one of them round his neck to prove its innocuousness.

The self-confidence of the villager was a challenge to Gandhiji's faith.

Gandhiji was sitting in our midst with a bare neck and a bare chest and in the presence of us all, the villager took out a four feet long snake and put it round Gandhiji's neck as if it were a garland of flowers.

The snake, with the icy cold touch of its skin, moved restlessly over Gandhiji's warm neck and chest and then suddenly, with its thin tongue vicious-

ly from its mouth, it turned round Gandhiji's left shoulder and began to slide down his back.

There was just a momentary flicker in Gandhiji's eyes. They became a little more limpid than usual. He however sat still, expectant, alert. But the tension was for a second or two.

Gandhiji then settled down as composed as before the villager came to the interrupted talk with the work continued about some point raised by them relating to the constructive programme.

In the meantime the snake returned after a reconnaissance of Gandhiji's bare back and glided up and down over his neck and chest and then settled peacefully round his neck and there lay at rest, as if asleep!

After some minutes, the villager removed it from Gandhiji's neck.

We all, about twenty of us, who witnessed this extraordinary incident went through rapid phases of horror, fear, uncertainty and belief.

Gandhiji, on his part, went through an unusual experiment with tranquillity, trying to kill the last little trace of fear in him!

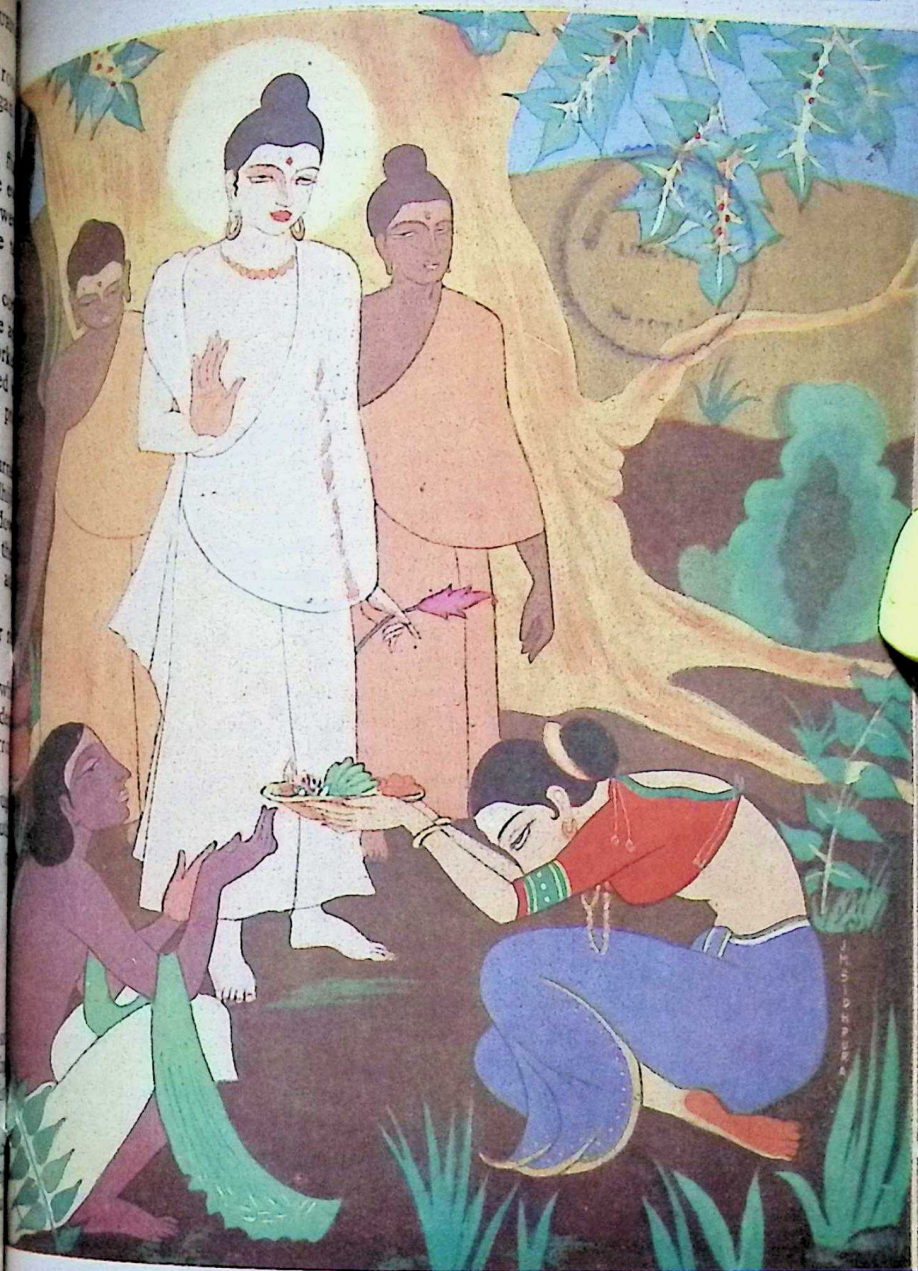
RAMAYANA AND THE OSMOSIS OF OUR CULTURE—Contd.

their own elements with the elements of these epics.

It is from that point of view and as the triumphant result of a gradual, steady and continuous osmosis of culture and of thought that we should look at these epics of the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*.

I am using a scientific word, osmosis, which means two liquids combining together, so that their separate existences may not be differentiated.

It is that osmosis of culture, which the *Ramayana* is bringing about along with the *Mahabharata* in the regional languages and their literatures.



BHAGAVAN BUDDHA AND SUGATA

Artist : Sri Jayant Siddhapura.

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Our Democratic Traditions

DR. RADHA KUMUD MOOKERJI

THE *Rigveda* which is the earliest work of mankind contains the earliest conception of democracy and gives expression to it in appropriate institutions called *sabha* and *samiti*.

It is so committed to democratic ideals that it has made of democracy deity aptly called *samijnana* or *samajnana* to whom its last hymn (*akuta*) is addressed.

The term *samijnana* (*samajnana*) denotes the collective consciousness of the people, the National Mind to which the individual mind is to pay homage as the source from which it derives its potency.

The hymn calls upon the people to gather in their Assembly (*sangachaddhvam*) and speak there in one voice (*samvadaddhvam*) in a union of minds (*sammanah*), of heart (*samachittam*), of policy (*samana-matrah*), and of hopes and aspirations (*akuti*).

Thus democracy depends upon the unity of its citizens, their emotional integration.

The democratic principle was at work in the different spheres of public life, political, social, and cultural.

Social life was organised in a hierarchy of institutions such as (1) *Griha* or *Kula* (2) *Grana* (3) *Vis*, the canton or clan, and (4) *Jana* or the people or *Samsad* organised into *Rashtra* or state.

In the cultural sphere, there were *Sanghas* of learned men who by their discussions evolved out of popular speech (*vacham laukikam*) the refined Sanskrit "like groats through a sieve". Education was also promoted by learned conferences meeting at the courts of kings. The Upanishads tell of the philosophical congress which was convened by Janaka, King of Videha, and helped by its discussions to codify Hindu philosophy under the leadership of Rishi Yajnavalkya. Eight philosophers as exponents of different schools of thought participated in these discussions along with a woman-philosopher named Gargi.

Monarchy was the normal form of Vedic polity, but it was a limited constitutional monarchy. The theory was that Dharma or Moral Law was the real sovereign, while the King or the executive was the Danda to uphold and enforce it. Thus the autocracy of the Vedic King was limited

by democratic checks such as his election and expulsion.

Vedic democracy also knew of the vote of the majority, for which the term used is *narishtha* which Sayana explains as "inviolable as the voice of the many" (*bahavah sambhuya yadi ekam vakyam vadeyuh tat hi na paraih atilanghyam*).

The Vedic democratic tradition governed the entire growth of Indian polity through the ages. It was based on decentralisation and local autonomy. It believed in the self-government of the group. Scope was given to the natural associations and groupings of people in autonomous corporations providing for exercises in self-government which was necessary to revive the decaying social tissues. These corporations were formed in the following ascending order, viz., (1) *Kula* (clan or family), (2) *Jati* (caste), (3) *Sreni* (guild of followers of the same crafts), (4) *Puga* (a larger body bringing together different castes and crafts,—the village community), and (5) *Janapada* (the entire region or State).

Each of the groups had its own laws within its sphere, which the king had to respect. Thus monarchy had to reconcile itself to a subterranean democracy operating in different strata and stages of self-government down to the village.

Side by side with the monarchy thus limited by popular rule, there also developed the regular republican type of polity of which glimpses are given in different literary texts, Brahminical, Buddhist, and Jain.

Panini found in the working republics of his time terms to illustrate

his grammatical rules. He finds the terms *nikaya*, *gana*, and *sangha* applied to different public bodies of his time. The *nikaya* was a religious association which was worked as a democracy and did not recognise inequality of status, high or low (*uttara—adhara*), among its members. In religion all are equal.

Gana and *Sangha* were the usual terms for a republic.

Gana was so called because sovereignty vested in the many (*ganadhinah*) as contrasted with kingship or government by one (*eka-raja—ekadhinah*) (*Katyayana*, IV. 1, 16). Further, the *gana* was ruled by a special governing caste of Kshatriyas known as *Rajanyas* (*Panini*, V. 2, 34). It had to observe quorum as indicated in the term *ganalita* (V. 52) explained as *ganasya pooranah* implying the whip of an Assembly. As regards the term *sangha*, it was applied to both individual republics and their unions. Among individual republics are mentioned the *Kashyapa*, *draka*, *Malava* and *Yandheya sangha*. As examples of republican federations are mentioned the *Andhaka-Vrishni sangha*, or the *Trigarta sangha* which was a league of six republics (V. 3, 114, 116).

The *sangha* government was based upon the party-system. A party was called a *varga* and named after a leader, like a *Vasudeva-varga* or an *Arjuna-varga* (IV. 3, 64). There was a rivalry for power between the parties by opposition (*Kandva*, VI. 2, 34) or by competition (*vyutkramana* VII. 1, 157). Some *sanghas* were military classes called *ayudha-jivi sangha* who lived by the profession of arms.

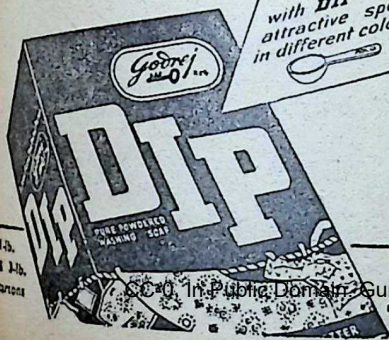
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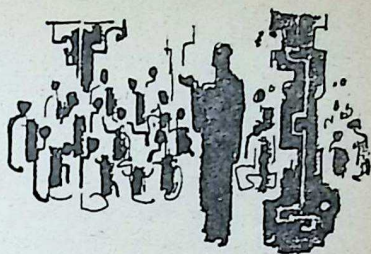
W. 2, 45, V. 3, 117) and were mostly in the Punjab or Vahika country. The Executive of a Federation was composed of Rajanya leader of each constituent republic, such as Akruva and Vasudeva, attending its meetings with their rival vargas.

The *sangha* transacted its business by the *chhanda* or vote of its members (W. 4, 93). Panini calls the spirit of equality to the State, *Bhakti* (IV. 3, 100). Thus the term *angaka* denotes the citizen of *Anga* (*Angah janapada* or *Angirasya*).

The *Mahabharata* is also acquainted with the republics called *samghata-gana*. Republican unions are also called *ganas*. The *Mahabharata* (XII. 81) mentions the five republican peoples, *Ikshvakas*, *Vrishnis*, *Yadavas*, *Kurukshakas*, and *Bhojas* as forming themselves into a *sangha* or federation under Krishna as the *sangha-mukhya* or federal president. Each constituent republic had its own leader called *raja*. Thus the *Bhojas* including *Vasudeva* had *Akrura* as their leader. The party-system was vigorously at work.

There was a keen struggle for power among the party-leaders dominated by Krishna, with his loyal following of such powerful personages as *Ahuka*, *Akrura*, *Gada*, *Pradyumna*, and *Samkarshana*—*Balarama*; while the leader of opposition to him was *Babru*—*Ugrasena* (XII. 81, 240). The *Mahabharata* refers to *gana* being governed by its council of leaders called *gana-mukhyas*.

The Jain and Buddhist texts refer to the republics of those days. There was a large republican confederation called *Vajji* (*Vriji*) made up of nine



Mallakis, nine *Lichchhavis*, and 18 *Ganarajyas* of the region of *Kasi-Kosala* (*ashtadasa vi ganarayano*). The death of *Mahavira* was the occasion of a federal funeral illumination arranged by these 36 republics in honour of "the Light of Intelligence that was gone". (*Bhagavati Sutra*, 300). The leader of this confederation was the *Lichchhavi* Chief, *Cetaka*, who was *Mahavira's* uncle.

The *Lichchhavis* were governed by a Council of 7707 *Rajas* who were the chiefs of its principal families known as *Raja-Kulas* (cf. *Vesali nagare ganaraja kulanam abhisheka-man-gala-pokkharim—Jataka*). The republican executive was one of eight *kulas* (*ashta-kulas*) in charge of justice, and nine in charge of foreign affairs. The part that was played by these *Rajas* in the republics is probably indicated by the term *rajasabdopajivinah* used by *Kautilya* (XI. I) for these *sanghas* i.e. those that functioned as their *Rajas* or *Governors*. *Kautilya* (XI, I) states that in *Kamboja* and *Surashtra* there were *srenis* or corporations of *Kshatriyas* and other castes, who lived by economic or military pursuits (*varta sastropa jivinah*), while the communities like the *Lichchhavika*, *Vrijika*, *Mallaka*, and others earned their living as *Rajas* or admi-

nistrators. They were like the aristocracies of Aristotle.

The Lichchhavis had to face the hostility of emperor Ajatasatru who crushed the republic by weakening its unity and superior military force.

The Sakya republic is famous for giving to the world the Buddha who was thus a born democrat. It consisted of 80,000 families, and had its Parliament or *parishad* of 500 members under a president called Raja. Its new building was inaugurated by the Buddha by his discourses (*Majjhima*, I. 353f.).

The Malla state of Pava, also a *sangha-raja* (*Majjhima* I. 231) had its new Parliament House called *Ubbhataka* formally opened by the Buddha (*Samgiti-Sukta*). It gave to Buddhism some of its greatest characters like Ananda and Aniruddha.

Among other republics mentioned in the texts are: (1) The Nayas or Jnatikas of Vaisali who gave to the world the great Mahavira whose father was their chief; (2) The Koliyas, (3) The Moriyas of Pippalivana; and (4) The Videhas of Mithila.

Alexander's invasion of the Punjab during 327-325 B.C. was resisted heroically by its republican communities lying on its way. Firstly, there were the Aspasioi (Asvayana of *Panini*, IV, 1. 110), Assakenoi (Asvakayana of *Panini*, IV. 1, 99) and Astakenoi (Hastinayana of *Panini* near the confluence of the Swat with the Kabul, with their capital at Pushkalavati), who fought the foe to a man. A repeated resistance was offered to him by the eastern Asvakayanas led by their Queen Cleopis

(Kripa?) and their women (*Panini* IV. 285).

There was another centre of republican resistance of the fort of Aornos (Varana of *Panini*, 282). Next, resistance came from Glaussai (Sans. Glauchukayana), the Adraistoi (Adhrishtas), and Kathaoi (Kathas). Opposition also organised by a confederacy of republican peoples led by the Malavas (Malavas) and the Oxydrakai (Kshatras). They had a city of Brahmanas who left the pen for the sword and died fighting for freedom.

Other resisting republican peoples were the Sevis (Sibae). Abastoi (Ambashtas of *Panini*, IV. 1, 7), the Xathri (Kshatriyas), the Ossas (Vasati of *Panini*, IV. 2, 53) and the Sogdi (Sudras).

Thus the democratic tradition continued strong through the ages. The Pali texts throw light upon the practices and procedures which kept up, and anticipated their modern equivalents.

For instance, the *sangha* or Assembly had its speaker called *Vinayadhara*, whip, *Ganapuraka*, Resolution, *Jnapti*, vote *chhanda*, and decision by vote of the majority, *Bhuyas*, *Kriya*. An incomplete assembly (*Sangha*) lacking quorum was called *vyagra*, while the complete body was called *samagra*. The Act (*vyakamma*) of an incomplete chapter of Bhikkhus was considered invalid (*akammam*) and should not be acted (*na-karaniyam*).

Notice (*jnapti*) had first to be given of the resolution to be moved (*panam*). It was duly announced

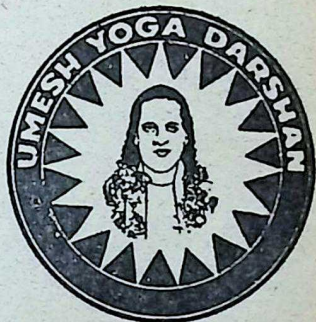
...passed by three majority (vibhava-skana).
 ...of the Sangha's Sankhasya-tas-
 ...etam dharaya-
 ...karoti tritiyamapi
 ...vadami as a Jnapti—
 ...Silence at each
 ...Kshamati
 ...nushnim-evam
 ...But a resolution also gave rise to
 ...dispute (vivada), quarrel
 ...and even violence (bhan-
 ...and "pointless" (anagra)
 ...To avoid a split in the sangha
 ...a committee of the
 ...of each contesting group was
 ...to reach unanimous decision
 ...was then binding on the general
 ...body.
 ...But if it was not possible, then, as
 ...last resort, recourse was taken to
 ...voting and decision by vote of the
 ...majority (vibhava-skana).
 ...Thus unanimity was the objective
 ...to be achieved by all means by solv-
 ...ing the differences of minority and
 ...majority through the sub-committee
 ...of arbitrators aptly called the *Udva-
 kika Sabha*, "the committee to carry
 over to a decision."
 ...Vote was called *Chhanda* as used by
 Panini. It had to be taken by a polling
 officer who should be above prejudice,
 malice (*dosha*), folly (*moha*), and
 fear (*bhaya*) and appointed by a
 special resolution of the *Sangha*.
 ...Voting was by tickets (*salaka*) con-
 sisting of slips of wood of different
 colours to represent different opinions.
 Each member was to choose a ticket
 of the colour corresponding to his
 views and to keep it a secret. The
 polling officer was called *Salaka-
 grahapaka*.

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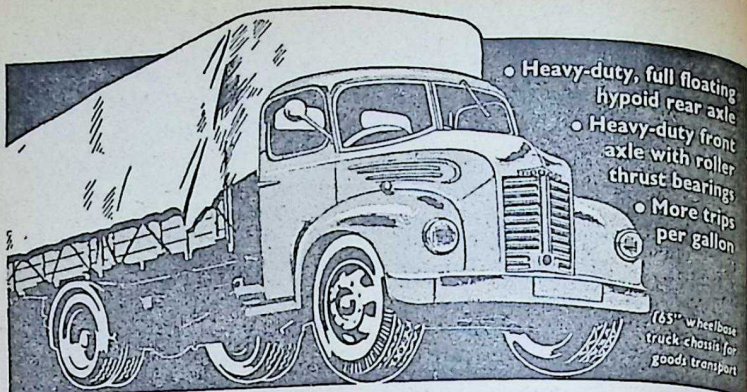
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ELLSWORTH BUNKER

[U. S. Ambassador to India



TO me one of the most gratifying aspects of America's cultural and spiritual development during the last forty years has been her increasing awareness of cultures outside the Western European nations in which the United States was born.

It is a very natural and understandable way, during our colonial days and the first century of national growth when energies and attention were centered on the absorbing task of building a new nation in the wilderness.

Our intellectual and spiritual ties were primarily with Europe; Africa and Asia were, for the most part, the never-lands of fable and fantasy.

It is true, and we are proud to recall the fact that exceptional and distinguished American men of letters during the last century—Emerson, Melville, Whitman—were deeply influenced by Eastern and specifically Indian philosophies. Certain religious movements grew in the United States, such as Theosophy, which had their roots in India.

In the academic field, Sanskrit and Hindu classics were not neglected

in our older universities. Both Yale and Harvard pioneered in such studies and could boast of outstanding Sanskrit scholars and teachers like William D. Whitney and Charles R. Lanman. American scholarship in ancient Indian lore is epitomized in the *Harvard Oriental Series*, which was initiated in 1891 and shines to this day as a beacon of careful research.

But in general, America's genuine knowledge of and interest in India was restricted during the nineteenth century. Mark Twain, one of our distinguished and most American novelists, visited India in 1895 and wrote an interesting book on his trip in *Following the Equator*. But, aside from

a few trenchant observations on the essence of Hindu life, even he was chiefly involved in clichés about maharajas and their splendour, the idiosyncracies of bearers, and so forth.

In recent years America has matured and awakened sensitively to many of the truly fabulous wonders of ancient and modern India. In press reports of recent weeks I gather, at random and for example, such items as the following:

The *Washington Post* reviews favourably three recent serious books about India, including a new and specially edited edition of Nehru's *Glimpses of World History*.

Indrani Rahman will visit the United States, by invitation, to dance at the Chicago International Fair and at other festivals, showing ancient Indian dance styles.

Dr. Shanta Rao of India's Cancer Institute in Bombay reveals important medical findings at the annual meeting of the American Medical Association.

The State Department releases diplomatic papers shedding light on America's consistent support for the cause of Indian self-rule and independence.

Alan Hovhaness, well-known American composer, acknowledges his debt to the inspiration of Eastern music, and especially to Indian *ragas*. One of his latest works, based on an Indian theme, wins enthusiastic applause in Japan.

American universities announce new courses in Telugu, Hindi, Urdu and other Indian languages, the work being supported by special Federal funds.

Considered separately, such news notes garnered from a routine month's

sheaf might seem only to indicate the miscellaneous nature of modern American intellectual curiosity. But taken as representative of certain well-defined trends in American cultural life, they are sign-posts that show a broad highway of growing American interest in the realities of Indian life and culture. May I attempt to summarize in general some of the main elements of that interest.

Indian studies in American institutions of higher learning have been growing by leaps and bounds. When I was a young man in college only a very few universities offered courses in work about India, and that was mostly linguistic. Today, however, there are at least a dozen American universities which give the opportunity for serious study of India from many aspects. Among the better known are the Universities of Pennsylvania, California, Chicago, Wisconsin, Harvard and Yale. At California, for example, a graduate student may concentrate his studies on India through lectures and seminars concerning the language, anthropology, art, history, geography and social problems of India.

There, as at certain other universities, he will find exceptional library facilities and a distinguished group of specialized scholars. The University of California, by the way, possesses a particularly notable collection of books on India and about Gandhi.

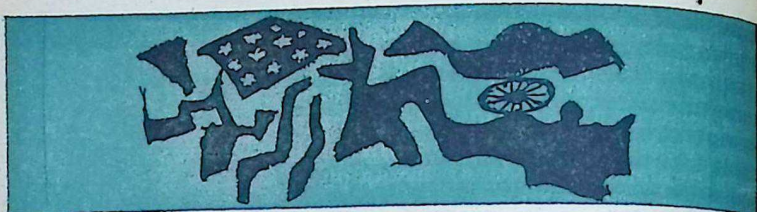
The amount of serious and diversified research about India which is being carried on by American scholars has also grown greatly during the last twenty years. I recently looked over the programme of the annual meeting of the Association for American

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I could multiply such instances of American appreciation of Indian artistic achievement many times, citing the dance, drama, modern fiction, and folk crafts. But this may be sufficient to indicate the trend in America.

Modern India is not, however, simply colourful and exotic art to American today. In our press, radio and public forums Americans are also vitally interested in independent India's breathtaking economic and social

revolution, and her position in international affairs. Whenever I return to the U.S.A. on leave I am besieged by groups who want me to talk with them about the progress of India's Five-Year Plans and other contemporary problems. Our interest in the development of India's economy has been taken, as you know, many concrete forms which we hope will bear fruit in a stronger India and in increased mutual understanding.



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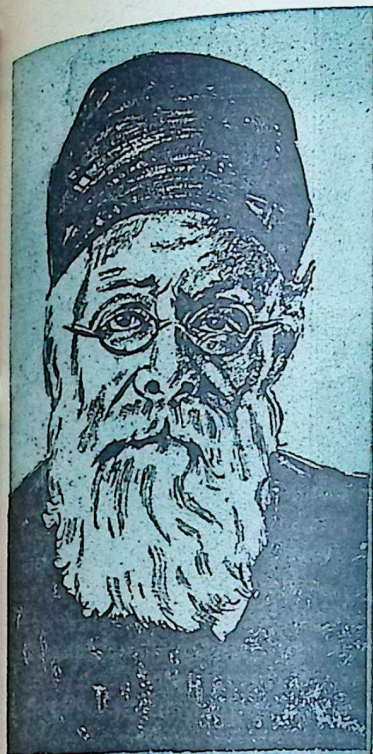
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Pageant of Great Lives—8

Dadabhai Naoroji



Dadabhai Naoroji

By Prof. A. R. WADIA

HERE is an interesting legend about the advent of the Parsis into India. More than twelve centuries ago a small, but sturdy and well-armed, band of Iranian refugees landed on the shores of Sanjan, ruled by a Hindu chieftain, Jadav Rana by name. He was not inclined to permit them to settle in his little kingdom, but he was too polite to give a direct refusal, and so sent to the refugees a cup of milk filled to the brim to signify that there was no room for any more people in that little kingdom. The leader of the refugees was a wise man and he returned the cup with sugar added to it, signifying that just as sugar melts in milk the refugees too will mix with the people and live like brothers. Jadav Rana was impressed and the Parsis found a new home where they could practise their religion free from the fear of any Muslim persecution. In the course of twelve

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hundred years they have forgotten the Persian language, married Hindu wives and adopted many Hindu customs, but they have tenaciously kept their old Zoroastrian faith, and above all lived as true loyal Indians. It is any proof of this fundamental loyalty to the country of their adoption is wanted, it is abundantly supplied by the life of Dadabhai Naoroji, one of the earliest Indians to learn English, the first Indian to start a business firm in London, the first Indian to be elected a member of the House of Commons as a member for India par excellence, one of the founders and three times President of the Indian National Congress. Above all he will live in history as the Indian who first demanded Swaraj as the birthright of Indians and was the political guru of Pherozeshah Mehta and Ranade and Gokhale and even of the greatest Indian of our times, Mahatma Gandhi.

Navsari, a beloved city of the Parsis, had the honour of having been the birthplace of Dadabhai Naoroji. He was born on September 4, 1825, in a poor Parsi family, but with a distinguished lineage. His ancestor, Zarbost Mebed, was the first Parsi priest to come to Navsari, which has since then come to be the main home of Parsi priests. He also can claim descent from Chandji Kamdin, whose perfumes caught the fancy of Nur Jahan in far off Delhi. Verily that fragrance ran in the life of Dadabhai, who became the beloved Dada of millions of Indians. He had the misfortune to lose his father at the early age of four, but he had the good fortune of having a mother, well educated

but devoted, bold and far-sighted. She must have been far-sighted indeed when she sent her son to a school where he could learn English and thus was enabled to imbibe the virile culture of the West and he could rouse his countrymen from the lethargy of centuries. Consistently with the prevailing custom of infant marriage he was married to a young girl of eight, when he himself was only eleven. She did not develop well enough to be worthy of him, but he remained a loyal and loving husband. When his mother realised her mistake and advised him to take a second wife, as was permissible in those days, he refused and taunted his mother by asking whether she would have advised his wife to marry a second husband if he was not all right. With all his love for his mother he did not fail in his love for his wife. In the midst of his heavy duties he rejoiced in the correspondence of his children and grandchildren. When he lost his only son, he bravely bore the blow and found consolation in the words of another great Indian, Behramji Malabari: "Remember, all India is your son".

Dadabhai was a fair, handsome boy, who instinctively won the affection of all he came into contact with. He was quick at learning. He mastered English and Mathematics and when his schooling was finished he was appointed Assistant Master, then Assistant Professor and finally Professor of Mathematics. He came to be known thereafter as Professor Dadabhai and he was most proud of this designation. It was a real tribute to his abilities that Sir Evelyn Baring, a former Chief

Pains

ATISM,
ATICA,
OS, Etc.



Justice of Bombay, offered to bear half the cost of sending him to England to qualify as a barrister.

Educated himself he was most anxious to pass on the benefit of his learning to others. It was comparatively easy to have boys sent to schools, but he was most anxious that girls should have the benefit of education too. It was a tremendous achievement that a band of volunteers succeeded in two months to get as many as 44 pupils for four Parsi schools and 24 for three Hindu schools. He was instrumental in founding *Gyan Prasarak Mandli* for the spread of knowledge among Marathi and Gujarati speaking people. Zoroastrianism in its Indian habitat had lost a good deal of its purity and Dadabhai sought to reform it by founding the *Mazdayasnan Sabha* and later founded *Rast Goftar*, a weekly journal to keep alive the spirit of reform. This phase of Dadabhai's activities is apt to be forgotten in the blaze of his later political triumphs, but it is worth recording as he was instrumental in preparing the ground for a radical reform in the social customs of the Parsis. The Parsi Marriage and Divorce Act was one of the earliest pieces of social legislation which has ultimately af-

ected all Indian communities. It abolished polygamy and tightened the law of divorce. The Parsi Succession Act was another piece of legislative action, which would not have been possible without the pioneering activities of Dadabhai and his early fellow reformers. That Dadabhai was not a radical reformer was brought home years later when he cautioned his daughter against cycling lest she offend public sentiments.

Though the idea of his being sent to England for higher education had not fructified, his stars took him to England. From education to business is not a normal evolution, but Dadabhai's intelligence and integrity brought him the offer of a partnership in the firm of Camas to be opened in London. It was in 1855, when Dadabhai was barely thirty, and he went to England which became his home for nearly half of his long life of over ninety. This change in his career certainly brought him more money, but his high principles made him an odd business man and he could not pull on with his partners. He was not prepared to make any money out of the firm's dealings in wine, spirits and opium. He willingly gave up his share and ultimately the partnership came to an end. But his native genius made him a good business man and he started his own firm in his own name. If he did not become a multimillionaire, he made enough to live in comfort. He could buy his books and live in "a sea of blue books" and could even help worthy causes, not to mention helping impecunious Indian stu-

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His stay in England helped him to develop into a sturdy Indian patriot, waging a brave fight against what he called the un-British Rule of England in India. He had learned so much from England and the English that he could never get over his intense admiration for England and his abiding faith in the British sense of justice. Once he said: "The Englishman is incapable of despotism. He might, and often did, carry things with a high hand, but the instinct and love of liberty, the constitutionalism which is born with and ingrained in him, made him at the time of trial recoil from being stigmatised a despot". He believed in the conscience of the British people. But this very admiration made him cry out against the injustice of the British rule in India and he was not sparing in his language.

"England has in reality been the most disastrous and destructive foreign invader of India". With an advancing sense of frustration he even went to the length of saying: "the British Government, with great ingenuity and scientific precision, was killing millions by famines and plagues and starving scores of millions. . . . The Anglo-Indians or the British were like clever surgeons, who, with the sharpest scalpels, cut to the very heart, and drew every drop of blood without leaving a scar". Not even Tilak could have used harsher language. But long years of stay in England and the whole-hearted devotion and love of English friends had engendered in him an innate admiration for English character and an abiding sense of appreciation of the British sense of justice. He knew the psychology of the

Let us always remember that we are all children of our mother country. Indeed, I have never worked in any other spirit than that I am an Indian, and owe duty to my country and all my countrymen. Whether I am a Hindu, a Mohammedan, a Parsi, a Christian, or of any other creed, I am above all an Indian. Our country is India; our nationality is Indian.

—Dadabhai Naoroji.

English. In a letter to an Indian leader he wrote: "Keep up the spirit of the people—do not be cowed down. That's the only way to deal with Englishmen". That explains why even at the age of eighty-one when he was called upon to preside over the Indian National Congress, as he was the only one to close the widening breach between the left and right wings of the Congress, he did not hesitate to say: "Our faith and our future are in our own hands. If we are true to ourselves and to our country and make all the necessary sacrifices for our elevation and amelioration, I for one have not the shadow of a doubt that in dealing with such justice-loving, fair-minded people as the British, we may rest fully assured that we shall not work in vain".

That this faith was ultimately justified forty years later in spite of intervening repressions is a tribute to Dadabhai's capacity of taking an objective

view of things and not allowing his emotions to run away with his head.

Many-sided as were Dadabhai's achievements, they have all been overshadowed by his political career. As far back as 1866 with the help of a few but staunch English friends of India he founded the East India Association. It offered a platform for all interested in India to meet and discuss her problems. He was a vociferous reader of not merely books but also of government publications, especially government reports and blue books. The result of his vast erudition was that he blossomed forth as the first serious student of Indian economics and this was abundantly proved by his famous classic *Poverty and Un-British Rule in India*. The title is significant, for the growing poverty of India was the one thing to be noted on the debit side of British rule, while the use of the word *Un-British* expressed the conflict within Dadabhai's soul between his faith in the British and the his stark realisation of the poverty of India being due to British rule. He saw the need to "agitate, agitate, agitate". He finally began to feel that if only he could get elected to the House of Commons he could voice the grievances of India with great vigour. It was only in England that a member of a subject nation could stand for election against a son of the soil. His first candidature proved a failure, but it afforded valuable experience. Two years later he stood from Central Finsbury as a Liberal and won against heavy odds by just three votes. It was a great victory and it was partly due to a stupid indiscretion on the part of the Conservative Prime Minister

Lord Salisbury, who allowed himself the liberty of speaking of Dadabhai as a "black man", when in actual fact he was as fair as a European. His election to the House of Commons sent a thrill of joy through the length and breadth of India and Dadabhai's name became a household word and his picture adorned the walls of Indian houses all over India.

During his brief parliamentary career he succeeded in having his resolution on the simultaneous examinations to be held in England and in India passed, though nothing came out of it for years. He also succeeded in having a Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the civil and military expenditure incurred by the Government of India. He himself had the honour to be a member of it.

In his long life he had opportunities of showing his administrative abilities as a member of the Bombay Municipality and later as a Dewan of Baroda. The last was a thankless job, for he had to serve an insincere Maharaja in Mulharrao Gaekwar, who had to be deposed by the British for his misrule.

Dadabhai had the sagacity to appreciate the worth of Labour in gaining India's freedom even at a time when the very idea of a Labour Party was hardly conceivable. His friendship with Hyndman, a socialist, had its value. It will remain a fact of history that it was the Labour Government of Clement Attlee that gave freedom to India and justified the faith of Dadabhai and other political leaders in India that after all England would deliver the goods as desired.

Politicians can be admired and politicians can be respected and politicians

AUGUST 7, 1960

Birble & the Crafty jeweller



Once a Jeweller brought two beautiful diamonds to Akbar's court. When asked about the price, he replied cryptically "and select correctly, evaluate properly pay the Right price." The diamonds looked so similar that many failed to value correctly. Then came Birbal's turn. During his scrutiny a fly alighted on one of the diamonds. Birbal smiled and placed both the diamonds in water. The diamond that attracted the fly soon melted away as it was a sugar candy crystal. Then Birbal said, "Put to test and judge by the result."



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can be loved. But there are few politicians who can be admired and respected and also loved. Dadabhai was one of these rare politicians. He had only one peer in the rank of Indian politicians and that was Mahatma Gandhi. A certain saintliness marked both of them and nothing endears a man to Indians so much as lofty

character. If Gandhiji was Bapu to countless admirers, Dadabhai was Dada not only to the rank and file all over India but even to Gandhiji. Such lives constitute the cream of humanity and India may well be proud that even in the days of her political degradation she could produce so noble and lofty a soul as Dadabhai Naoroji.

To me India is in very truth the Holy Land, the land whose great philosophy has been the source of all the philosophies of the Western world, the land whose great religion has been the origin of all religions, the mother of spirituality, the cradle of civilization . . . I would win your thoughts (to) India unfallen, India as she was in her past, as she shall be in her future—mother once more in days to come, as in the days behind us, of art and of knowledge, mother of spiritual life and of true religion.

—Annie Besant.

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YET FAR AWAY

R. R. DIWAKAR

PEACE, peace, peace is the one cry that we hear today from every corner of the globe. The leaders of humanity are busy devising formulas and means for establishing 'peace'. It is obvious that this hunger for peace is the outcome of the conditions of war—cold or hot—which are prevailing everywhere. Fear of war, of disturbances, of destruction and death, of insecurity, of danger to humanity and its progress face us all round.

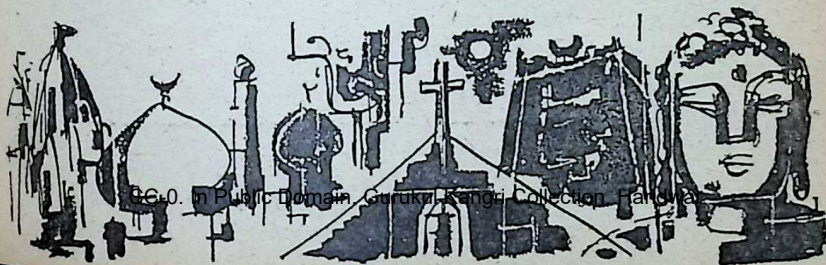
Peace is that condition of the mind and of human society where the above-mentioned obstacles to progress, hurdles in the way of the onward march of man, do not exist. At best, therefore, it is a negative condition; but it is a condition which makes it possible for positive efforts to be made to achieve the higher aims and objects of life.

Almost every religion and philosophy preaches peace as the first step and a necessary condition for normal life as well as for spiritual uplift and higher pursuits. But 'peace' is not

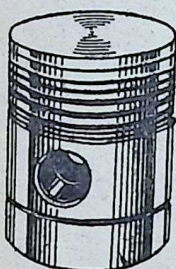
the end of life. Amen, Ameen, Islam, Shanti, all mean peace and peace is the basic prerequisite for any constructive effort in any direction of progress.

The ancient Rishis of the Upanishads began their prayers with 'Shanti' and ended the same with the same call for 'peace'. But it was neither their ultimate aspiration nor their highest goal nor the final attainment. They have clearly declared their aspirations in unmistakable terms. And perhaps those are the aspirations of every human being and of all humanity. They invoked the Supreme Spirit saying, 'Lead us from the false and the ephemeral to the Truth and the Ever-existing, from darkness and ignorance to Light and Knowledge, from death and destruction to Immortality and Eternal Life.'

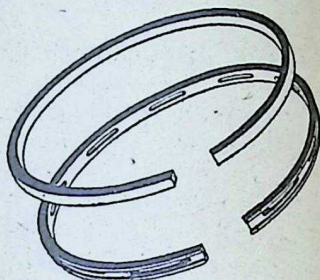
Unceasing endeavour in the pursuit of these inborn aspirations is the most remarkable and unique characteristic of the human psyche. If this ceaseless endeavour to attain perfection were not the aim and peace were the



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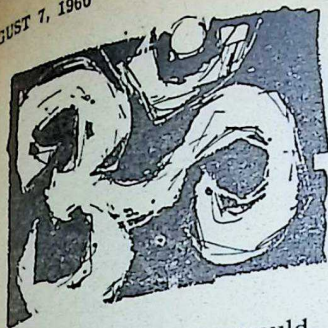
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highest objective, they would well have described the Supreme Spirit or Reality as Sat-Chit-Shanti (Existence-Consciousness-Peace). But instead, Rishis have said that Sat-Chit-Anand (Existence-Consciousness-Delight or Joy) are the characteristics of what may be conceived as the highest Reality. Eternal and Joyous Super-consciousness has been declared to be the distinguishing characteristic of the Eternal Reality by the ancient Rishis.

Thus while 'peace' is the condition necessary for all kinds of endeavour for the attainments envisaged in the triple aspiration of the Upanishadic Rishis, Sat-chit-Anand is the mark of the Supreme Reality.

But is Anand (Joy-Delight), of course infinite and uncaused Anand, the last term of the highest existence? Is the ecstasy born of communion with the highest Reality (Sat-Chit-Anand) the final end of the endeavour of the self-conscious human being? Or is there something beyond?

One may hazard that ceaseless creative activity, born of ecstatic delight or of the joy of communion with the Supreme may be the last term of the highest human consciousness. The word 'activity' may not

suit that kind of action or movement. It may better be called Leela or Sport. It may, for purposes of our understanding such Leela, be likened to the uncaused natural smile on the lips of the healthy child or the spontaneous play in which it indulges.

Such activity or sport is neither the cause of delight nor is it indulged in for the purpose of getting joy out of it. Rather it flows out of the Divine Delight which fills the heart to the brim and spills itself in the form of creative, spontaneous, and sportful activity.

All creation, the ever-evolving and eternally fresh cosmos is the sport of the Supreme Spirit, of the One Reality, of the One Law that pervades and permeates every moment of time and every point of space.

We human beings are the Children of that Reality, variously called the Spirit, the Oversoul, the Supreme Consciousness, the Truth, the God, and the Law. We are privileged to probe into the mystery of existence, and what is more, to pry and get at the secret of our own self. Still further, we can hold communion with our Mother and enjoy the ecstatic union and unitive life with Her and take part in Her eternal play of existence.

But we seem to be yet far away from this consummation. However, we have to begin to ascend from wherever we are; the journey might be difficult and the path far from easy. The pilgrim, however, cannot retreat or rest and must proceed in the faith and the hope that his Destiny is

WHO SHALL GUARD THE GUARDIANS?

PITIRIM A. SOROKIN
& WALTER A. LUNDEN

WHO shall guard the guardians?

This age-old question has momentous significance in our time.

Recent scientific discoveries have given us the nuclear and bacteriological means to exterminate the human race, civilization, and life itself on this planet.

For the past few years these weapons have been manufactured on a gigantic scale by the governments of the United States, Soviet Russia, Great Britain and France.

At the present time, the number of these stockpiled weapons (and of the planes and missiles capable of carrying them) is sufficient to bring about the aforementioned calamity.

And to compound calamity, other governments are now hastening to join

this unholy armaments race!

The danger in this situation is intensified by the fact that this immense fund of deadly power is monopolistically controlled by a mere handful of governmental rulers, assisted by a few leaders of science and technology and the captains of industry and finance.

In toto, the number of these guardians of the forces of death and destruction hardly exceeds a few hundred, and in the event of a tense international situation, the use or misuse of these forces is actually decided upon by a few dozens of these guardians.

Thus today, the power which they hold is infinitely greater and more absolute than that of any of the monarchs, dictators, or military conquerors of the past.

Coercive measures of governments,

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reinforced by the vast propaganda machinery at the disposal of the rulers, make it possible for these guardians to unleash this power with little difficulty, desolating cities and villages, poisoning the sources of our food and drink, killing hundreds of millions of people, mutilating unborn future generations, and even rendering this planet uninhabitable for most species of animals and plants. By comparison, the power of the absolute autocrats of the past was negligible, for they could destroy only a fraction of humanity. Under the present circumstances, should such a holocaust occur, life itself on this planet would hang in balance.

Thus, the question, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes* (Who shall guard the guardians?) acquires a truly fateful importance.

Can we be certain that the contemporary guardians of deadly power will never release it for the enforcement of their internal and international policies?

Can we be sure that they have the necessary wisdom, moral responsibility, and mere common sense to abstain from starting what would prove to be the greatest catastrophe in human history?

Do we have any real, foolproof guarantee against such madness in contemporary rulers?

Despite a natural wish to answer these questions affirmatively, no cheerful answers are possible.

From 600 B.C. to A.D. 1960, during some twenty-five centuries of their guardianship, the incidence of war occurred, on an average, every two to four years, while the incidence of ac-

important internal disturbance was about every five to seventeen years in the history of Greece, the Roman Empire, and eleven European and American nations.

This is a poor record of these rulers as peacemakers and builders of internal order; and it is a very good record of these guardians as warmongers and disturbers of internal stability of their nations.

If such ruling groups have not been able to establish a lasting international and internal peace throughout man's past history, there is no reason to believe they can do so now.

The social and moral "spectrum" of the existing governments and of socio-cultural conditions is sinister rather than reassuring.

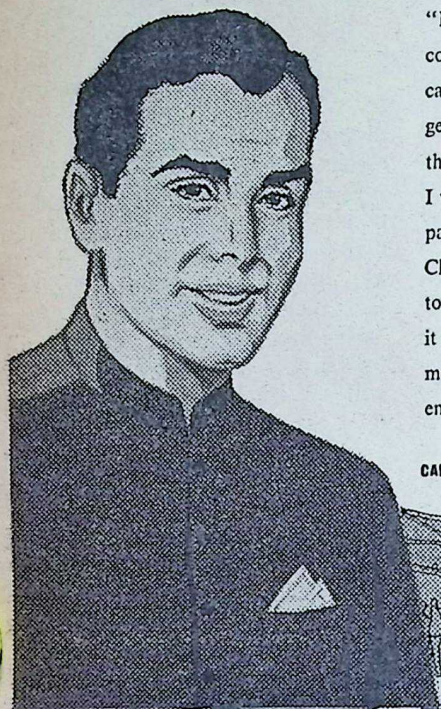
Most of the existing governments are totalitarian, autocratic, and dictatorial.

The United Nations does not and cannot materially improve this situation because its delegates are but the spokesmen of the existing governments.

Still more important is the fact that the great governments now possess nuclear arms and energy, the monopolistic control of which makes them uniquely powerful. Since power tends to corrupt, the contemporary "nuclear" governments can hardly avoid this corruption.

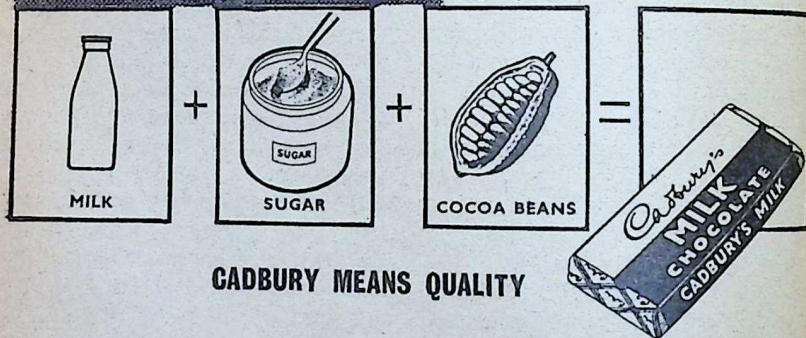
The demoralizing effect of the gigantic power they hold is reinforced by the factors of interminable cold wars, local hot wars, and by the various emergencies of our times, such as famine, depression, revolts, epidemics, floods, droughts, earthquakes, etc., that indefatigably sweep over tired

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humanity. These factors tend to make governments increasingly totalitarian.

Nor have the existing democratic regimes escaped this increase of totalitarian tendencies during the last decades.

After the armistice they greatly decreased their war-time totalitarianism, but under the influence of these factors, they have been gradually reverting back toward totalitarianism, autocracy, and limitation of the inalienable rights and liberties of their citizens and private groups.

This dangerous situation is still further aggravated by the prevailing social, mental, and moral anarchy of our age.

The previous system of basic values is now largely disintegrated, but a new system of values has not yet been built.

Hence, the extraordinary confusion that prevails in our hearts, minds, and souls.

Hence, also, the conspicuous lack of any unified public opinion of the world which might effectively guide and control contemporary men and women, and especially the existing governments and rulers.

A multitude of mutually contradictory opinions of diverse factions is a poor substitute for the real, unified public opinion of mankind.

None of the "pseudo-public opinions" of these cliques can effectively prevent governments from starting a new world war or committing other acts of catastrophic insanity; nor can they powerfully inspire the existing ruling groups to the acts of sublime morality and heroic creative achievements.

In this anarchy, the governments



are much more free from the control of mankind's conscience than they would be if a well integrated, universal system of values were functioning; in this "disorganized dust of individuals" there is no common conscience to support sound actions.

The sinister constellation of these factors does not give any guarantee against the misuse of this deadly nuclear power by its contemporary guardians.

If anything, the constellation portends rather the misuse and abuse of this power by the existing rulers and their henchmen.

Upon close analysis, most of these guardians, like those of the past governments, appear to be shortsighted rather than wise, moved by selfish interests rather than moral imperatives of mankind's well-being.

So far their policies of peace-making have been fruitless.

If the rulers (and the ruled) are not brought under the control of the wisest, most creative, and most moral forces, the outlined record of the governments and of the prevalent socio-cultural situation does not warrant any optimism at this, the most crucial moment of human history.

But can the rulers, the ruled, and the critical socio-cultural conditions be

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thought under such a control?

And if so, what immediate steps are necessary to prevent the explosion of a new world war, to make the governments wiser and less criminal, and to change respectively the ruled population and the existing critical socio-cultural conditions?

Only an omniscient superman can answer these questions infallibly. Unfortunately, we can offer only hypotheses and suggestions.



It is necessary, first of all, to state that the following suggestions are to be regarded as short-term emergency measures.

Taken alone, they can be only partially successful for a very limited time.

To be fully successful over an indefinitely long period, these emergency measures must be supplemented and reinforced by a much more basic reconstruction of mankind's systems of values, culture, and social institutions—by the transformation of man himself.

This basic reconstruction requires a much longer time and far greater effort on the part of all than the mere limitation of the power of rulers, but only such a reconstruction can prevent future catastrophes and improve both the rulers and the ruled.

We will not analyse the process completely here, for the following propositions are primarily concerned with the wisdom and morality of governments and the prevention of future wars.

1. Since power tends to corrupt, the power of the existing international and

democratic-governments which possess the monopolistic control of nuclear arms and energy must be greatly limited, if we want to improve the moral integrity of the governments.

2. The same is to be done with the extra-legal and autocratic power of the captains of industry and finance, the top executives of big corporations, the bosses of big labour unions, and of any person who holds an unduly great coercive power.

3. This limitation of power is to be brought about in an orderly manner, without physical violence, mainly through scientific and moral persuasion and according to due process of law.

4. The limitation of the rulers' power must not, however, be so drastic as to leave mankind and each nation without protection against the crimes of individuals and gangs.

If too much power corrupts, a lack of power is still worse, for it leads to anarchy and to war of everyone against everybody.

There is only one way to decrease drastically the dangerous power of nuclear governments and to prevent them from starting a new world catastrophe, namely: *universal, total disarmament* (leaving a small police force for coping with criminals and the socially dangerous insane).

Now, to turn to the meaning of this total, universal disarmament. It means:

First, the unconditional outlawing of war as a means for settling international or intranational conflicts, by each and all governments as well as the United Nations.

This outlawing implies: (a) a

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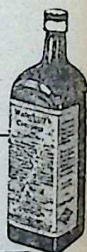


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begin unconditional prohibition of all kinds of war by the United Nations; (b) an amendment to the constitution of each government, depriving that government of the right to declare, or to carry on a war (this prohibition also refers to all kinds of civil war); (c) another amendment to the constitutions declaring freedom from military service as the inalienable right of every person.

Second, the destruction or conversion into peaceful instruments of all existing arms of all countries.

Third, cessation of manufacturing of all kinds of armament (particularly the nuclear, bacteriological, and other destructive war-means) in all countries and by all governments.

Fourth, total de-mobilization and disbanding of all armed forces in all countries and prohibition of all sorts of military recruitment (voluntary or coercive) for the rebuilding of new armed forces.

Fifth, the complete elimination of all kinds of military ranks, military

schools, and other ways of training armed forces and war specialists.

Sixth, eliminating from the budget of every country all military appropriations (except some pensions and economic help to the retired military personnel and veterans).

Seventh, the enactment by all governments of a law-statute making the actions of inciting, preparing, and starting international or civil war a criminal and punishable felony.

Such measures not only legally prohibit wars of all kinds, but they eliminate war factually by radically depriving all governments of the means and personnel with which to start and to wage any war-activity. Without such means, even the wickedest rulers could not plunge mankind into a bloody catastrophe.

Eighth, the great task of total, universal disarmament can and should be materially fostered by all true religious, ethical, philosophical, scientific, educational, political, artistic, labour, farmer, and business organizations.



It many times falls out that we deem ourselves much deceived in others because we first deceived ourselves.

—Sir P. Sidney.

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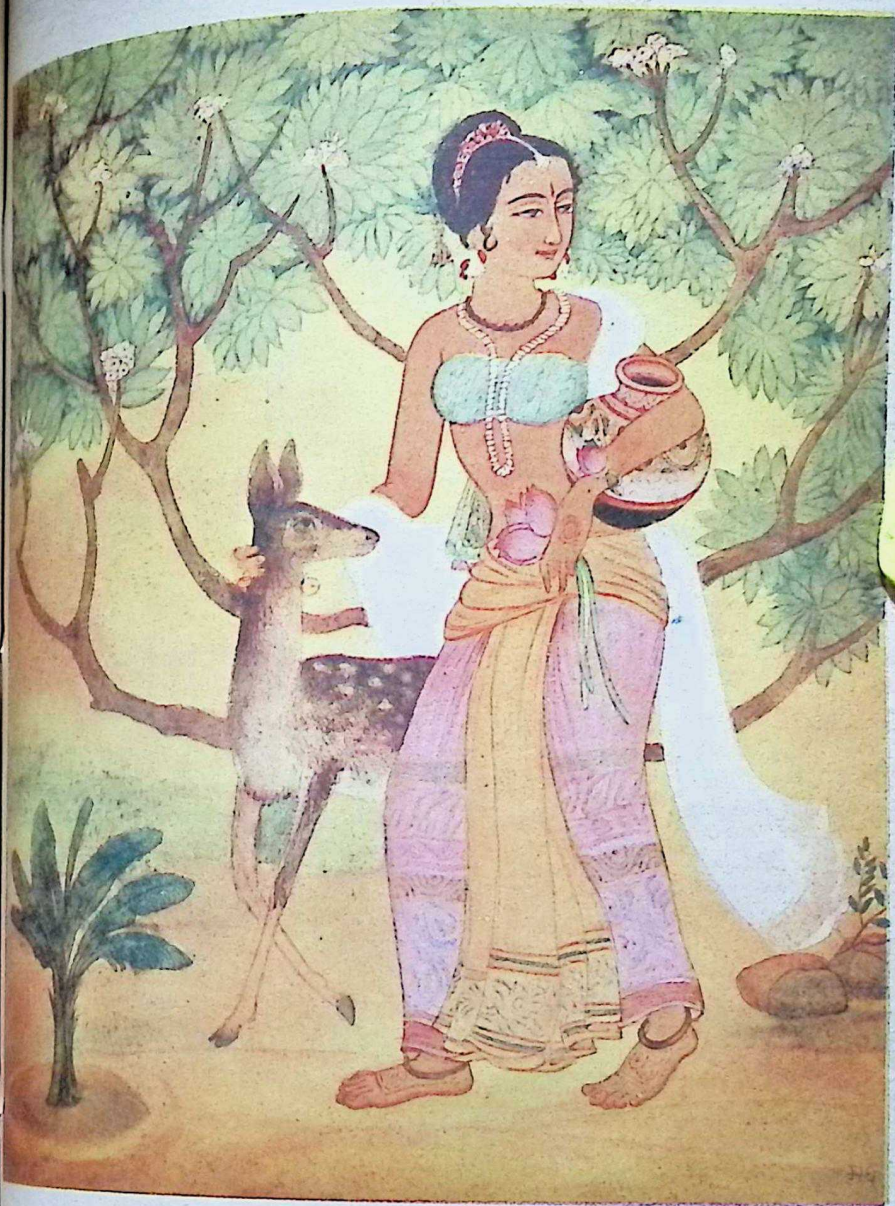
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YAKSHA-PRASNA

K. Balasubramania Aiyar

[The Mahabharata is aptly described as the "Book of Life". Centuries ago, it was proclaimed of this great epic: "What is not in it, is nowhere". This challenging assertion has stood the test of time, and today, after over twenty-five centuries, we can boldly use the same words about it.]

The Yaksha Prasna in the Mahabharata constitutes the dialogue on the banks of an enchanted pool, between Dharmaraja, the God of Death disguised as a Yaksha, and Yudhishtira, the eldest of the Pandavas, the embodiment of Dharma. It is unrivalled in ethico-philosophical literature. In the very first issue of the Bhavan's Journal dated 15th August, 1954, we had published a brief summary of the Yaksha Prasna by Sri C. Rajagopalachari. The Bhavan's Journal has now great pleasure in serialising, with suitable commentary, the whole of the incomparable gem and mother of Prasnotara-malika.]

THE Socratic method of question and answer is a time-honoured method adopted for imparting knowledge. It has been in vogue in India also as the method of ascertaining the truths of our Dharma in an effective and impressive way. The questions are sometimes in the nature of puzzles and riddles and can be answered only by a highly intellectual person well-versed in the subject. The answers are often as brief and cryptic as the questions themselves and convey a wealth of meaning. Even nearly as the Vedas, there are examples of this method. Here is one taken from the Taittiriya Samhita, Prashna 7, Prasna 4, Anuvaka 18, Ashtamedha Prakarana:

सविदेकाकी चरति ? कजस्विज्जायते

पुनः ?

सूर्य एकाकी चरति । चन्द्रमा जायते पुनः ॥
किं स्वित् हिमस्य भेषजं ? किं स्विदावपनं-
महत् ?

अग्निहिमस्य भेषजं । भूमिरावपनं महत् ॥

'Who moves alone? Who is born again?'

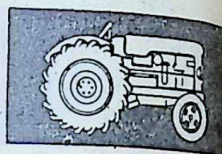
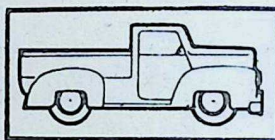
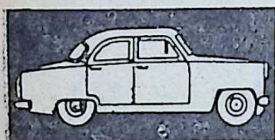
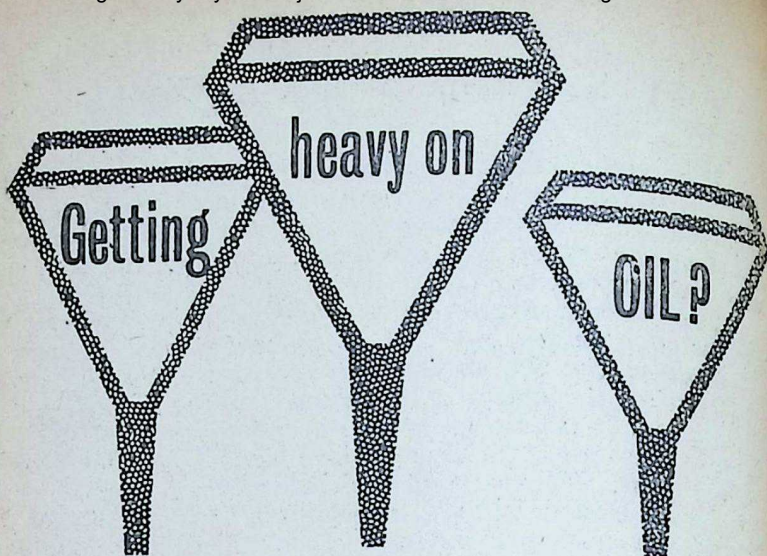
'The Sun moves alone. The Moon is born again.'

'What is the remedy for cold? Which is the great seed-bed?'

'Fire the remedy for cold. The Earth is the great seed-bed.'

The Prasnotaramalika of Sri Sanakaracharya is conceived on the same model and conveys the truths of Dharma and Metaphysics through straight questions and simple, but clear answers.

The Yaksha Prasna is found in the



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Yaksha Sub-Parva of the Vana
of the Mahabharata. It is a dia-
logue between a Yaksha and Yudhis-
thira, the eldest of the Pandava bro-
thers, also known as Dharmaputra.

While the Pandavas were in exile in
the forest, a Brahmana sought their
help to get back the pieces of Arani
used for making fire by churn-
ing which had been carried away
from his hermitage by a deer. The
Pandavas chased the deer in the forest,
but, being fleet of foot,
lost their grasp. They got tired and
thirsty and wanted water. Climbing a
tree, Nakula saw a lake at a dis-
tance. He was sent to fetch water from
there. He went there and before he
could raise the water to his lips, a Yak-
sha bade him answer the questions he
asked put him before he touched the
water. Unmindful of the command,
Nakula drank the water and fell down
unconscious. The same happened to
Arjuna, Arjuna and Bhima, who
were in quest of Nakula. At last Dhar-
maraja went to the lake and saw his
brothers lying senseless on the ground.
He was overwhelmed with grief.
When he got into the water to per-
form his ablutions, the Yaksha bade
him also answer his questions. Dhar-
maraja agreed, and then followed the
dialogue between the celestial being
who was no other than Dharmaraja,
the God of Death, who rules according
to Dharma, and Yudhishtira, who is
the incarnation of Dharmaraja. Upon
Yudhishtira answering the questions
satisfactorily, the Yaksha restored the
brothers back to life. The questions
and the answers constitute the portion
called Yaksha Prasna in the Maha-
bhārata.

Like the *Vidura Niti*, the *Yaksha Prasna* is an ethico-philosophical dis-
course pregnant with spiritual import.
Terse and puzzling as the questions
were, only a master-mind as that of
Yudhishtira, who was absolutely clear
in his knowledge of the eternal Dhar-
ma, as he was steadfast in his uncom-
promising allegiance to it, that could
have answered them in the way that
he did.

Like the questions, the answers too
cannot be understood without a com-
mentary and this has been provided
by Sri Neelakanta, the famous com-
mentator on the *Mahabharata*.

The first sloka of the *Yaksha Prasna*
consists of four questions asked by the
Yaksha:

किंस्वित् आदित्यं उन्नयति ?
के च तस्याभितश्चराः ?
कश्चैनं अस्तं नयति ?
कस्मिंश्च प्रतितिष्ठति ?

1. What is it that makes the sun rise up?
2. Who are his surrounding atten-
dants?
3. Who makes the sun set?
4. In which is he firmly placed?

Yudhishtira answered:

ब्रह्म आदित्यं उन्नयति ।
देवाः तस्याभितश्चराः ।
धर्मश्चास्तं नयति ।
सत्ये च प्रतितिष्ठति ॥

1. The Veda (Brahma) makes the
sun rise.
2. The Devas are his attendants.
3. Dharma makes the sun set, and
4. He is firmly grounded in truth.

Neelakanta, the commentator, says
that the questions and answers have

been begun for the purpose of ascertaining the truth about the Atman. It has been said in the Upanishads that he who knows the Atman crosses over sorrow and that is the benefit one attains by the knowledge of the Atman. Hence he interprets the first question 'what makes the sun rise?' as 'what makes the Atman rise?' Though Aditya generally means the sun, it is interpreted as 'the soul of man' as that which through the five senses gets the knowledge of sounds, etc.

When Yudhishtira gives the answer to this question as Veda, he takes it to mean that it is the Veda ('Brahma' is used as a synonym for 'Veda') that gives the knowledge of differentiating the pure Atman from the soul which is frequently confused with the senses and the body from which it is different. The answer of Dharmaputra that 'the Devas are the attendants' is interpreted by Neelakanta thus: 'By Devas are denoted *sama*, *dama*, etc. and it is with the aid of this that the knowledge of the Atman can be obtained. When Dharmaputra says 'that *dharma* makes the sun set', by *dharma* he meant *karma*, *upasana*, etc. and these directly or indirectly make a man see the Atman in the '*akasa* of the heart.' The answer 'is firmly grounded in truth' means 'that the *upasana* in the *akasa* of the heart leads one finally to see the truth of the Absolute Reality, devoid of all *gunas*, which is pure consciousness. Thus Neelakanta interprets the question and the answer in the philosophical way.

If we take the word 'Aditya' as meaning 'the sun' only, the question has really reference to the following

passage in the *Yajurveda* (Kathaka) where it is said that it is by the *Rasana* that the sun rises in the first part of the day, it is by *Yajus* that it sets at noon in the middle of the sky and it is by the *Samaveda* that it attains the glory of the sun set.

ऋग्भिः पूर्वाह्ने दिवि देव ईयते ।
यजुर्वेदे तिष्ठति मध्ये अह्नः ।
सामवेदेनास्तमये महीयते ।

Taittiriya-kataka 3rd Prashna
9th Anuvak

Another passage of the *Veda* in the *Rigveda* Aruna says that the sun shines because of the *Purusha* of golden hue who is the inner being of the sun and he shines through the *Veda*.

संषा त्रय्येव विद्या तपति यं एषोन्तरा-
दित्ये हिरण्यमयः पुरुषः

Taittiriya-kathaka 3rd Prashna
14th Anuvak

The second passage gives the clue to the philosophical interpretation of the question. The words of the question of the *Yaksha* seem to be taken from *Samaveda* which is as follows:

उन्नयामि-होइ-आदित्यं प्राञ्चं यत्तं
उन्नयामि-होइ-अहोरात्राण्यरित्राणि-होइ-
द्यौर्ना-होइ-तस्यामसावादित्य ईयते-होइ

Samaveda-Aranya-Shukriya

The purport of the question and answer is 'there is a great law that governs the whole solar system and it is the *Samaveda* that which is responsible for the regular motion of the planets and the earth in their orbits, round the sun, which is the astronomical explanation of the rising and setting of the sun.'

[To be continued]

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WHAT is it that India is to win and maintain?

Can anything small or circumscribed ever satisfy the mind of India?

Has her own history and the teaching of the past prepared her for some temporary and quite subordinate gain?

There are at this moment two complementary and not antagonistic ideals before the country.

India is drawn into the vortex of international competition. She has to become efficient in every way,—through spread of education, through performance of civic duties and responsibilities, through activities both industrial and commercial. Neglect of

these essentials of national duty will imperil her very existence; and sufficient stimulus for these will be found in success and satisfaction of personal ambition.

But these alone do not ensure the life of a nation. Such material activities have brought in the West the fruit, in accession of power and wealth.

There has been a feverish rush even in the realm of science, for exploiting applications of knowledge not so often for saving as for destruction. In the absence of some power of restraint, civilisation is trembling in an unstable poise on the brink of ruin.

Some complementary ideal there must be to save man from that

EST 7, 1960

which must end in disaster. He followed the lure and excitement of some insatiable ambition, never pausing for a moment to think of the ultimate object for which success was to serve as a temporary incentive.

He forgot that far more potent than competition was mutual help and co-operation in the scheme of life.

And in this country through millennia there always have been some beyond the immediate and absorbing prize of the hour, sought for the realisation of the highest ideal of life—not through passive renunciation, but through active struggle.

The weakling who has refused the conflict, having acquired nothing, has nothing to renounce.

He alone who has striven and won, can enrich the world by giving away the fruits of his victorious experience.

In India such examples of constant realisation of ideals through work have resulted in the formation of a continuous living tradition.

And by her latent power of rejuvenescence she has readjusted herself through infinite transformations.

Thus while the souls of Babylon and the Nile Valley have transmigrated, India still remains vital and with capacity of absorbing what time has brought, and making it one with herself.

The ideal of giving, of enriching, of self-renunciation in response to the highest call of humanity is the other and complementary ideal.

The motive power for this is not to be found in personal ambition but

in the effacement of all littlenesses, and uprooting of that ignorance which regards anything as gain which is to be purchased at others' loss.

This I know, that no vision of truth comes except in the absence of all sources of distraction, and when the mind has reached the point of rest.

Public life, and the various professions will be the appropriate spheres of activity for many aspiring young men. But I call on those very few, who, realising inner call, will devote their whole life with strengthened character and determined purpose to take part in that infinite struggle to win knowledge for its own sake and see truth face to face.

The excessive specialisation of modern science in the West has led to the danger of losing sight of the fundamental fact that there can be but one truth, one science, which includes all the branches of knowledge.

How chaotic appear the happenings in Nature? Is nature a Cosmos in which the human mind is some day to realise the uniform march of sequence, order and law?

India through her habit of mind is peculiarly fitted to realise the idea of unity, and to see in the phenomenal world an orderly universe.

This trend of thought led me unconsciously to the dividing frontiers of different sciences and shaped the course of my work in its constant alternations between the theoretical and practical, from the investigation of the inorganic world to that of organised life and its multifarious activities of growth, of movement, and

Aye, a glorious destiny, my brethren, for as far back as the days of the Upanishads we have thrown the challenge to the world not by wealth, not by progeny, but by renunciation alone immortality is reached.

—Swami Vivekananda

even of sensation. On looking over a hundred and fifty different lines of investigations carried on during the last twenty-three years, I now discover in them a natural sequence.

A question long perplexing physiologists and psychologists alike is that concerned with the great mystery that underlies memory.

But now through certain experiments I have carried out, it is possible to trace "memory impressions" backwards even in inorganic matter, such latent impressions being capable of subsequent revival.

Again the tone of our sensation is determined by the intensity of nervous excitation that reaches the central perceiving organ. It would theoretically be possible to change the tone or quality of our sensation, if means could be discovered by which the nervous impulse would become modified during transit.

Investigation on nervous impulse in plants has led to the discovery of a Controlling method, which was found equally effective in regard to the nervous impulse in animal.

Thus the lines of physics, of physiology and of psychology converge and meet. And here will assemble those who would seek oneness amidst the manifold. Here it is that the

genius of India should find its true blossoming.

The thrill in matter, the throb of life, the pulse of growth, the impulse coursing through the nerves and the resulting sensations, how diverse are these and yet how unified!

How strange it is that the tremor of excitation in nervous matter should not merely be transmuted and reflected like the image on a mirror, from a different plane of life, in sensation and in affection, in thought and in emotion. Of these which is more real, the material body or the image which is independent of it? Which of these is undecaying, and which of these is beyond the reach of death?

It was a woman in the Vedic times who when asked to take her choice of the wealth that would be hers for the asking, inquired whether that would win for her deathlessness. What would she do with it, if it did not raise her above death? This has always been the cry of the soul of India, not for addition of material bondage, but to work out through struggle her self-chosen destiny and win immortality.

Many a nation had risen in the past and won the empire of the world. A few buried fragments are all that remain as memorials of the great dynasties that have ruled the temporal power.

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There is, however, another element which finds its incarnation in matter, transcends its transmutation and transcends destruction: that is the eternal flame born of thought which has been handed down through fleet-generations.

Not in matter, but in thought, not in possessions or even in attainments, the ideals, are to be found the seeds of immortality.

Not through material acquisition, but through generous diffusion of ideas and ideals can the true empire of humanity be established.

Thus to Ashoka to whom belonged the vast empire, bounded by the innermost seas, after he had tried to conquer the world by giving away to the world, at the utmost, there came a time when he had nothing more to give, except the half of an *Amalaki* fruit.

This was his last possession, and his last wish was that since he had nothing more to give, let the half of the *Amalaki* be accepted as his final gift.

It was the Rishi Dadhichi, the pure and blameless, who offered his life as the divine weapon, the thunder-bolt, might be fashioned out of his bones to smite evil and exalt righteousness.

This is but half of the *Amalaki* that the soul can offer.

But the past shall be reborn in a nobler future.

We stand here today and resume our work tomorrow so that by the end of our lives and our unshaken faith in the future we may all help build the greater India yet to be.

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... The great and learned profession of law teaches its members the admirable virtue of patience... It rounds off our oddities and by rubbing shoulders very often with one's superiors in wisdom and learning, one learns to give respect where it is due, and to have patience with all with whom the professional life brings one into close touch...



B. P. SINHA

Chief Justice of India

What Life has Taught me

MY working life has been mostly concerned with law, law courts, litigation and lawyers. My lessons, therefore, are naturally derived from my experiences as a practising lawyer for just over twenty years and as a Judge for about eighteen years. But looking back, I find that the fundamentals of one's character and way of life are truly traced to what one had learnt most during the formative period of one's life.

When I was about twelve years of age, I was selected for reciting a well-known English poem, Longfellow's "Psalm of life," on an occasion which was then considered to be historic, namely, the visit of the Commission

of the Division to our school. While learning by heart the "Psalm of Life" even at that early age, some of the lines of that poem left an indelible impression on my mind and character. All my life the following lines have been fresh in my memory:

"Trust no Future however pleasant,
Let the Dead Past bury its dead,
Act, act in the Living Present,
Heart within and God o'head."

This lesson learnt very early in life was very much reinforced by my weekly attendance at the lectures on the *Gita* which used to be delivered every Sunday afternoon by a very great Sanskrit scholar and learned lawyer, the late Sri Mangal Charan Chaudhary, the eldest brother

AUGUST 7, 1960

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my friend, Sri Mahabir Prasad, the
Advocate-General of Bihar.
now the majestic figure of the
Sri Mangal Charan delivering his
addresses at Joda Mandir, as it
called in my home town Arrah,
vividly before my mind's eye
I distinctly remember him lay-
great stress upon Karma Yoga—
*your assigned duty as best as you
without looking forward to your*

S
t

With a view to becoming a teacher
the Government College at Patna,
which is my *alma mater*, I had taken
the Honours Degree and later the
A. Degree in History in 1921, but
these were the days when Mahatma
Gandhi was preaching his cult of non-
cooperation and asking Government
servants to give up their service and
devote their time to winning Swa-
thedom. His preachings in Patna had a tre-
mendous effect in the years 1920-21.
For one decided not to think of Gov-
ernment service. That decision was
made early in 1921. When I had just
prepared for the Final Law Exami-
nation in July 1922, one of my con-
temporaries who also had taken the
same examination put to me a very
direct question. We were in his an-
cestral house in a big hall with many
cupboards full of law books and law
reports belonging to his late father
and subsequently to his elder brother
who had died rather very young, but
who had attained distinction in the prac-
tice of law in the Calcutta High Court
and subsequently come to Patna when
the Patna High Court was created in
1916. My friend asked me what I in-
tended doing after taking my Law de-
gree. Without a moment's hesitation.

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I informed him that I intended to set up practice in the Patna High Court as a Vakil, as practitioners in the High Court, not being Barristers, were then called. He was rather taken aback by this unhesitating answer and he explained his surprise by pointing out that I had no friends or relations in the High Court or even one volume of law report with which to start my practice. He pointed out the big library and the large clientele which his father and his elder brother had left for him. He further observed that with all those advantages of a large clientele and a big library and a lot of goodwill, he was not so decided in his mind as I was. I was a little impudent in asking him whether his father, when he started his practice in the Calcutta High Court, had any relations or friends or a big library with which to start his practice. He said his father had started on a clean slate. I at once pointed out to him that I too wished to start on a clean slate as his father had done and then I pointed out to him the above-quoted lines of the poet and told him that I wished to start "Heart within and God overhead."

After passing the viva voce test, then called the Chamber Examination, held by two Judges of the Patna High Court, I got enrolled as a Vakil of the Patna High Court on December 15, 1922, but I started my practice seriously after my return from the Gaya Session of the Indian National Congress which was presided over by the late Sri C. R. Das, and after having functioned as one of the captains of the volunteers serving the Congress there for about ten days. I really start-

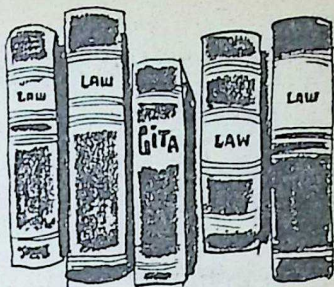
ed my practice in January 1923 without any friend or relation to help in the beginning, though later I made many friends at the Bar, of whom I distinctly remember three, who were very kind to me, namely, (1) Shriwar Dayal, who died rather young while holding the responsible position of the Government Pleader of the High Court, (2) Sri Shambhu Saran, who also very early in life succeeded to the large practice of Rajendra Babu, who is now the Rashtrapati of India, and (3) Sri Nirsu Narayan Sinha, who was then the Leader of the Opposition in the Bihar Legislature constituted under the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms Act, and who later became a Member of the Executive Council of the Governor of Bihar. All these three gentlemen, though not the leaders of the Bar, were occupying prominent places as leaders amongst the junior section of the Bar. They were very busy practitioners and I used to volunteer my services to them in getting up the cases without any expectation of fee. I felt beholden to them that they gave me so many opportunities of arguing their overflow briefs at a time when no paying litigant would entrust a brief to me. But whether it was a paid brief or a transferred brief without any fee, I certainly did all I could to present the case as best as I could. Thus my reward was that I acquired the reputation of a junior who took to his work seriously. This was a great achievement in itself.

I learnt very early in the course of my practice at the Bar that a litigant was not the least concerned with the colour of the law.

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What concern-
 should choose. I found suc-
 most was how to achieve suc-
 in his litigation. Thus I found
 even my relations would not
 of engaging me even as a junior
 their cases, because they were not
 of me. They naturally and right-
 engaged better qualified and senior
 practitioners at the Bar if they had
 pay a fee. They would come to me
 if my engagement meant no ex-
 to them in money. Even then
 sound reasons to be thankful to
 because they had entrusted their
 to me. For a beginner in the pro-
 of law the opportunity to learn
 or to argue cases is itself a great
 advantage.

During my school days I had writ-
 of the Editor an essay on "Knowledge is
 an essay on "Knowledge is
 I found the truth of that say-
 fully illustrated in my practice at
 the Bar. In order to succeed at the
 one has to have full confidence
 oneself. Such a confidence comes
 if one is fully prepared with the
 of the case and the law bearing
 those facts. That comes only by
 work. In the ultimate analysis,
 therefore, the most essential condition
 success at the Bar is hard work
 perseverance. Very early in my
 as a practising lawyer I discover-
 that practitioners who were not
 posted with the facts of their
 or with the law on the subject
 rather badly when they stood
 to argue their side of the case,
 though they justly enjoyed the
 of being good public speak-
 It is not my attempt here to set
 the conditions for success at the
 in all aspects. I have just indi-
 what I learnt as one of the les-



sons of my career at the Bar, the hard way.

I have already indicated that I had no close friends or relations at the Bar to help me at the Bar. On the contrary, my experience also is that having such friends and relations at the Bar is not always a help. Very often it is a hindrance. I have known some leading members of the Bar whose sons or sons-in-law or nephews did not do well at the Bar, though otherwise qualified, perhaps because they depended too much on what they considered to be their initial advantage. It may be said without fear of contradiction that oftener than not the relations of successful practitioners at the Bar have failed to do well at the Bar.

In this connection I would make another observation which, I think, is well-founded. In order that the foundations of a successful legal practice may be well and truly laid, a practitioner has to learn his law the hard way. I found in my practice that every case handled by me taught me something new. In other words, not only sound theoretical knowledge of law is essential to the making of a successful lawyer but also actual practice at the Bar. Experience of actual

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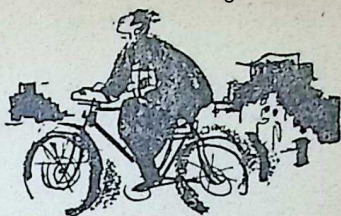


practice at the Bar, therefore, not be dispensed with.

Another aspect of a struggle junior's practice at the Bar may be indicated for the benefit of those who have set up practice with much capital to back them up during the early years of struggle at the Bar. There used to be a belief that in order to succeed at the Bar one must put up a show, that is to say, should have a motor car for a conveyance, a nice bungalow for residence, and the rest of it. But I am happy to record this as my experience that such notions are not well-founded. During my time generally, even, struggle the juniors used to go to Court on a conveyance like a phaeton or a hackney carriage. When I started my practice, my elder brother, who was the head of the family, proposed to purchase Rs. 2,500 at my disposal which was enough in the year 1923 to purchase a new car so that I should, according to his ideas, start as a respectable practitioner. But I refused that offer because I thought I should try to start on my own feet and I decided that I should not have a car until I could afford to purchase one out of my own earnings, and that I did about five years later. I started going to Court on a bicycle. I distinctly remember that some members of the Vakils' Association, as it was then called, were

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disturbed by my starting this
 of cycling to the High Court,
 ultimately I succeeded in convinc-
 them that those objections were
 of a false sense of prestige.
 The great and learned profession of
 to which I have the honour to
 teaches its members the ad-
 virtue of patience. Ordinarily,
 is inclined to be impatient with
 adversary, or even with one who
 be one's paymaster. We do not
 suffer fools, but the great pro-
 of law rounds off our oddities
 by rubbing shoulders very often
 one's superiors in wisdom and
 one learns to give respect
 it is due, and to have patience
 all with whom the professional
 brings one into close touch. Very
 with lack of experience of men
 affairs, a young lawyer is apt to
 patience with a litigant who is
 importunate in pressing upon
 attention of his lawyer, a cause
 the latter may not be inclined
 because in his view the
 had no case. The litigant, on
 other hand, is so full of his case
 the justice of his cause, that he
 on placing papers and docu-
 before his legal adviser which
 latter is inclined to brush aside
 irrelevant and against the view-
 of his client. Very often a law-
 has to meet on the opposite side
 fellow-practitioner who is inclined
 to be longwinded and to indulge in
 of my own and sometimes he has to place
 case before a Judge who may not
 quick enough to appreciate his



viewpoint. A lawyer has, therefore, to learn *willy-nilly* the great virtue of patience with all with whom his professional life may bring him into close touch.

Another great virtue that a busy practitioner learns in the Courts of Law is the *Gita* attitude, namely, the lawyer comes to learn in due course, that his part is to do his best for his client, to present his client's case in the best light, to interpret disputed documents in the way most favourable to his client's cause and very often to explain away inconvenient situations. But after he has done all that, he has to leave the case to the best judgment of the presiding Judge or the Judges who have heard the case, and his client to his luck. Thus he develops an attitude of detachment and unconcern about the ultimate result. So long as he has done his best, it does not matter to him in what way the verdict of the jury or the judgment of the Judge goes. But this attitude of mind naturally takes time to develop and it comes only after one has laboured hard in the cause of one's clients and after one had known bitter disappointments, especially during the earlier and less mature years in the profession. But in the end he does learn 'to labour and to wait.'



H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PROBABLY India has never been so much interested in her militia as she is today. There are several reasons for it: first, there is the conviction that should our hard-won independence be not jeopardised, as a nation we must be strong militarily; secondly, during the period of foreign rule, the tradition of military service which, in a democracy, should be common to every citizen, had become confined to a few restricted groups; thirdly, there is the growing recognition of the value of military training to our national character.

All these considerations have forced the subject of military education steadily into the forefront ever since the 15th August 1947. While it is all to the good that we should be taking a live interest in it, it is very necessary that we have a clear conception of what we are seeking.

One of the most significant changes the present century has brought about concerns the relation of the people of any country to its Defence Forces. No longer does the ordinary person regard them as something apart and distant from the even tenor of his normal life. His duty in respect of the Defence of his country does not end with paying his taxes, and leaving it to the Government to manage them with the help of a professional army, navy and air force in

such a way as to obtain for him best value for his money.

The last two wars have brought home vividly the truth that in the present conditions, there is little distinction between a nation and its defence forces. In a modern state, the Armed Forces are really the citizens in battle dress! The citizen has accordingly acquired a new importance. To other responsibilities, one more, greater, has been added. On him, in the last resort, depends the safety of a country. In these circumstances, it is essential that the citizen should be fitted to discharge this responsibility and therein lies the importance of the subject of Military Education.

I am not concerned with Military Education in the professional sense in which all those who take up the career of a soldier, or a sailor, or an airman should take. I am concerned rather with the education which every citizen should have to enable him to possess those qualities which will turn him into a good military man in case of need.

What then are these qualities? They are:

Physical endurance, discipline, self-reliance, independence of thought, a capacity for comradeship and team work.

Most great Commanders are agreed that a nation whose citizens possess these qualities, has certainly the material for its excellent defence.

Education in the present context
 therefore that training which will
 and intensify the development
 the aforementioned qualities in the
 ordinary citizen.

One cannot be a good soldier un-
 less he can stand a great deal of phy-
 sical strain. In other words, he must
 tough. In spite of the mechanical
 progress and comforts of modern
 soldiering on active service or
 conditions akin to active service,
 remains a really hard business. Suc-
 cess in war depends upon doing
 damage to the men and mate-
 rial of your opponent that he cannot
 do any further. In the process you
 will suffer all the damage that
 your opponent can inflict on you.
 Toughness is thus necessary both for
 attack and for defence.

Where this toughness is traditional,
 for instance, with the British, its
 acquisition by training and develop-
 ment is a simpler affair in spite of the
 comparatively high standard of life
 and comforts enjoyed by the ordinary
 British citizen. Where there is no such
 background and tradition, as for in-
 stance, among the softer inhabitants of
 India, although the average citizen in
 our country is content with a much
 lower standard of life generally, it is
 harder. The spirit is the important ele-
 ment in this matter.

In our own country, the class divi-
 sion followed at a later date by the
 more artificial distinction between
 martial and non-martial races, has
 prevented the growth of any such tra-
 dition among the large sections of the
 population. Consequently, we are up
 against a very real problem and it
 must be the aim of every educationist

to see that this quality of physical
 endurance is implanted from child-
 hood in our youth of all classes and
 sections.

A pre-requisite of this, it seems to
 me, is a change in the scale of values
 ordinarily accepted by most of us. On
 the whole large sections of our edu-
 cated classes regard the acquisition of
 riches and comfort as the principal
 aim of life, and whatever the lip-ser-
 vice they may pay to other ideals,
 they reserve their greatest respect and
 consideration for wealth and its pos-
 session. In brief, very little recognition
 is generally given to the fact that an
 honest man is the noblest work of
 God.

For a people with this scale of
 values, the acquisition of endurance,
 that is, sufferance and valour, is in-
 deed difficult. However, in the na-
 tional interest, the task must be at-
 tempted and it is for the educationists
 to lay down methods for instilling the
 truer standard of values in the minds
 of our young men and women so as
 to make them realise that the aim of
 existence is not riches and luxury but
 honesty of purpose and high spirit
 which enable us to endure any amount
 of hardship in the cause of our
 country.

This toughness sometimes finds ex-
 pression in an adventurous spirit which
 makes men in comfortable circum-
 stances, without risk of life or limb,
 attempt most difficult and dangerous
 tasks with a sense of enjoyment. Thus
 in the United Kingdom, young and
 middle-aged lawyers, bankers, legisla-
 tors, civil servants are known to leave
 their occupations to undergo the hard-
 ships of a private soldier's life in times

of war, even when, without much difficulty, they could have obtained Commission as officers. Much valuable knowledge is also acquired by such private gentlemen adventuring in foreign countries, sometimes at grave danger to themselves. Such instances are practically non-existent in this country. It is to be hoped that with the development of the spirit of toughness, our young men of the well-to-do classes will not be found lacking in that spirit of adventure which lends colour to the life of the individual and creates examples for the youth of the nation.

An argument often urged by advocates of *laissez faire*, who do not wish us to undertake some plan or scheme that has been worked successfully elsewhere is that our people are not

disciplined. Whatever the merits of the argument, it is worthwhile understanding the idea behind this important word 'discipline'. Clearly, discipline does not mean merely obedience. Obedience is one of the primary teachings sedulously instilled in every child: obedience to parents, elders, to preceptors or teachers. There is stress or emphasis on this virtue perhaps a little overdone by us, but the distinction between obedience and blind following is often not perceived occasionally with harmful results both to the individual and to the community.

Discipline is something different from obedience. It has been defined as "Teaching which makes a man do that which he would not, unless he had learnt that it was right, the proper and the expedient thing to do." There is, thus, an element of judgment about discipline which is not present in obedience.

The disciplined man, however quiet and apparently involuntary his action, derives his action from freedom of will. It is this quality of willing and understanding acceptance of superior authority that is most valuable in the citizen turned soldier. Punishment would be the worst and least successful way of instilling discipline. When the educators command the respect of their pupils and awaken a sense of pride in themselves and a realisation of their duty, discipline follows automatically.

Discipline, in other words, must be looked upon as something more

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in the sense of abstaining from something or doing only what one may undertake without risks. As Marshal Foch once put it, "Discipline is not the art of eluding responsibility; it means acting in obedience with orders received and, therefore, of finding in one's mind, by thought and reflection, the possibility of carrying out such orders. It also means acting in one's own will the energy and the risks involved in execution." This is the third of the group of qualities to which I have referred as the result of Military Education, a certain capacity for independent thinking.

Gone are the days when the best soldier was the one who thought least and left everything to those above him. While obedience to orders still remains the primary necessity, modern warfare is full of situations even for the ordinary infantry soldier when he must act on his own initiative for the benefit of his regiment. Accordingly, the person who can use his mind to the best effect is of great value in the citizen's army, and it must be our constant endeavour to foster rather than suppress the ability to think for oneself, often regarded in academic and political circles as a fatal defect to be ruthlessly eradicated.

Finally, our training must be directed to building up the capacity for comradeship. It is only when men can work together for a single aim, overlooking individual success and advantage, that victory is won for the

common cause. Comradeship and team-work are essential elements of that spirit without which success is impossible. Victory in war depends ultimately on morale, the collective name for that feeling of confidence in oneself, his cause, and his commanders which team-work and comradeship alone can engender.

These then are the tasks before us. I cannot conclude better than by re-echoing the last words of a great soldier's order to his troops: "Knowing the vanity of man's effort, and the confusion of his purpose, let us pray that God may accept our services and direct our endeavours so that when we shall have done all, we shall see the fruits of our labours and be satisfied."



CARE OF YOUR CHILD'S



EYES

Dr. B. Y. PARANJAPE

IN tropical countries like India normally people nearing 40 years of age start getting trouble with their eyesight. They find it difficult to see things clearly at working distance. This is due to the loss of elasticity in the lens of the eyes. To put it differently, the lens is unable to increase its convexity and consequently its power to focus on near objects.

Now, the natural remedy for such a state is the reading-glasses, just as a camera requires additional lens for portraiture. People of that age group have no objection to wearing glasses. They seem to take it for granted that they are inevitable and necessary.

But when glasses are prescribed for their children, they feel upset. They think the very idea is unkind and impracticable. Some consider it a calamity, but they do not realise the inconvenience and handicap to the children.

The eye of an infant at birth is only 17 to 20 millimeters in diameter and slightly over $\frac{2}{3}$ rd of the adult size and it goes on growing till it attains the full size of about 24 millimeters when the body's growth is complete about 21 years of age.

60% of the children are born with long-sightedness, so to say, as the eye is shorter at birth. This long-sightedness reduces as the eye grows to adult size i.e. up to 24 millimeters. Now it is this class of children that "grow out of the defect" or "get rid of glasses."

Short-sightedness, on the other hand, has a different story to tell. About 20% of the children are born with a longer eye, or in technical terms, a pronounced curvature of the cornea or the lens. When these children grow, these defects too grow and consequently, the short-sight increases till they attain adulthood.

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As we pursue the subject with this background we shall clearly understand that if proper glasses are not worn when they are required, the deviated or weaker eye may deviate from the visual line and the vision may become uncoordinated. The weaker eye on may altogether forget its position and never be able to see up to the standard (called amblyopia) it may squint.

The deviated or squinting eye is out of gear. In small squints, certain exercises with the use of visual aids are useful. In some cases squints medicines and glasses together are of avail. In squints of higher degrees and of longer duration, these may fail, and operation alone may prove successful.

To reach a decision, the eye-specialist has to examine the child thoroughly and find out the cause. The trouble may be error of refraction, obstruction in the path of light rays or diseases of the retina.

Here are some major defects of the eye caused by refraction or bending of rays: (1) far-sightedness, (2) short-sightedness, (3) astigmatism and (4) near-sight.

In far-sightedness (or long-sightedness) there is difficulty in focussing on near objects. But objects at a distance could be clearly seen. This is the result of the shortness of the eye or, the curvature of the cornea or the lens is too little. Here rays from the objects are focussed behind and beyond, and not on the retina. Hence, convex lenses have to be worn.

Short-sight is inability to see distant objects, but near vision is good though. It is caused by exaggerated

IT IS NOT ONLY A DRINK

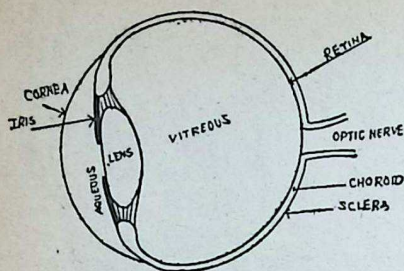
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length of the eye or pronounced curvature of the lens. Consequently rays from the objects fail to reach the retina and fall in front of it. Consequently concave lenses have to be worn.

Now astigmatism is caused by the difference in the radii of curvature in two directions of the lenses. Therefore, the objects do not appear sharp. In this case cylindrical lenses are worn.

Old-age sight is difficulty in coping with near work like reading, writing, sewing, etc., which occurs at about the age of 40. It is technically called presbyopia.

Statistically about 28% of school children in this country have defective eye-vision. 60% of people near 40 years of age have faulty vision and with increase in age the percentage of defect increases. In all these conditions glasses are the remedy.

Questions often asked are: "Are glasses the only remedy? Could not they be avoided? Are there no medical cures? Are there no exercises to strengthen the eyes?"

Let us examine the facts. The necessity of wearing glasses arises fundamentally out of the imbalanced development of the component parts of the eye. Naturally a remedy should

take the form of something that restore the balance. Now the question that should be asked is: "Is there such remedy that can stand the test of scientific reason?"

There are people who are led to believe that exercises according to some system or another like Macfadden or Bates would do the trick. But scientific investigation has revealed that lasting benefits have been obtained from any of these systems in all cases. Among medicines, vitamin A is one commonly thought of by laymen. But none of the above can correct refractive error *per se*. Perhaps, if the error had developed as a result of some defect in the general health, medicines could help.

If the binocular vision is uncoordinated on account of weakness or anaemia, there are medical cures. In short-sightedness, if of the extreme degree it could be cured by operation.

When we remember that our vision plays a chief part in the pursuit of knowledge, 80% of which is gained by the eyes, we shall realise the importance of keeping it in good order.

It is all the more so since we cannot do without eyes if we can hold on to the last breath of our life.

Perhaps, an elementary knowledge of the physical set-up of the eye will be useful. Being a delicate organ, it is lodged in bony cavity called the orbit. This orbit contains a bolster of fat which surrounds the eye and acts like a shock-absorber. The brows prevent perspiration from running down into it. The lashes with their graceful curve are not merely decorative but protective and prevent the invasion by gross particles. You will

requested to know that these lashes
are only a life of 3 to 5 months.
There are about 100 to 150 in the up-
per lids and half the number in the
lower lids.

Shaped like a ball and measuring
only an inch in diameter, the eye is
exactly a geometrical sphere. Its
actual diameter is slightly less. There
are three coats to the eye-ball. The
outer white coat is protective; about
one-third of its circumference in the front
consists of the colourless, transparent
circular disc called cornea. The
inner part appears black because of the
jet-black coat behind. There is a composed
middle of it. This is composed
of a network of blood vessels inter-
larded with black pigment which is
called choroid. This goes by the name of
iris.

The front part of this coat, im-
mediately behind the cornea, consists
of the iris which is a circular screen
with a central hole, called the pupil.
This screen has the property of con-
tracting and expanding for regulating
the amount of light entering the eye.
The pupil is the exact counterpart of
the diaphragm-opening in a camera.
The space between the cornea and
the iris is filled with a watery sub-
stance called aqueous. Behind the iris
is suspended the lens which is a double-
convex, circular and a transparent
body. The innermost delicate coat is
called the retina which is the percep-
tive element in the eye. It is like the
film or sensitive plate in a camera. The
retina is composed of about 500,000
nerve fibres and are a direct prolonga-
tion of the brain. Finally, the space
between the iris and the retina is fill-

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ed by a jelly-like transparent substance called vitreous.

Now the four transparent parts, namely cornea, aqueous, lens and vitreous together constitute a compound lens like the lens in a posh camera.

There is a striking similarity between a camera and the eye. As in the camera the object seen by the eye is shown upside down on the retina. But here the similarity ends. The most intricate and wonderful construction of the eye, its swiftness and accuracy, durability and alertness are so superb that no man-made device can approach anywhere near it, much less equal it.

In the new-born baby, the vision of both the eyes is not co-ordinated. In other words, the perception of the two eyes is not synchronised. When one eye sees an object the other eye may be wandering about. The child has not yet acquired what is called a binocular vision. During this state many children are mistaken to be squinting and are taken to the eye-specialist. But normally the baby acquires the binocular vision between the 6th and 12th months of its life.

If, therefore, a child is seen squinting after the first year of life, its eyes should be examined, to eliminate the presence of tumour in the interior or congenital diseases like cataract or arrested development.

Indeed the child's eye should have a routine check-up after the kindergarten stage when it has learnt the alphabets.

It will be of interest to note that the vision has a fourfold purpose; it

discerns (1) form, (2) colour, (3) brightness and (4) motion. We see with our eyes not only the size and shape of things but also depth and thickness. We see the degree of brightness too if the path of rays of light through the lens system is unobstructed. We can see not only colour but appreciate and differentiate between shades of colours if one is not colour blind.

Colour-blindness is a trait which is congenital. It runs in families but not always so. There is no treatment for colour-blindness and that is why persons with that defect are disqualified for certain services in the army, navy etc.

The binocular or stereoscopic vision is well developed only in man and the monkey. To some extent it exists in lions, tigers, cats and dogs.

But the hare, deer, cow, buffalo and the horse do not have binocular vision because their eyes are laterally placed.

To the birds of prey binocular vision is a positive disadvantage; on the other hand their uni-ocular vision is a blessing. The eagles and vultures have one eye fixed in the pursuit of their prey while the other eye guards them from becoming victims themselves.

Some of the insects have multiple eyes e.g. the butterfly has four, but the housefly has nearly 800 eyes put together in two clusters all of which act together like one eye, with the result that it can see in all directions at the same time!

Tapasvini

OR

THE LURE OF POWER A Socio-Political Saga

by
K. M. Munshi

Translated from Gujarati
by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II Chapter 27

ALICE WRITES

ONE evening after dinner Uday settled down to read. As was her wont Raj also sat down at his feet and started reading. Uday placed his hand on her head affectionately and said: "Raj, Majiba was writing today that a request had come from Natwarpur seeking your hand in marriage."

"Yes."
"Tell me how long do you think you will keep turning down such offers of marriage?"

Raj smiled softly and as she did her eyes lit up. She said, "Until such time as I find a good husband."

"Tell me, dear Raj, if you wish to marry at all?"

"I have no desire to do so and I have not so far come across anyone who has aroused any such desire in my heart."

"Then you would die a spinster?"

"Not if I can help," replied Raj impatiently enough.

"You had an attack of hysteria this morning, had you not?"

"Yes. The Maharaja's Diwan went on praising his master in such superlative terms that they got on my nerves."

"How did you know that he was ailing from some foul disease?"

"How should I know? I lost consciousness and as I began to come back to myself, I said what I did."

"If what you said had not been true, would it not have been wrong on your part?"

"But my intuition never goes wrong. Nevertheless, I am really sorry I said such things aloud. I shouldn't have done so. But you know, at such moments, I am really not conscious of what I am saying and it is unfortunate that only when I am in such a state I say things which hurt people."

"Will you promise me one thing?"

"What?"

"Even if you feel like making such

statements, for heaven's sake do not utter them. If what you say turns out correct, we merely create a new enemy, while if it isn't so, we get a bad name."

"But what shall I do? when I am in that state, I say things without in the least intending to say them. So far, whatever I might have said in my trance have invariably come true. That explains why I am doing my best to speak as little as possible."

"But you know it isn't good to get such frequent attacks of hysteria."

"Again, what shall I do? Occasions come when I hear things which I should not and which irritate me and when I try to control my feelings, I lose consciousness."

"But, believe me, if you stay unmarried, this may perhaps aggravate and even your mind might be affected."

"So, you mean to say that I am gradually becoming insane."

"Not exactly. If you marry and have children, this pressure on your mind will be eased and you will have no more attacks of hysteria. If, on the other hand, you do not marry, I am afraid, you may soon lose all control over your mind."

Raj burst out laughing. "You seem to have been talking to a psychiatrist. Isn't that so, my dear brother? Frustration—you think that my trouble is all due to that."

Uday nodded his head affirmatively. "Listen, Uday. You know, I do not brood over things nor make myself unnecessarily unhappy?"

"Yes."
"I do not hanker after pleasures, do not get bad dreams? I sleep soundly?"

"Quite true."
"I do not, I hope, suffer from illusions nor am I hysterical?"

"That is also quite true."
"Well, then, you ask your psychiatrist friend to burn his Freud books."

"So, you have been studying psychology, have you?" said Uday and laughed.

"No; it is only people like you who have no faith in permanent values in God, who have to seek knowledge or solace in psychology,—in the language called the subconscious."

"How do you know that psychological solutions are imaginary?" asked Uday who was impressed by Raj's



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standing and knowledge. To call
with a sister, young, inexperienced
mad would be ridiculous!
Definitely; because in the place of
Freud has planted the libido.
of you have accepted it as gospel
truth and try to achieve purity by
washing in filth! If this is not illu-
I wonder what it is."

"My, my! You do seem to be very
learned, a veritable professor."

"No, I am not learned and that is
why I can understand things in my
simple way. I am neither unhappy nor
have a suppressed sex-urge. If I am
happy, it is because you are un-
happy."

The affectionate smile which ac-
companied these words of Raj, drew
with a feeling of warmth in Uday.
Well then, Raj, tell me how I can
remove my unhappiness? I am willing
to make you my Guru."

"Well, I can assure you that if you
become my disciple you will not be
unhappy. But your trouble is that you
think you are learned and, what makes
worse, you have been abroad."

"What is wrong in that? Does not
travel broaden one's knowledge?"

"What kind of knowledge?" asked
Raj laughingly; "You seek to achieve
happiness without God's help. For you
are immaterial whether there is a God
or not. Indeed you consider it super-
stition to believe in God."

"You are being unjust to me. I do
believe in God."

"But I am afraid you have no faith
in Him. You are afraid that in try-
ing to achieve that faith, you may take
the wrong path. You want to have
everything smug: beautiful Alice, un-
happily domestic happiness, nice
intellectual equipment and you lack



thoughts and impeccable behaviour.
You long for beauty but you would
have none of the source of beauty.
You would quench your thirst with
dish-water, when you can easily get
crystal clear water if you just tried. Is
it then surprising that you are un-
happy?"

Suddenly Uday's blinkers appeared
to be falling down. This sister was
surely neither inexperienced nor igno-
rant. "Raj, tell me how can I get this
faith?"

"It is wrong to say that you have
no faith whatever. Don't you have
faith in Majiba's deep affection? Don't
you have faith in my affection for
you? Wasn't there a time when you
had unshakable faith in Alice's love
for you? Don't you have faith in your
own ability?"

"Yes, I do," replied Uday who was
confused and cornered.

"Then, how is it you lack faith in
God?"

"That is what I do not understand."

"But I do. You are proud of your
intellectual equipment and you lack

the humility essential for faith. Without humility, your heart will continue to be impure. Without purity of mind, you cannot achieve peace of mind."

"Raj, Raj! I suppose I am fated to be unfortunate; do not worry about me."

"No; it is because you are in trouble. I am asking of God double the faith, for myself and for you."

"Raj, Raj," said Uday, as he put his hand fondly on Raj's shoulder. He was beginning to understand a little of the mental attitude of Raj. "My dear sister, is it then on account of me that you do not get married?"

"Oh, not at all."

"But then, why?"

Raj laughed loudly, but in her large eyes was a message of affection. "If I choose a husband, I shall possibly get someone as lacking in faith as you are! Before I do so, let me first strive for that degree of faith as will sustain all three of us."

Uday was completely baffled. He realised that Raj's mind was anything but unsettled and illogical. His was the mind that was unhealthy.

"Well, Raj, if you are going to spend so much of your time developing that faith, how do you expect to pass your B.A.?"

"But I do not wish to sit for the examination."

"What? Surely you do not mean it?"

"I wish, of course, to continue my studies."

"What kind of studies?"

"Studies of a sister called Raj, of a brother called Uday and of beauty after which they hanker."

"And, like the Buddha, become miserable for the unhappiness of the world or turn a Sadhu."

"No, I do not wish to run away from this world. I wish to conform to God's wishes."

"But where will you end up if you continue taking such a view of things?"

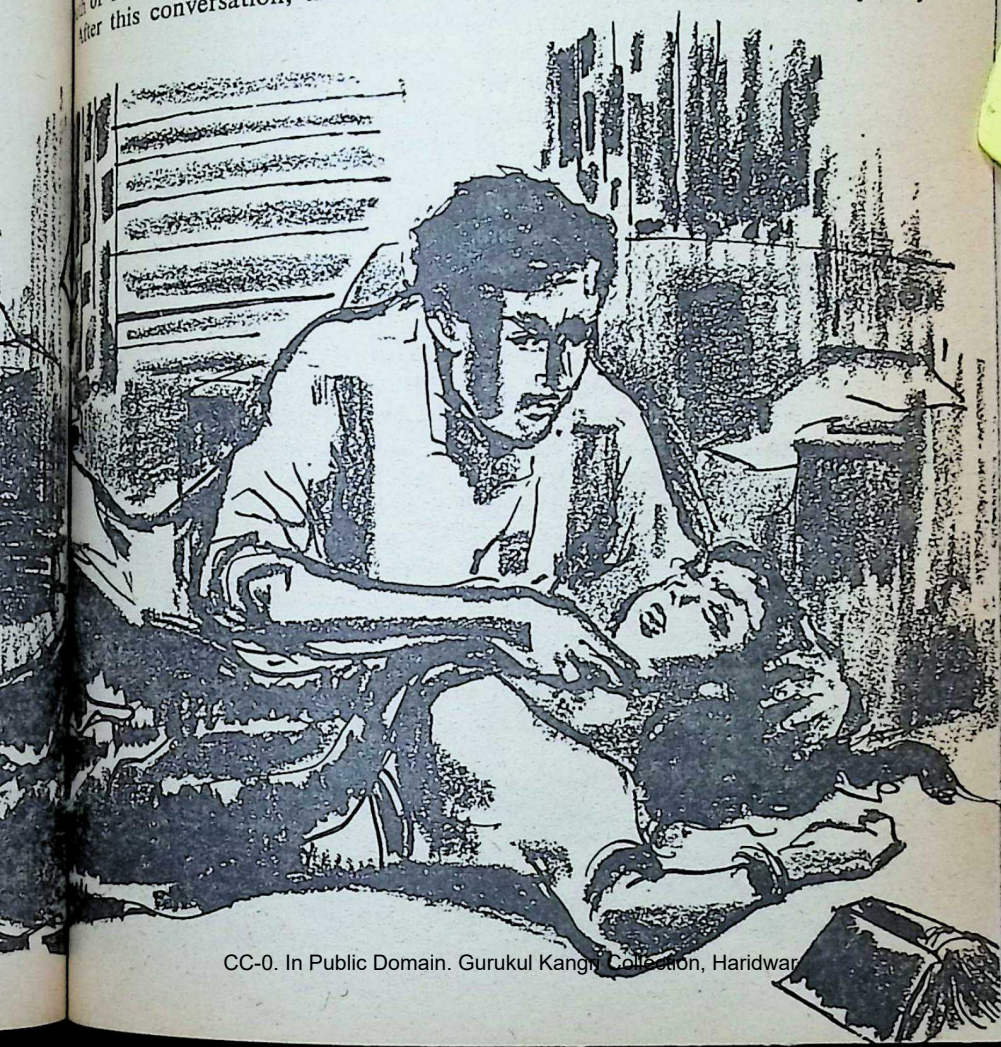


ST 7, 1960

But why speculate about it now
how does it help you?"
The firmness and determination of
aroused in Uday a deep affection
respect for her. "Raj, you are
remarkable. Even if I don't have
in anyone else, I shall have faith
you."
well, in that case, the future of
of us will be greatly simplified."
After this conversation, there came

about a transformation in the relation-
ship between the brother and the sis-
ter. Uday often tried to understand
Raj and the working of her mind. He
realised how she was becoming phy-
sically pale and almost otherworldly.
He now began to maintain a careful
record of her attacks of hysteria and
all details pertaining to them.

One day Uday was reading one of
his briefs after dinner. Close by Raj



was reclining on a sofa reading. While reading the brief, Uday remembered the letter which he had received that day from Alice, and which he had not yet read. He rose and fetched the letter and began to read it.

Uday did not read the letter aloud, for he did not wish to disturb Raj. Alice had written to say that she had filed a suit for divorce against him on the ground of his having committed adultery with some imaginary woman. She had concluded: "You have always claimed you were a gentleman. Please meet this charge in a manner befitting a gentleman, so I may be free from the bond of this marriage."

Uday was very angry. Alice had left him of her own free will and for no fault of his. Now it was she who wanted divorce and yet, in order to achieve her object, had no hesitation in asking him to plead guilty of lapse. Not only was she asking he should admit adultery but implying that it would be ungentlemanly of him to contest. What was the world coming to, and what standards and values had come to be accepted by their society? Lies, all blatant lies!

The more he thought of it all the

more irate he became, and he decided to ignore Alice's definition of gentlemanly behaviour and to prove that his own conduct had been blameless. He realised then that he had made a mistake in marrying Alice. It was another mistake to have trusted her. There was apparently no way of rectifying these mistakes except by recourse to untruth. But now Alice wanted to put an entirely untrue charge on him, that she might marry again.

Suddenly Uday's eyes turned towards Raj. She still held the book in her hand, but her face had gone ghastly pale, her lips quiver, and her eyes staring fixedly at the book as though piercing it. Uday did not fail to notice this sudden change in her appearance.

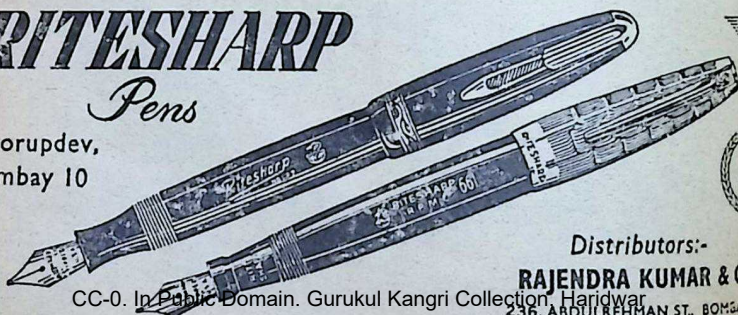
The next moment, however, he turned his attention to draft a telegraphic reply to Alice's letter. The first draft ran somewhat as follows: "Your letter received. I shall contest your totally false charge."

By the time Uday had written out his telegram, Raj had an attack of hysteria. Uday immediately flung aside everything and rushed to her side and began stroking her head gently, calling out to her at the same time

RITESHARP

Pens

Ghorupdev,
Bombay 10



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S JOURNAL
AUGUST 7, 1960

Raj." After a time, the hysterical attack subsided. Then he fetched water and splashed it on her face. When she regained consciousness, she held her head gently and looked at Uday affectionately. Her wide open eyes still showed signs of the emotional strain through which she had passed.

"My dear brother, do not commit the sin of tying Alice down to your fate," she remarked in a soft unearthly voice and after a while she shut her eyes.

When she reopened them, all signs of the attack had disappeared. She looked out to Uday smilingly: "Uday, I had another of my attacks."

"What brought it on, Raj?"

"I don't know really, but I felt all my life had disappeared from the attack and I felt suffocated and unconsciousness. I must have said something while I was unconscious, didn't I not? Tell me, what I said?"

"You said, 'Do not make the mistake of keeping Alice tied to your fate.'"

"Surely, you are not the person to say such a thing."

"But I am," said Uday and gave Raj both Alice's letter and his reply to be cabled.

"Brother Uday, do not send this telegram," pleaded she.

"I would have sent this telegram, but that your words have now raised doubts in my mind."

"Haven't you been actuated by anger in this telegram? Alice is a product of Western Culture. Let her go her way."

"Uday was deeply hurt to hear this and he closed his eyes."

"Forget her, my brother."

"All right, all right; to please you, I will agree to shoulder this allegation. Will that make you happy?"

"My brother, that action alone will, more than to me, bring peace and quiet to you."

Eventually Raj did not take her examination. Majiba was extremely unhappy at Raj's continuing strange behaviour. In the end Raj gave in to Majiba and allowed herself to be examined by doctors. These learned gentlemen diagnosed that she was physically quite healthy, and the real cause of her mental uneasiness was sex frustration. These experts in psychology were completely satisfied that Raj's sex frustration was seeking escape under the guise of devotion to God and there was only one way of curing all

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this and that was to fulfil those sexual desires and passions.

Raj asked: "Suppose if I am able to satisfy my passion without marriage, would I be all right in health? In other words, I could cure my madness by committing sin, isn't?"

The two doctors rather feeling ridiculous, looked at each other and shook their head.

To cure Raj's madness and also discover a suitable husband for her, Majiba sought the advice of Sadhus and Fakirs. The Maharaja Ramsinghji of Manigadh was the disciple of a learned Sadhu called Anandaswami. He invited Majiba and Rajba to Manigadh. Raj agreed to go just for pleasing Majiba. The Swami had many talks with Raj and in the end he assured Majiba that there was nothing mentally wrong with Raj. This brought great peace and happiness to Majiba.

On their way back, their train passed the Premkot station. At that moment an alarming change came over Raj. She became livid, silent and looked with wide eyes at the town of Premkot. By the time the station arrived, she was almost unconscious. The train stopped and the Maharani Saheba of Manigadh, who had come to the station to see some one off, came to meet Majiba when she learnt that she was in the train.

As soon as Hanskunverba came near their compartment, Raj screamed aloud and had one of her very strong attacks of hysteria. Majiba was aware

of rumours that were afloat throughout Saurashtra about the Maharani Saheba and so she talked to her as little as was necessary to keep up appearances.

Even after the train left the station Raj continued in a disturbed state of mind; indeed, her mental condition showed no change after their arrival in Bombay. She would sing devotional songs all day long, and frequently, as she sang, tears would stream down her cheeks. Hysterical attacks came more frequently.

Uday was greatly worried, particularly when he found Raj always keeping to herself and looking extremely sad. It was no longer possible to talk freely to her, for, without any reason whatsoever, she would start weeping.

The whole family had faith in Sri Aurobindo who was the Guru of Keshav Saheb. Uday had also read many of his books and although he did not understand all that he had read, he had great regard for Sri Aurobindo. When all else failed, he sought the advice of a friend of his father, who lived in the Ashram at Pondicherry. The friend suggested that Raj should come to Pondicherry on the 15th of August which was Sri Aurobindo's birthday anniversary. Uday succeeded in persuading his mother Majiba who was also desirous of visiting various places of pilgrimage in the south and so all the three of them left in July for Pondicherry.

[To be continued]

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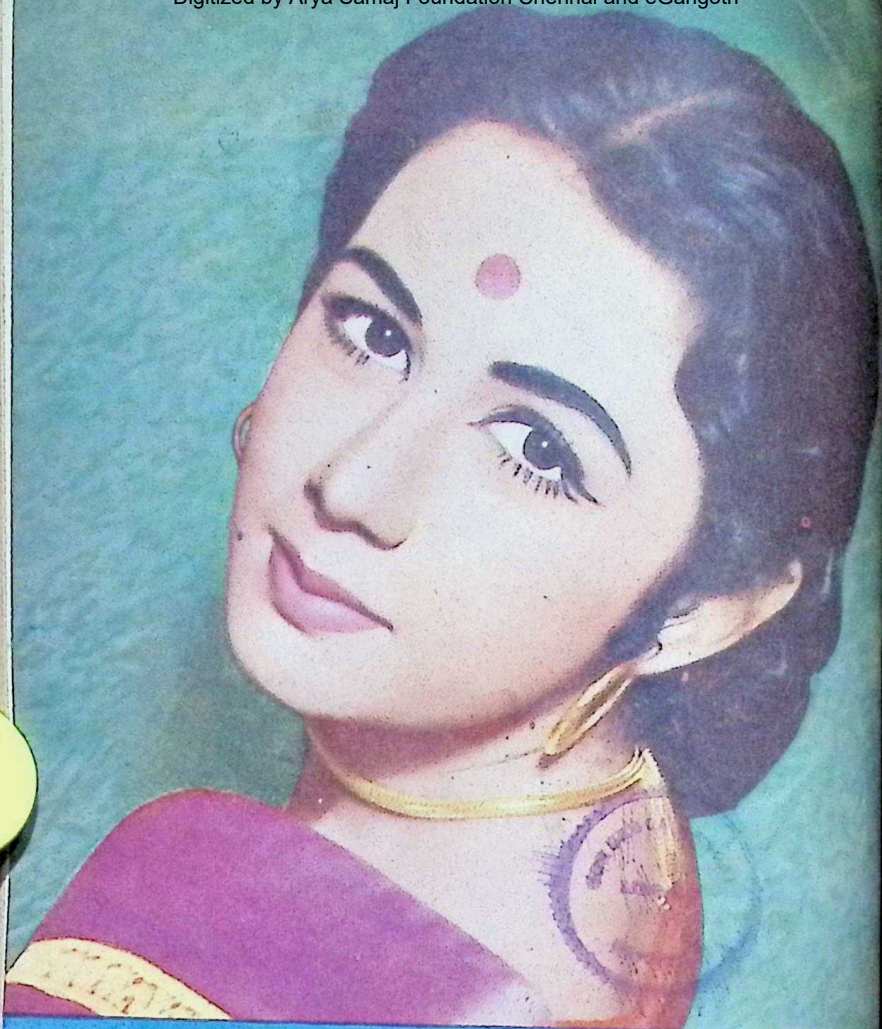
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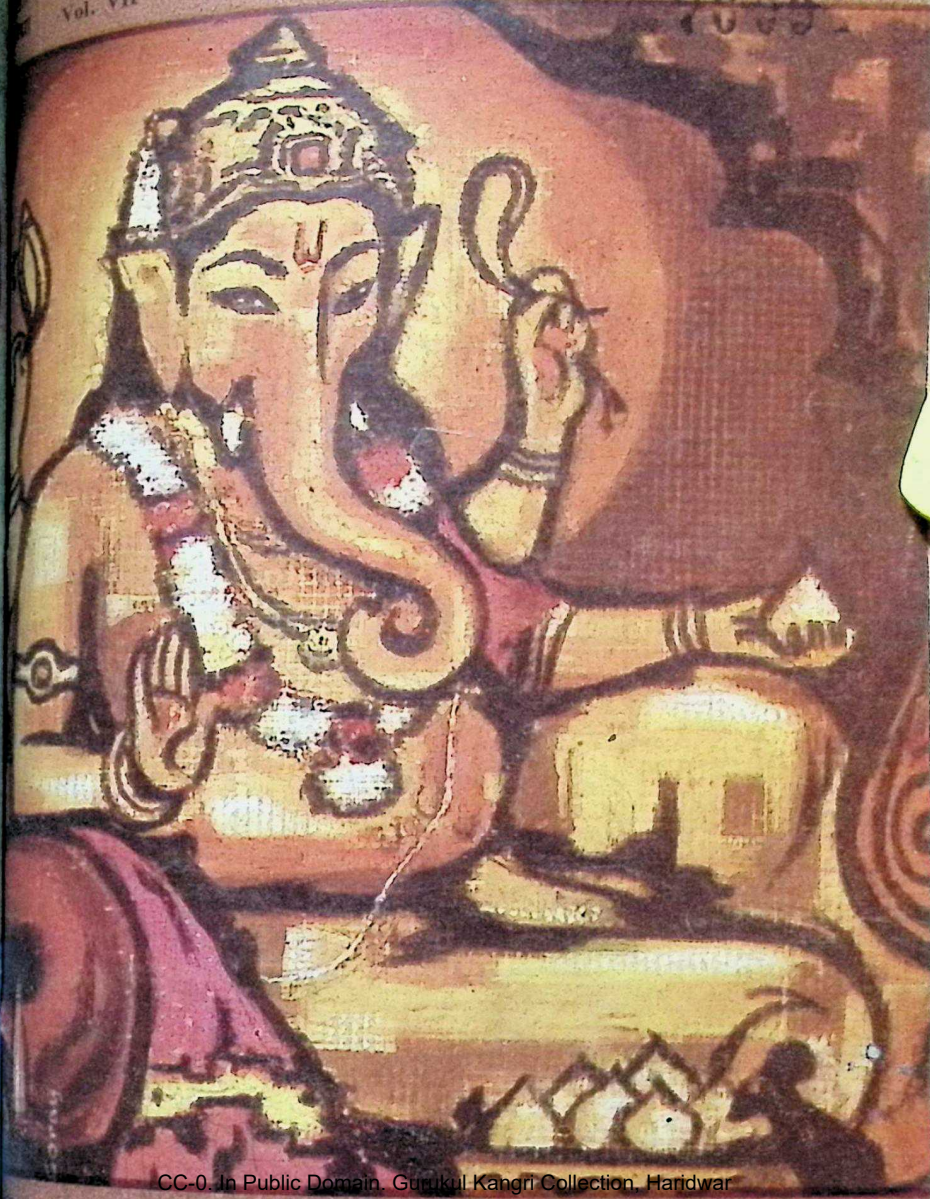
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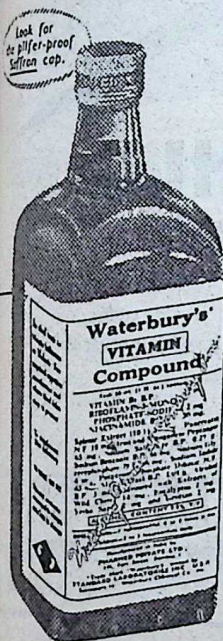
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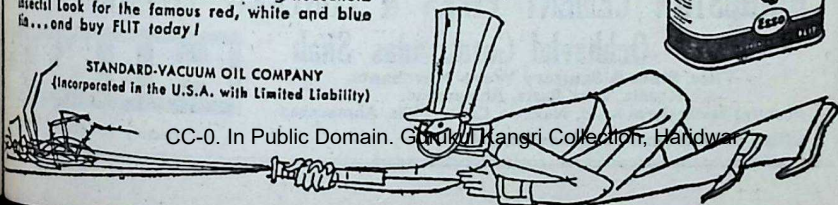
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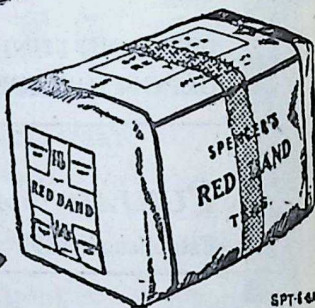


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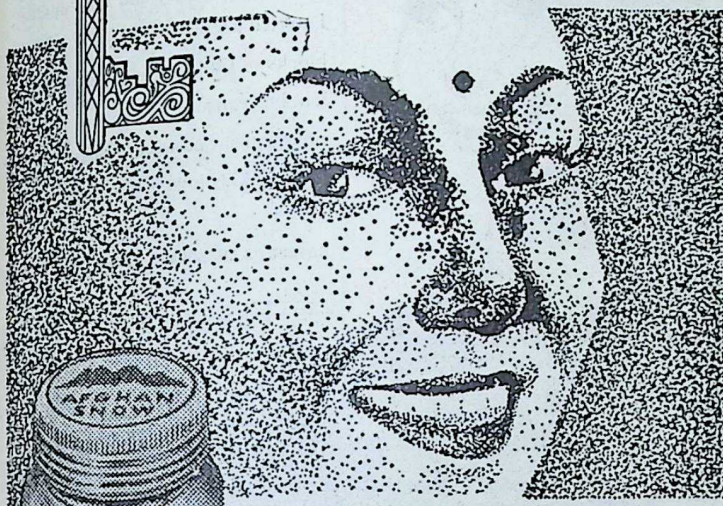
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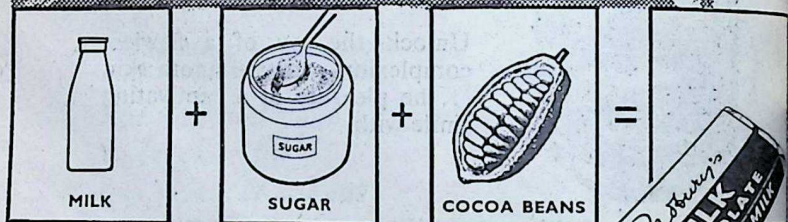
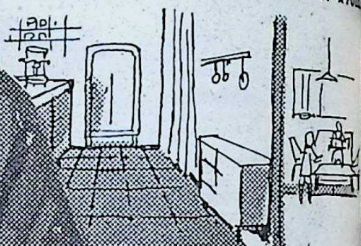
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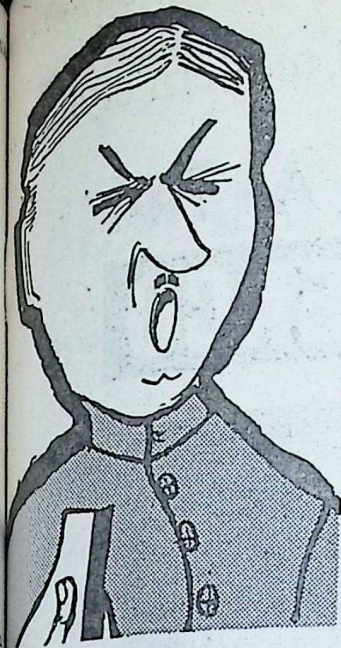


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Fortnightly, Devoted To Life,
Literature and Culture

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FRONT COVER

LORD GANESA

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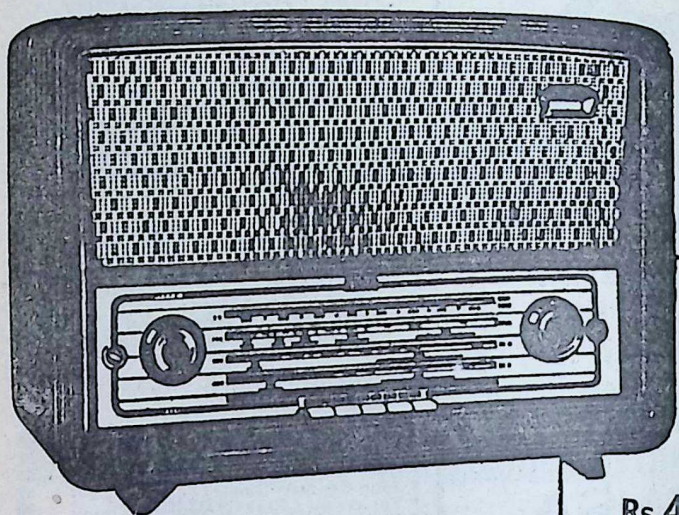
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वा नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL



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PRAYER TO LORD GANESA

यतोऽनन्तशक्तेरनेकाश्च जीवाः यतो निर्गुणादप्रमेयाद्गुणास्ते ।
यतो भाति सर्वं त्रिधाभेदभिन्नं सदा तं गणेशं नमामो भजामः ॥
यतश्चाविरासीज्जगत्सर्वमेतत् तथाब्जासनो विश्वगो विश्वगोप्ता ।
तथेन्द्रादयो दैत्यसंघा मनुष्याः सदा तं गणेशं नमामो भजामः ॥

Let us offer obeisance to Lord Ganesa from whose eternal powers have sprung innumerable lives; who, devoid of all qualities and beyond all proof, has yet given birth to the threefold **gunas**, and by whose powers this world, divided by the threefold **gunas**, is illumined.

Let us always pray to Lord Ganesa from whom all this world emanated; from whom Brahma, Siva, Vishnu, Indra and other devas, hordes of asuras and human beings came into being.

—Ganesa Purana





Kulapati's Letter

ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 212

- ★ SANCTIONS BEHIND TRUSTEESHIP
- ★ CUSTOM AND CONSCIENCE
- ★ CONTRACTUALISM

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan
Bombay.

AUGUST 21, 1960

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

HUMAN nature being ordinarily egoistic, selfish and acquisitive, some sort of sanction is necessary to restrict or regulate the exploitative tendencies of the individual. The capitalist society has found such sanction in money value being regulated by contract; socialism, in legislative and economic coercion; Communism in total coercion. Can a trusteeship society with its supremacy of moral obligations and voluntary acceptance of simple living develop an effective sanction? Can such sanctions be forthcoming in modern society and how?

In order to study the kind of non-violent sanctions available to a free trusteeship society, it will be helpful to consider their varieties which have been attached to trusteeship of different stages through which society has passed.

In the pre-modern world, trusteeship, more often than not, was imposed by custom or religion, supported if at all, by the rulers remotely in the past, even the most arbitrary potent, unlike the total despot of modern times, could not flout custom or religion; for he had not at his disposal the mass media of communication and the vast facilities for exercising coercion which modern science provided our present-day rulers.

The *karta* of the Hindu Joint family, in cases far more numerous than what the modern mind is prepared to admit, acted as a faithful trustee. He held the family property, and was expected to manage and administer for the welfare of the family. He was expected to watch with care the advancement of its younger members belonging even to collateral branches of the family, to give a refuge to the widows and destitutes in the family.

ST 21, 1960

my *kartas* did not come up to expectations of social opinion or injunctions; many were disgraced; quite a few enriched themselves or their own branches at the expense of the others. But none of them forswore the obligations which custom entailed them. Social opinion was performed them. Social opinion of his little world would never let him, if he did; he would incur social disgrace, which custom entailed on his own womenfolk and relations; he would look upon him as a fallen member of the family prestige. And he would be deemed to have lost the family prestige. And he was always the dread of an after which he would have to suffer consequences of his lapses.

At the same time, right through the centuries and till very recently, countless *kartas*—uncles, fathers, brothers—have been known to be enslaved for life to bring up and after the helpless members of families, very often, despite strife, and ingratitude. The sense of obligation to his family had deep both in the individual and social conscience.

The sanction behind a *karta's* obligation was imposed by the combined force of custom, tradition, social and religious injunction, which family bond sacrosanct. And familistic outlook on social relations was carried into several social spheres, where in fact, the parties were not members of the same family. When in his teens my father left his native town for another for service, he took with him a small Brahman as a cook who continued in service for some years. He left our ser-

vice years before I was born; but he always remained a member of our family. Whenever there was a marriage or death in the family, he came all the way from his native village like a distant relative to share our joy or sorrow and help in the ceremonies and dinner arranged on the occasion. Whenever he was in difficulties, he came to us for help. When, as a Home Minister, I visited his town, the penniless old Brahman that he was, welcomed me to his dilapidated house with the affection of an old member of the family.

I have known many such master-servant relations, also some cases of the master having gone to the extent of helping the servant's family after his death, and a few ones, of the servant continuing to serve the master's family in distress at considerable cost to himself. Mahomed Safi, our old Muslim servant, would not leave our service, though offered elsewhere better prospects, when my father died and left us in poverty. He ungrudgingly accepted a cut in his salary, supplemented his income by some extra work in his spare moments, waiting for his boy-master to grow up and do well.

The sanction in such cases was not imposed by custom; it was imposed on both sides by a sense of family bond—a moral and spiritual obligation. It was a bond which recognised mutual duties, irrespective of the contractual relation of master and servant.

Far back in 1897, our family came in direct touch with the tenants of the agricultural lands which came to my father's share on family partition. Then familistic relations grew up bet-

ween us and them in spite of difference in status and caste. After my father's death, even when we were thrown on our meagre return from agricultural lands for our subsistence, they shared our festive occasions and days of mourning. When visiting our native town they invariably came to my mother and talked to her of their joys and sorrows. In the days of their distress, whether from a bad season or some personal loss, we remitted the rent or made advances, which were repaid in disregard of the law of limitation if and when their finances permitted. The relations were familistic; the sanction was primarily a sense of moral obligation; the rent note, signed annually, often without reading it, was a bare vestige of contractual relations.

The late Maharana of Udaipur, whom I knew intimately, never sat down to his meals unless his retainers, some hundreds, had been provided for. He looked upon them as members of his family; the ancestors of some of them had forged a family bond with his forefathers by shedding their life for Mewar. Even when the State was integrated and his privy purse was limited, the Maharana stinted every expense, rather than throw out his retainers in the street.

In all these cases, the relations, which qualitatively were of the same nature as moral trusteeship, were not merely the outcome of custom, but of familistic responsibility; the sanctions were provided by social opinion and conscience moulded by education and tradition which discounted selfishness where moral obligations were concerned. The fact that in some cases

such sanction was defied by aggressive selfishness is no ground for dismissing its efficacy in normal cases.

Then came the transition of social relationships, 'from status to contract' to use the oft-quoted words of H. Maine. In fact it was a transition from moral obligation to hedonism. Individualism spread in most parts of the world under Western influence. Each relation was considered the outcome of rights surrendered by one party to secure an adequate surrender of rights from another.

In the nineteenth century, often the texture of human relationship in Europe came to be looked upon as large as contractual. Society was conceived as a contractual structure, a world of warring individuals kept together by reciprocal surrender of some individual rights by each to them for common advantage. All relations between the master and servant, between the landlord and tenant, between the employer and employee, were purely economic, assumed to have arisen from freely accepted obligations. Governments were also conceived as having been based on contract made by the people between themselves at some imaginary period. Rousseau became the prophet of the social contract theory which caught the imagination of men, hopelessly unscientific and unhistorical though it was. This concept still survives in the constitutional myth that when the party in power, under the dominating group of a few individual leaders, forces a change in the Constitution of India, it is 'We the people of India' that make the change.

N'S JOURNAL, 21, 1960

Under the influence of the gospel of contractualism, all relations were thought of in terms of contract. Social, moral or spiritual obligations, imposed by custom, tradition, religion and conscience, were replaced by obligations only arising from the individual's right to give and take. Each one was to fend for himself. Each one was to extract the utmost out of the other to his advantage and for no other motive: 'You stick to your right, I will stick to mine.' The sanction was provided by the courts of law which enforced the contract or awarded damages for breach. There was no duty derived otherwise than from contract—no family, social, moral or spiritual obligations.

The contractual concept of human relations also invaded the family. Under Western impact, the obligations to members arising from custom, tradition, religion and conscience began to wear away even in India. The *kartas* began to live for themselves. Helpless members of the family were neglected, starved out or set adrift. Sons were brought away from parents. What right had any one else to demand a duty of me? Why should I slave for another?—were the questions which each member of the family began to ask himself, treating the others as hostile.

In the West this atomisation of family relations affected man and wife relations and has been affecting Westernised sections of society even in India. They were supposed to be based on contract; the law of reciprocal obligations, which slowly came to mean giving and receiving 'good time' companionship all the time, was accepted as governing marriage. The right to break, resile from or revise the contract overshadowed the mutual obligations, moral and spiritual, on which the institution of marriage, as the greatest stabilising human factor, rested.

Under the influence of this contractual concept of human relations, the family bond degenerated, particularly among the self-styled 'progressives' in the West and, aping them, the 'progressives' in India. The moral sanctity of marriage began to disappear. Too insistent assertion of 'rights' resulted in the disintegration of the marriage bond, in desertions, pre-marital and extra marital sex relations.

Children were unwanted; if they came, they were nuisances to be suffered or neglected; they had no moral claims. Childless marriages were accepted as normal. Love, devotion and moral responsibility for mutual welfare between man and wife, between parents and children, became of secondary importance.

'We are living in a Sputnik age' was a sufficient justification for this hedonistic claim. With the familistic responsibility on the decline at the very core, relations between master and servant, landlord and tenant, and employer and employee, came to be insistently contractual, deprived of its familistic content and resulting in ceaseless bargaining. And in this struggle for asserting mutual rights, whoever was the more helpless of the

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ago a good landlord would never denied the widow and minor sons the right to continue to till the lands even at some cost to him. Evictions even of hardworking loyal tenants became the rule. A stranger was forthcoming to pay a little more rent.

It was in this age of contractualism that Equity, through the law, tried to rescue the ethico-spiritual obligation involved in trusteeship, by inventing the doctrine of fiduciary obligation. Legal obligations enforced by courts were defined as flowing from broadly-defined trusteeship. Accepted by contract or presumed in. By legal fiction, they were read into many relationships like those of principal and agent, director and the company or shareholders, *karta* and co-trusteers, *shebais* and the deity, *vali* and God. But outside the narrow area of legally-enforceable relations trusteeship ceased to have a social, customary or moral validity.

In the nineteenth century, contractualism gave an added sanctity to treaties in Europe. This led to the multitude of agreements between governments and the concept of international law. Even naked imperialism came to be described a 'trust'; though, in fact, it was nothing but a unilateral imposition of one nation imposing its power on another to exploit the latter's resources and power and resources for its own benefit for an indefinite period.

K. M. M.

Jnana Ashtanga

Bhagwan Ramana Maharshi



Bhagwan Sri Ramana.

in any place or time. The primary aim is to fix the mind in the Heart at the feet of the Lord shining as the Self and never to forget Him.

Forgetfulness of the Self is the source of all misery. The elders say that such forgetfulness is death to the aspirant after Liberation.

It may be asked if the regular breath-control of Rajayoga is unnecessary. To this we reply: it is useful, but its value lasts only, as long as one is practising it, whereas the breath-control of the eightfold path of knowledge is a permanent help.

The aim of both kinds of breath-control is to remember the Self and to still the mind. Therefore until the mind has subsided in the heart by means of breath-control or Self-enquiry, regular yogic breath-control

JNANA ASHTANGA consists of the eightfold path of Knowledge such as *yama* and *niyama*. Meditation in this path means giving up the two aspects of name and form, of body and world.

Meditation is taking in (grasping) the nature of (being), *chit* (consciousness), and the (bliss) aspects pervading all names and forms.

Retention of breath is retaining what has been assimilated.

Retention of breath is retaining what has been assimilated. The rejected names and forms do not intrude again into the mind.

Retention of breath is retaining the mind in the Heart, so that it does not wander, and is fixed firm to the concept already attained; that is: 'I am the *sat-chit-ananda* (the Self which is Being-consciousness-Bliss).'

Retention of breath is steady abiding as *aham svarupa* (in one's true nature) which is experienced as 'I, I' in accord, just as when enquiring 'Who am I?', by stilling the mind of this body of five sheaths. This kind of breath-control there is no need of such regulation as *pranayama* etc. One may practise it

remains necessary; further than that, there is no need for it.

The *kevala kumbhaka* type of breath-control is of such nature that the breathing subsides in the Heart even without control of inhalation and exhalation.

One may practise the methods of either yoga or *jnana* (knowledge) as one will.

All the scriptures aim at control of the mind, since destruction of the mind is *moksha* or liberation. Yoga is control of the breath, while the method of *jnana* or Knowledge is to see everything as a form of truth or as Brahma the One and Indivisible. It depends on a person's latent tendencies which of these two paths will appeal to him.

The path of Knowledge is like taming an unruly bull by showing it a bundle of grass, that of yoga is like taming it by beating and yoking it. So say those who know.

Fully competent persons reach the Goal by controlling the mind, established and fixed in the truth of Vedanta, knowing the certainty of the Self, and seeing their Self and everything as Brahman.

Those who are less qualified fix the mind in the heart by means of breath-control and prolonged meditation on the Self.

Those who are still less qualified

reach higher stages by methods as breath-control.

Bearing this in mind, the yoga of control of mind is classified as the eightfold path of Knowledge and yoga. It is enough if breath-control is practised till *kevala kumbhaka* is achieved.

Direct experience of *samadhi* can also be attained by devotion (*bhakti*) in the form of constant meditation (*dhyana*).

Kevala kumbhaka with Self-inquiry, even without control of inhalation and exhalation, is an aid to this.

If that becomes natural to one, it can be practised at all times even during worldly activity and there is no need to seek a special place for it. Whatever a person finds suitable may be practised.

If the mind gradually subsides, it does not matter if other things are done and go.

In the *Bhagavad Gita*, Lord Krishna says that the devotee is higher than the *yogi* and that the means to liberation is *bhakti* (devotion) in the form of continuous or prolonged meditation on the Self, which is the Reality.

Therefore, if, somehow or other, we get the strength to rest the mind perpetually in Him, why worry about other things?

As a nail cannot be driven into a stone, yet it enters easily into the earth, so the advice of the pious does not affect the soul of a worldly man, while it pierces deep into the heart of a believer.

collections from



Adhyatma RAMAYANA

of Vedavyasa—II

Truth About Sita

श्रीश्रीब्रह्मसिंहाय विश्वामित्राय नमः ।
स्वसुतोदन्तं नारदेनाभिभाषितम् ॥

As soon as the *panigrahana* of Sita Rama was over, Janaka related to Sita and Vishvamitra the story as told by Narada.

जमिनिविशुद्धचर्यं कर्षतो लांगलेन मे ।
तस्मात्समुत्पन्ना कन्यका शुभलक्षणा ॥
While I was ploughing the land for the sacrifice in order to get it pure and even, I found this as a baby under the earth, unearthed by the plough-edge.

नारायणं प्रीत्या पुत्रिकाभावभाविताम् ।
प्रियाभार्याय शरच्चन्द्रनिभानना ॥
I looked at her fondly since I had issues before that and I handed the moon-faced girl to my dear wife.

नारदोऽभ्यागात् विविक्षते मयि
संस्थिते ।
नारदोऽभ्यागात् विविक्षते मयि
संस्थिते ।

"Once while I was sitting alone, Narada came to me singing the glory of Narayana to the accompaniment of his *veena* Mahati.

पूजितः सुखमासीनः मामुवाच सुखान्वितः ।
शृणुष्व वचनं गृह्यं तवाभ्युदयकारणम् ॥

"I worshipped him and seated him comfortably. Then he told me: 'Listen, Janaka, to this important and secret truth which will add to your prosperity.'

परमात्मा हृषीकेशः भक्तानुग्रहकाम्यया ।
देवकार्यार्थसिद्ध्यर्थं रावणस्य वधाय च ॥
जातो राम इति ख्यातः मायामानुषवेषभाक् ।
आस्ते दाशरथिर्भक्ता चतुर्धा परमेश्वरः ॥

"The Master of senses (Lord Vishnu) has come down to the earth as the four sons of King Dasaratha for protecting his devotees and helping the task of Devas in killing Ravana.

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योगमायापि सीतेति जाता वै तव वैश्मनि ।
अतस्त्वं राघवायैव देहि सीतां प्रयत्नतः ॥

"Yogamaya too has been born in your house as Sita. You must therefore try to give away Sita to Rama, (the eldest of Dasaratha's sons).

नान्येभ्यः पूर्वभार्यया रामस्य परमात्मनः ।
इत्युक्त्वा प्रययौ देवर्गतिं देवमुनिस्तदा ॥

"In her previous birth she has been the spouse of Sri Rama and nobody else's.' (She is Lakshmi when God is in the form of Narayana. When He is Rama She is Sita. When He is Krishna She is Rukmini. In other Avatars too she is not separate). Saying this, the divine sage left for heaven.

तदारभ्य मया सीता त्रिणोर्लक्ष्मीर्विभाव्यते ।

कथं मया राघवाय दीयते जानकी शुभा ।
इति चिन्तासमाविष्टः कार्यमेकमचिन्तयम् ।

"From that time I have been looking upon Sita as Lakshmi, the Spouse of Vishnu. Wondering how I could hand over blessed Sita to Rama, I decided upon a plan.

मत्पितामहगेहेतु न्यासभूतमिदं धनुः ।
इश्वरेण पुरा क्षिप्तं पुरदाहादनन्तरम् ।
धनुरेतत्पणं कार्यं इति चिन्त्य कृतं तथा ॥

"This bow of Siva was in my grandfather's house. As soon as the Tripura-samhara was over, the bow was placed in my grandfather's house by Siva. I thought I could make this bow a stake for her marriage. I did so.

सीतापाणिग्रहार्थाय सर्वेषां माननाशनम् ।

"This arrangement was made to curb the pride of other kings who would compete for the hand of Sita.

त्वत्प्रसादान्मुनिश्रेष्ठ रामो राजीवलोका
आगतोऽत्र धनुर्द्रष्टुं फलितो मे मनो

"O best of sages! By your the lotus-eyed Rama came here to this bow now. My desire also has come fulfilled."

अद्य मे सफलं जन्म राम त्वां सह सीता
एकासनस्थं पश्यामि भाजमानं रवि यथा

Turning towards Rama, Janaki said: "Today I have achieved fruits of my birth inasmuch as I am sitting together with Sita shining like the Sun.

त्वत्पादाम्बुधरो ब्रह्मा सृष्टिं चक्रधरः
बलिस्त्वत्पादसलिलं धृत्वाभूद्विजयि
त्वत्पादपासुसंस्पर्शात् अहल्या भर्तुं शक्नु
सद्य एव विनिर्मुक्ता कोऽन्यस्त्वत्पदो

"Brahma is able to create the universe by wearing on 'his head' the water flowing from your feet. Mahabali became the King of Devas wearing on his head the water flowing from your feet. Ahalya was instantaneously freed from her husband's curse by the touch of the dust of your sacred feet. Who else is there so powerful in protecting his devotees as you?

यत्पादपंकज पराग सुराग योगि-
बुन्दैर्जितं भवभयं जितकालचक्रैः ।
यन्नामकीर्तनपरा जितदुःखशोकाः
देवास्तमेव शरणं सततं प्रपद्ये ॥

"I pray constantly at those feet loving whose dust, Yogins who have conquered Time, also conquered fear of Samsara, and, by singing whose praise, Devas have conquered griefs and sorrows."

Our National Culture

C. Rajagopalachari

CULTURE is an automatic pattern of good behaviour repeated and maintained without break. It is the aim of all education.

The culture of one country is slightly different from the culture of another country in that the pattern developed in one country on account of various reasons takes a particular shape. Just like patterns of cloth which are all beautiful they differ from one another slightly.

It includes how you dance, how you sing and how you paint; but the painting itself is not culture and the dancing itself certainly is not culture.

But of late dancing has been so overemphasised that it is almost mistaken for culture and when foreign people come on a cultural mission, they look about for all kinds of dancing they can see. But they do not look for culture in the ordinary behaviour of the people which is really the true basis of the culture of a particular country.

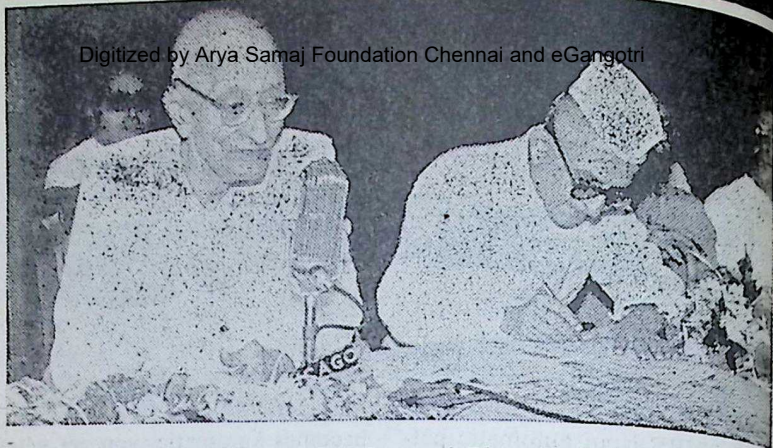
If you analyse culture, you finally get to this: it is self-restraint. If you impose particular kinds and means of restraint on your natural spontaneous reaction to the external world, and it

becomes automatic, you get what you call the culture of the people.

The movements of the face, the eyes and the language you employ when somebody does something which pleases you or displeases you, the way in which you express your joy and satisfaction, the way in which you express your displeasure or anger, these are the result of your first reaction plus the restraint that you impose on yourself.

How much should you restrain is the real point in culture. If you are exuberant in your reaction, just as when you open the water-tap fully when there is strong pressure behind it, you get the water, but you can't fill the pot with it. Water comes with so much force that it spills out of the pot. A little restraint of the tap, however, keeps the flow of water even and the pot is filled. Similarly, a little self-restraint keeps the flow of your reaction properly and is appreciated. We should not suppress reaction but regulate, that is the secret of culture.

There are many ways of laughing; there is the smile, the slight laughter, the uproarious laughter and also wild laughter. All these variations are part



Rajaji addressing students of Bhavan's College.

of the delicate subject-matter denoted by the word 'culture'. It is not just good and bad; that is morality. Culture is slightly different.

You must try to develop your culture or at least retain the very good culture we have inherited from our great ancestors.

The great scriptures of our country emphasise over and over again self-restraint. The greater the restraint you impose on yourself, the better for your culture. That is why Hindu culture has become so famous throughout the world and it has come to stand so long without breaking down.

You may love education. You may admire progress. You may lose yourself in astonishment and admiration over modern discovery and knowledge, but I want you to remember that our ancestors have not been excelled by anybody else in the world at any stage of history in their perfect balance of mind, their sanity and their culture.

In olden days, we had not any means of communication that we have

now. Even inside India it was most pedestrian walking and yet our ancestors had a broad outlook and looked at things in a universal way which is the subject of astonishment to modern readers.

We cannot imagine how such broad views came to be developed by our ancestors, the writers of our scriptures, the *rishis*, when they could not move about and see people of various kinds and see things of various descriptions in the world as we are able to do now.

The more we see now, the more easy it is for us to travel, much less of sanity we have now. Strangely enough it works in an inverse way.

In the olden days, there was breadth of view, but there is now much narrow-mindedness. When we think about it, we can realise how greatly we ought to admire and love the ancestors to whom we owe our being today and our whole outlook.

That is why what I did in respect of *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* is

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much more important and useful and lasting work than anything that I have been attempting to do. These two epics form the very basis of our national culture.

Not that they were the earliest works. There were before them the *Upanishads* and the Vedic scriptures and possibly some other philosophical works. But the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* put them all in edible form, I may say so.

Vegetables are the same all over the world. But the cooking and shaping and spicing and the flavour that is added on, get you a good dish to rely on.

Similarly all our scriptures have a lot of things, but the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* have cooked them, so to say, in such a way as to be eternally interesting and eternally satisfying.

These two great books have been expanded by teachers and pious people, expositionists and others. In this process a great deal of new matter has accumulated and people get wrong notions about what the original *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* were.

I have been receiving quite a few letters asking me why I have omitted this and why I have said this instead of saying that. They have heard these stories in their villages and the very interesting amendments to the original works. My idea was to put the original story of Vyasa and Valmiki as far as possible in the shape the original books were.

I wrote these two books originally in Tamil because I knew that there was deplorable ignorance and apathy in respect of them in modern times everywhere and in Tamil Nad too. What I wrote became very popular in Tamil and the success of this is cent per cent to be attributed to the beauty of the original. Then it was translated into English. The Bhavan has done the greatest service to the progress of spiritual ideas contained in the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* by publishing these writings of mine so well and with much care and diligence that they have sold out thousands and thousands of copies and spread them all over the world.

[Condensed from a speech inaugurating the Parliamentary Forum of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's College, Bombay, on 2-8-1960.]

The poet and the householder are alike in a sense. The householder is anxious that his daughter should be handed over to a worthy husband ; she should please him ; she must be pure. In the same way the poet feels that his creation should reach the hands of the discerning ; it should please them and it should be unsullied.

It is said that it took 1,200 skilled workers almost twelve years to build the Kona temple in the thirteenth century.

Judged by any standard, the building of such an edifice was a gigantic undertaking. It is easy to imagine that by expanding the demand for building materials and articles of daily requirements for an army of workers it must have stimulated the growth of a large number of industries.

Today, even as in the past, the operations of a large undertaking encourage the growth of many existing industries and the birth of new ones, triggering continued expansion in the economic field.



It has been the established policy of Standard-Vacuum to utilize local sources to the maximum extent possible, for the goods and services the organization needs for its operation. And in 1959, the value of such purchases in India amounted to Rs. 346 lakhs; of this, Rs. 289 lakhs represented the requirements of the Marketing Organization and Rs. 42 lakhs of the Refining Operations. The total requirements for all the three operations of Standard-Vacuum for the five years, from 1955 to 1959, was represented by Rs. 1,659 lakhs.

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Krishnavatara

K. M. Munshi

PART II

2. Guru Sandipani



YOUNG Princess Rukmini sat in the corner of the room, scowling at her Suvrata, the son of Rukmi, Prince of Vidarbha.

'Where had you been the whole of yesterday? I was anxious about you all day,' Suvrata shouted angrily.

'I was with Trivakra,' Rukmini said. 'Then I had gone to Princess Devidasa's Palace. You were with Kamsa's messengers.'

'I know well why you went there. Let your brother come and I will see that he teaches you a lesson,' said Suvrata. 'I am ashamed of you. You are bringing shame to the august name of my Bhishmaka, Lord of Vidarbha.'

'As if you are doing anything else!' Suvrata shouted and sat in sullen anger, biting her lips and glaring at her brother's wife.

At dawn, Prince Rukmi, with other royal guests, had joined the funeral procession of Kamsa. The whole city had turned out to join the funeral.

ney of the ruler they had hated in life ; courtesy to the royal house required it.

King Ugrasena had come. Old Vajra Andhaka, wounded and unable to walk as he was, had come too. So had come Vasudeva and Akrura, with the two boys Balaram and Krishna.

King Ugrasena performed the obsequial ceremonies. After Kamsa had been cremated and his ashes consigned to the waters of the Yamuna, the mourners took their bath in the river and returned to their homes.

It was past midday when Rukmi returned to the quarters in the royal palace placed at the disposal of the royal guests.

He was in a bad mood. Kamsa was the leader of the young group of the rulers who, backed by the imperial power of Jarasandha, were extending their dominions. He and some of his friends had come to Mathura to celebrate the triumph of Kamsa in the hope of consolidating their alliance.

● ● ●

At dawn, Prince Rukmi, with other royal guests, had joined the funeral procession of Kamsa. The whole city had turned out to join the funeral.

But things had gone wrong from the time of his arrival. The two boys who had now turned out to be Vasudeva's sons, had all but thrashed him. He hated the younger one for working miracles that he did.

Krishna had killed Kamsa, his friend and the most important member of the alliance of princes which Jarasandha had sponsored. Now Mathura had become an uncertain factor; possibly Vasudeva or his son would become its ruler. Jarasandha would not forgive the Yadavas; their alliance was therefore useless to him. Things had all gone wrong.

He came to his wife and sister in a frustrated and baffled mood.

'Noble lord, I am tired of your sister. You now deal with her as best as you can. I won't have anything to do with her any longer,' said Suvrata.

'And I am tired of you both,' Rukmini spoke from the corner as sullen as ever.

'What is the matter?' asked Rukmi angrily. 'You two women can never live together without quarrelling, as if the worries I am having were not enough. What is the matter, Rukmini?'

'Everything is the matter. Ask your wife. She hates me,' replied Rukmini.

'She hates both you and me,' Suvrata broke out. 'Yesterday, while the *bahu-yuddha* was going on, she was almost hanging from the parapet, jumping and shouting like vulgar people.'

'Why should I not jump? I was jumping on my legs, not yours,' said Rukmini in a temper.

'I know what you were doing. You were looking at that wicked young man, who, good lord, treated you so

badly when we arrived,' said Suvrata.

'What did he do? He only brought me to me in his arms. Was I expected to throw Brother in the muna?' asked Rukmini impertinently.

'And you were dancing with him when the lord of Andhakas was killed,' added Suvrata.

'And how cleverly he did it! One stroke—and whish—off he went,' said Rukmini.

'Now you, women, will you stop chattering? Tell me what the matter is,' asked Rukmi.

'Then she disappeared—,' Suvrata began.

'I did not disappear. I went to Trivakra—,' said Rukmini.

'Yes, to see that murderer—,' said Suvrata.

'No, to see Princess Devaki. Everybody here calls her a saint—,' interrupted Rukmini.

'No, you went near that Krishna—,' said Suvrata.

'No. I was with Princess Devaki. He happened to be there—,' said Rukmini.

'And then you went to Prince Vasudeva's palace—,' said Suvrata.

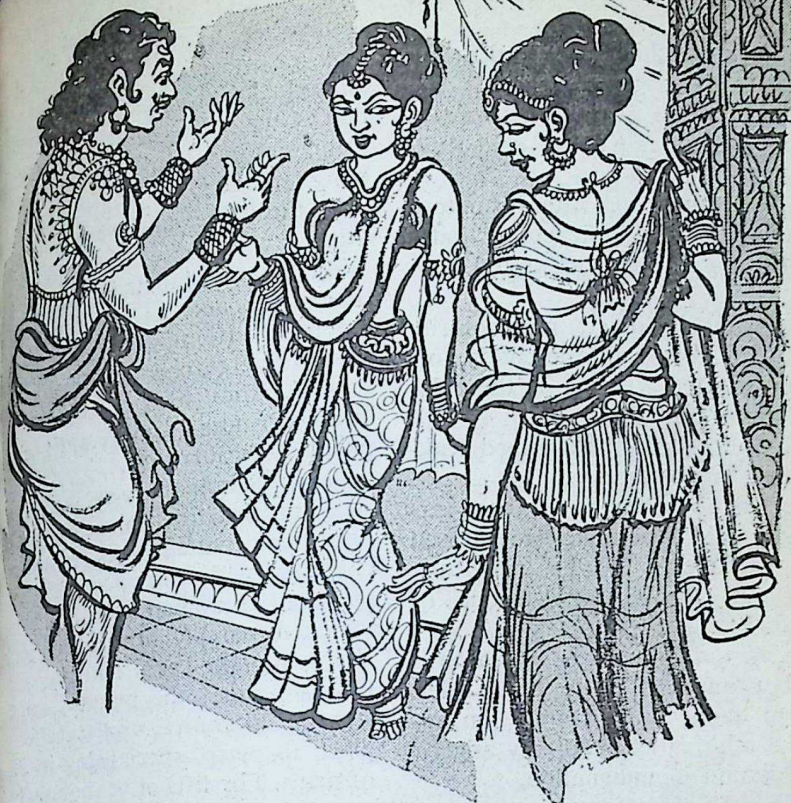
'Will you stop chattering, you both,' shouted Rukmi.

'Brother, ask your wife to stop first. If she speaks, I will,' said Rukmini petulantly.

'I am to blame always—,' Suvrata broke down. 'Brother and sister are one and I am the only wicked one in the family.' She wiped her tears which were flowing copiously.

'As if brother and sister can't be one,' Rukmini muttered to herself.

'Now, will someone tell me what happened at Vasudeva's palace?'



...you two women can never live together....

...you two women can never live together....
 'I don't understand a word,' said Rukmi.
 'Ask your beloved sister. I was not
 here,' Suvrata said in disgust.
 'Of course I went there,' said Ruk-
 mini. 'Princess Devaki had fainted, so
 my son carried her in his arms. Tri-
 vakra and I went with them.'
 'She went without telling me,' Suv-
 vrata groused.
 'Will you let me listen to Rukmini?'
 said Rukmi impatiently. 'I want to
 know what happened there.' He had
 realised the importance of knowing
 what was happening in Vasudeva's
 palace.
 Suvrata looked

took it into confidence. 'Did I not tell
 you that brother and sister are one?
 They are born of the same mother.
 I alone am the stranger.'

'Shut up,' shouted Rukmi. 'Yes?' he
 asked Rukmini.

'What else? I sat there with Tri-
 vakra. Princess Devaki soon revived,
 and mother and son clung to each
 other. The mother was crying. The
 son was saying the most loving things,'
 said Rukmini, getting into a sentiment-
 al mood. 'Oh, Vasudeva can say the
 most soothing words when he begins
 to talk that way.'

Then what did Krishna do?' demanded Rukmi. 'Who else came there?'

'The Yadava chiefs gathered in the courtyard under the big tree. And Princess Devaki's son went away to meet the queens of Kamsa,' said Rukmini.

'See, she cannot even utter his name? Can you sense the significance of that,* Son of King Bhishmaka?' asked Suvrata.

'Oh, please be quiet,' peremptorily said Rukmi. 'What did the chiefs do?'

'They selected Krishna as the ruler of Mathura,' said Rukmini.

'Oh, God of gods!' exclaimed Rukmi almost in distress.

'Don't be so unhappy, Brother,' sarcastically said Rukmini. 'He refused to be the Ruler.'

'Refused! Refused the throne of Mathura?'

'Yes, he did. He said he was a cowherd boy and not fit to be a ruler. Are you happy now? Only I am angry. But who cares about my anger?' said Rukmini in indignation.

* In India, from the earliest times, the wife or the betrothed does not address the husband or the affianced by name. It is supposed to be a sign of vulgarity. He is addressed as 'the son of so-and-so'. When children are born, the wife addressed, and still addresses, the husband as the 'father of so-and-so'. Only among the lowest of low classes does the wife address her husband by his short name and as 'thou'; one of the surest signs of a rise of the status of a low caste in the hierarchy of culture is that the wife begins to address the husband in the plural and never by his name. In modern times, however, the Westernised wife, in circles which have little regard for Indian manners, calls her husband by his name often shortened, and 'thous' him—to the sorrow of all persons who have not forsaken the old cultural traditions.

'Yes, she wanted to be his queen,' said Suvrata bitterly. 'All her hopes are dashed to the ground—'

A chamberlain entered the room offered salutations and announced that Guru Sandipani and the two Princes, Vinda and Anuvinda, sons of King Jayasen of Avanti, wanted to meet the Prince and were waiting outside.

The women hurriedly got up, tidied themselves and as the three visitors entered the room, went and touched the feet of the teacher Sandipani. So did Rukmi. They also accosted the two young Princes from Avanti, with appropriate salutations.

Guru Sandipani was tall, straight, well-knit in corded muscles. His black beard and matted locks framed a harsh face with sharp features, brilliant eyes and an arched nose, and a mouth which invariably wore a benign look.

Twenty-five years ago, he had left the *ashram* of the mighty sage Parasurama, Bhargava, and travelled from place to place, specialising in the use of arms. For fifteen years now he had established an *ashram*—hermitage—in Avanti, which had become one of the most famous schools for training in arms, and kings from that part of the country sent their sons and the sons of their chiefs to be trained under him. And there was not a military strategist it was said, that they could not learn under Sandipani. Rukmi had been trained in his *ashram*, and Vinda and Anuvinda were still studying under the Guru.

He had been travelling for some time with about forty pupils, visiting royal courts where he was also welcomed. He and his pupils had now come to Mathura, whence he would return to his *ashram*.

Rukmi asked the Master, "What are your orders?"

"I have been sent by King Ugrasena to invite you to stay here for a fortnight," said Sandipani.

"For a fortnight? No, Prince Kamsa is my friend and I would not like to stay here longer," said Rukmi.

"I understand what you must be feeling. But King Ugrasena is very persistent. Nobody can undo what the Creator has willed," said Sandipani.

"Do stay, Prince," urged young Ugrasena. "It will be fun all of us going back together with the Master."

"I would like to go. What would I do for fifteen days here?" asked Rukmi.

"Finding it difficult not to accede to Sandipani's request."

"Having come here, it would not be courteous to leave before the twelve days of mourning are over. And then on the fifth day of Kartik, they are celebrating *yajnopavita samskara* of Balaram and Krishna," said Sandipani.

"Sacred thread ceremony of those young men? Has it not been done so long ago?" asked Rukmi in surprise.

"You know they were brought up as cowherds so far. But now they have to be duly initiated into the *samskara*," said Sandipani.

"Is it true, Gurudeva, that Krishna refused to accept the rulership of Mathura?" asked Rukmi.

"You seem to be well-informed. Well, yes, if you ask me, though we wanted to keep it a secret," said Sandipani.

"Why did he refuse? I thought he was keen on it, having killed his maternal uncle with his own hands," Rukmi cried.

"Prince of Vidarbha, how few know this boy! He is interested in uproot-

"How do you know? It may be that he has too many enemies among the Yadavas," suggested Rukmi.

"He has none. They all wanted him to be a ruler," said Sandipani.

"Then what will he do now?" asked Rukmi.

"Oh, he is coming with us to Guru's *ashram* for training," spoke Anuvinda, one of the twin Princes of Avanti.

"Oh!" exclaimed Rukmi.

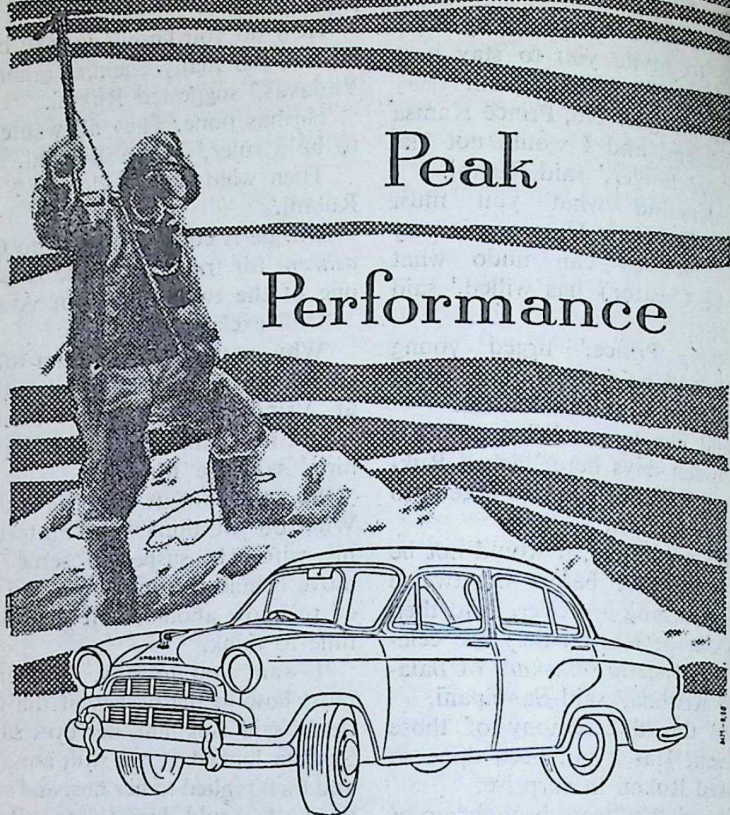
"Why, you don't want him to?" asked Sandipani. "I have lived with him at Vrindavan for some months. I would never miss training a pupil like him," said the Master.

"So, you want us all to go with you. What do you think?" Rukmi turned to his wife. He suspected some clever move behind this invitation and wanted to know about it. He also wanted time to think.

"I want you to stay, Brother. We must bow to the wishes of the Gurudeva," said Rukmini, her eyes shining. Suvrata looked at her with annoyance and then replied to her husband's question: "I would like to go. Perhaps Gurudeva can follow with the Princes of Avanti."

"Now see, my Prince, the two ladies have exactly different opinions," said Sandipani with a smile. "That leaves you to decide for yourself, for you are sure to have one of them with you, whatever you decide. Perhaps it will be worth your while to stay here. Complications might arise and your father, Bhishmaka, the Best of Bhojas, would like you to know all about them."

"If you say so, we will stay, though I don't feel quite happy about it," said Rukmi.



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NAMMALVAR

THE *bhakti* movement in Tamilnad owes its inspiration to the Alvars of Vaishnavism and the Nayanmars of Saivism. The term 'Alvar' means one immersed in the joyful consciousness of the Lord's infinite auspicious attributes. The Alvars were thus God-intoxicated souls.

Of the twelve Alvars Nammalvar is considered to be the greatest. Taking the Alvars as a 'whole', Nammalvar is considered to be their soul. The very term 'Nammalvar' (which means our Alvar) shows the esteem in which he was and is held by the Vaishnavites. But we can go further and say that not only Vaishnavites but also all those whose hearts are thrilled by the utterances of the mystics, can claim Nammalvar as their own.

Genius, whether it is secular or spiritual, is the common possession of mankind, though it might arise in a particular country and at a particular time. Mystics who are religious geniuses rise above the limitations of space and time. The words of William James are well worth recalling: '...the mystical classics have, as

Dr. V. A. Devasenapathi

has been said, neither birthday nor native land. Perpetually telling of the unity of man with God, their speech antedates languages, and they do not grow old.'

There was a chieftain by name Kariyar in Tirukkurugur (also known as Alvar Tirunagari, after the

Pageant of Great Lives—9

advent of Nammalvar) in the Tirunelveli District in South India. He married Udaiyanangaiyar. When the couple visited a Vaishnavite shrine in Tirukurugudi, they prayed for the birth of a child. The presiding deity was pleased to inform them through the temple priest that He Himself would be born as their son.

In due course a son, known to posterity as Nammalvar, was born. This is said to have been on the forty-third day of Kaliyuga (3102 B.C.). Modern research scholars fix Nammalvar's birth between the seventh and the ninth century A.D.

Nammalvar is also known by such other names as Sathakopa, Maran and Parankusan. As a child he was so different from other children that he was given the name 'Maran' (different from others). It is said that children at birth are enveloped by a vital air which clouds their intelligence. But in the case of Nammalvar it was powerless. Hence he was called 'Sathakopa'—'one who rebuked the vital air and rendered it inoperative'. The child did not weep or move its limbs or require to be fed. And yet, it looked radiant. The bewildered parents took the child to the local temple and after worshipping the presiding deity there, came out and left the child in a golden cradle studded with precious stones under a tamarind tree. Tradition has it that the identical tamarind tree is to be seen even to this day.

Nammalvar remained in a state of trance for sixteen years. He did not open his eyes or speak to anyone. But in due course there came one who deserved Nammalvar's attention.

This was Madhura Kavi, a Hindu saint and the Alvar, known as the Divya

gone on a pilgrimage to the North. While Madhura Kavi was in Ayodhya, he saw one night a bright light in the South. Travelling in the direction of the light, he finally reached the tamarind tree in Tirukkurugur where Nammalvar was found in a state of trance.

Madhura Kavi wanted to know if he was conscious. So, he threw a stone to watch the reaction. On hearing the sound, Nammalvar opened his eyes. Madhura Kavi wanted to know if Nammalvar would speak. So he put the question 'If that which is limited (in intelligence) is associated with a body, where does it abide and what does it experience?' The answer was immediate and direct, "It abides there and experience that." Realising the greatness of Nammalvar, Madhura Kavi begged him to take him as his disciple. Nammalvar was pleased to grant this request.

Mounted on the Garuda, the Lord appeared with His Consort before Nammalvar. Being without the least taint of worldliness Nammalvar enjoyed the presence of the Lord continuously till his thirty-fifth year when he left this world. Nammalvar's life is unique in this respect that it could not be said of him, 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting'. 'Shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing Boy'. Instead 'he beholds the light and whence it flows, he sees it in his joy'.

"And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended".

Nammalvar's works testify to the intensity of his religious experience. Of the collection of the sacred poems known as the Divya

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Prabandham, four are Nammalvar's.
They are (1) *Tiruviruttam* (2) *Tiru-
vijayam* (3) *Periya Tiruvandadi*
(4) *Tiruvaimoli*. These are con-
sidered as the quintessence respective-
ly of the four Vedas.

Madhura Kavi's devotion to Nam-
malvar was total and unqualified. In
fact, he considered Nammalvar as the
Lord Himself. "I know no Lord other
than Nammalvar."

There is only one composition of
his in the *Divya Prabandham*. It pul-
ses with the ardent devotion that
Madhura Kavi felt for Nammalvar.

Similarly the philosophy of the
Aacharya Sri Ramanuja is said

to have been inspired by Nammal-
var's works. Ramanuja interprets the

Sutras and the *Bhagavad*

Gita in the light of Nammalvar's

words that the Lord pervades every-

thing remaining invisible even as the

Lord does in the body. Hence, Nam-

malvar is hailed as Vaishnava Kula-

rat and his works are known as the

Tamil Vedas.

There is a story that once when

Ramanuja visited Nammalvar's birth-

place he heard a washerman hail his

lord by different names of Nammal-

var. Ramanuja felt regret for having

come an ascetic, instead of being

a householder with an opportunity of

having sons who could have been

named after Nammalvar.

There are five classic commentaries

on *Tiruvaimoli*, which reveal to us

the wealth embodied in the verses.

They enable us to understand the

significance of the remark of a Vai-

navite Acharya, Sri Vedanta

Disika, that with the help of the

Tiruvaimoli he was able to understand

those portions of the Vedas which

were till then obscure to him.

The subject matter of the *Tiruvai-*

moli relates to the following five:

(1) the Lord (2) the soul (3) means

of attaining salvation (4) obstacles in

the way of salvation and (5) the state

of release.

The central message of the *Tiruvai-*

moli is utter surrender to the Lord.

This way of utter surrender is called

prapatti. It consists in giving up all

attachment to 'I' and 'mine' abandon-

ing all sense of agency and ever-

looking up to the Lord for His Love,

seeking Shelter at His Feet. In fact,

release results the moment false

attachment ceases. *Prapatti*, in brief, is

detachment from 'I' 'mine' and at-

tachment to the Lord. This way is

direct, easy and open to all.

Nammalvar's verses show how he

himself followed the path of surren-

der to the Lord. His contemplation

is frequently about the incarnations

of the Lord and about the manifes-

tations in the temples. Of the incar-

nations, Krishnavatara appeals to him

most. The reason he gives for this

special attachment is that Krishna

Himself abides with him and directs

him from within to serve him. The

intimacy of their union is brought

out by Nammalvar in terms of love

between the lover and the beloved,

the parent and the child. Sense of

union with the Lord plunges Nam-

malvar into rapturous self-forgetful-

ness and identification with the Lord;

sense of separation causes acute

agony. But in using current literary

forms depicting human love, Nam-

malvar, like other Tamil mystic poets,

redeems them from sensuality and sublimates them.

The privilege of communion and union with the Lord is not earned by the soul's own efforts. It is granted by the Lord. Though his utterances are the overflow of his own religious experience, Nammalvar does not claim them as his own work. He considers the Lord as the real author. He invites fellow-poets to keep themselves open to receive the flood of the Lord's grace assuring them that if they do so, they would also have experiences similar to his own.

He deprecates the practice of singing the praises of rich persons in the hope of enjoying their patronage. To earn one's livelihood he suggests manual labour. While the heart is given to the Lord all the time, the hand is to be used in honest work to earn enough for the upkeep of the body.

The conception of God in the *Tiruvaimoli* is very sublime. The very first line of the *Tiruvaimoli* describes the Lord as One whose excellence is supreme. But this Being of Supreme Excellence is not a far-off, high and mighty Being, indifferent to the weal and woe of souls. Hidden in every thing it pervades everything, even as the invisible soul pervades and actuates the body. This Being is so full of love for souls that in the incarnations, e.g. Ramavatara, It takes on the human form and suffers every woe that human flesh is heir to.

"Are those born in the world, anything in themselves, if they do not become devotees of the Lord, after having heard how He was born in the world and for the sake of human

beings endured untold suffering? Who, seeking out the evil ones who afflicted the earth, destroyed them and thus protected and redeemed the world?"

It is said that once when Nammalvar thought of Krishnavatara and how the Lord as a child was once tied to a mortar, he was so moved by the Lord's easy accessibility (*saulabhya*) that he passed off into a state of trance which lasted for several days.

What is the purpose of divine incarnation? It is to redeem souls from polluting embodiment and to protect them that the Lord took birth in many forms. How is this polluting embodiment brought about? It is by false knowledge and by evil conduct. It is insistence on this redeeming love that is central to every theistic faith—the insistence that the All-Highest does care for all living things; and notwithstanding Its majesty, comes down to the succour of even the lowliest of the lowly.

The conception of the Infinite generally to be found in theism, is seen in one of its clearest expressions in Nammalvar's works. This conception is different from the logician's. The logician is sure that there can be nothing other than God if He is to be considered Infinite, that to admit the reality of souls other than God is to limit the Infinite. But the Infinite of the mystics is not the Infinite of logic but the Infinite of Love. Paradoxical though it may seem, this Infinite requires an 'other' or 'others' for its Infinitude. Love would otherwise be meaningless. Nammalvar sings, "Devouring my heart and soul

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...becomes full Himself." The implication is that the Lord comes in search of the soul and when He finds it, becomes the Full or the Perfect One. One of the Alvars puts it in a clear and forthright manner.

Verily I cannot exist without Thee
And even so Thou canst not,
without me.

We speak of courage in following an argument whithersoever it leads to its logical conclusion. Love calls for no less courage, for it is not afraid of an 'other'. We may add, Love hath its victories no less glorious than logic."

To the eye of love, the beloved is beautiful. We find the conception of the Lord as the Beautiful One frequently in Nammalvar's works.

Is it meaningful to speak of the love of God for souls when there is so much suffering in the world? In one of Nammalvar's verses, we come across the following words: "Those who do not draw near Thee, smile (self-contentedly): those who are close to Thee pine in anguish." The answer to this riddle may be in terms of one's past *karma* that suffering brings about expiation of past *karma* and so is no unmixed evil. This seems to make *karma* more potent than God's love and grace. But any one who goes through the *Tiruvaimoli* (as indeed through any other devotional work) will find clear statements that by the grace of God *karma* has been rooted out. "The entire roots of past *karma* have been cut off. If by God's grace I could do this, is there anything impossible for me?"

Diseases, whether of the body or of the soul,



Sri Nammalvar.

the mind or of the soul, are cured when one is immersed in consciousness of the auspicious qualities of the Lord. This is the path that the Alvars followed and wished posterity to follow. To repeat once again the meaning of the term 'Alvars', they were persons immersed in the consciousness of the infinite auspicious qualities of the Lord. Miracles of cure of bodily diseases or deformity are hailed with great delight by the world. The Alvars teach us to overcome diseases and deformity of the soul, a more subtle miracle, by worship of the One with infinite auspicious qualities. We may call this positive soul therapy. Nammalvar sings:

The Lotus Feet I beheld; even as I
beheld Them

All *karma* disintegrated and, was
utterly destroyed.

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I cling to His Feet. I have got rid of sinful birth;
No more shall diseases prevail against me.

Nammalvar worships the Supreme as Vishnu. But he does not frown upon those who worship the Supreme under other names. He is sure that all true worship must be of the Supreme. Every one, according to his capacity, worships the Supreme as he conceives It and attains It. Hence there is no defect or deficiency in the object of worship. In other words, his message is: Let the worship be sincere; it will reach the Supreme.

It is usual to deplore Kaliyuga as a period wholly given over to wickedness. Nammalvar's remedy is sincere and joint worship. He says, 'If you sincerely and jointly worship, there will be no Kaliyuga'. This is sound practical advice. If we all worship the Supreme, the One with infinite auspicious qualities, how can there be wickedness? If light is let in, how can there be darkness? There is no use deploring darkness when we are enveloped by it. Let us let in light. Darkness will automatically disappear. Even so, worship of the Supreme is the antidote to wickedness.

For the ills of the world, love is said to be the sovereign remedy. Strange as it may sound, the following words are those of Bertrand Russell: "The root of the matter is a very simple and old-fashioned thing, a thing so simple that I am almost

ashamed to mention it, for fear of the derisive smile with which cynics will greet my words. The thing I mean—please forgive me for mentioning it—is LOVE, Christian love or compassion. If you feel this, you have a motive for existence, a guide in action, a reason for courage, an imperative necessity for intellectual honesty. If you feel this, you have all that any body should need in the way of religion".

Yes, all religions insist on love. But how is this universal love or compassion to be cultivated? Mystics are certain that it is only by establishing contact with That which is everywhere and which is not fettered by anything, that we can develop universal love. Short of God, any other object of worship, even humanity with a capital H, will inspire only narrow loyalties.

This is the truth taught by all mystics. We find this very clearly in Nammalvar whose sojourn in this world was inspired by the one motive of sharing with his fellowmen his experience of God. Ever beholding the One True Light, he became a Light himself to light the path for others. Madhura Kavi beheld the Light and followed it. Those of us who pray, "Lead me from darkness to Light" ("*tamaso ma jyotirgamaya*") may also behold this Light!

That from which result material gain and spiritual good is dharma.

VARADA'S GOSPEL OF DIVINE LOVE

(Continued from the last issue)

(51) The nature of divine love is indescribable.

(52) It is like the taste experienced by a dumb man.

(53) It however illuminates the experiences irrespective of time and place.

(54) The nature of the experience beyond the ken of the threefold desires; it increases every minute; it is continuous, it is subtlest experiences.

(55) Its experience makes one all-wise; look to it, hear it, speak it and think it.

(56) Preparatory *bhakti* is of three kinds depending upon the threefold *gunas* (*sattva*, *rajas* and *tamas*) or three types of *bhaktas* (*arta*, *jignasu* and *arthiarthi*).

(57) The first is greater than the second and the second is greater than the third.

(58) Love of God is easier than love of others.

(59) Because it needs no proof or demonstration and is proof of itself.

(60) Because it is peace, bliss itself.

(61) Violence should be abjured as much as we have surrendered the human, the world and knowledge unto the Lord.

(62) It is not necessary to abjure mundane activity for its (Divine Love's) attainment, but the fruits of action should be given up. At the same time efforts should be made to cultivate it (Divine Love).

(63) Shut out all details about women, wealth and atheism.

(64) Give up love of self, pride and the rest of them.

(65) Dedicating all activities to Him, employ desire, anger and vanity in respect of Him.

(66) Stepping above the three lower forms of *bhakti* (vide 56), you must become the eternal servant, the eternal lover and the eternal devotee of the Lord. *Prem* alone should be practised.

(67) Among *bhaktas* those who are exclusive in their devotion are the greatest.

(68) Those choking with emotion, hairs standing on end and eyes shedding tears, hearing or discussing the Lord's greatness not only purify their race but the entire world.

(69) They sanctify *tirthas*; they ennoble righteous actions; they impart power to *shastras*.

(70) They are the essence of God.

(71) Their manes rejoice; the *devas* dance; the earth has her saviour in Him.

(72) Not for them is the difference born of caste, learning, form, birth, wealth or profession.

(73) In as much they are the Lord's own.

(74) Do not enter into disputes (on the Lord).

(75) Because there is room for diversity of views and reason is not the final arbiter.

(76) Study *bhakti* literature; do such action as enkindle *bhakti*.

(77) Having freed yourself from pleasure, pain, desire, gain, etc., do not waste even half a minute in ex-

pectancy (strive again and again for God).

(78) Develop these qualities in yourself: ahimsa; truthfulness, purity (inner and outer), compassion and faith in God.

(79) Glorify God always and in all manner to the exclusion of all other thoughts.

(80) Thus glorified, He will quickly manifest Himself and bless the devotee.

(81) Of the three true paths (*bhakti*, *jnana* and *karma*) *bhakti* alone is the greatest.

(82) Although one, Divine love takes eleven forms: (1) love of glorifying the Lord's qualities; (2) love of glorifying His beauty; (3) love of worshipping Him; (4) love of contemplating Him; (5) love of ser-

vice unto Him; (6) love of friendship with Him; (7) love of treating Him as a child; (8) love of treating Him as lover; (9) love of complete surrender of self unto Him; (10) love of becoming one with Him; (11) love of experiencing the pain of love separation from Him.

(83) So say the great teachers of *bhakti* who have little to fear from criticism—Kumara, Vyasa, Suka, Sadya, Garga, Vishnu, Kaundinya, Sesha, Uddhava, Aruni, Bali, Hanuman, Vibhishana and others—one voice.

(84) He who has faith in these auspicious words of Narada and strives for Divine Love will attain the most beloved Lord, will obtain the most beloved Lord.

To form a just estimate of any national art we must consider not what the art has borrowed, but what it has given to the world. Viewed in this light, Indian art must be placed among the greatest of the great schools, either in Europe or in Asia. None of the great art schools are entirely indigenous and self-contained, in the archeological sense; there is none which did not borrow material from other countries, and the schools of Greece and Italy are no exception to this rule. What India borrowed from outside her own world, was repaid a hundred fold by products of her own creative genius. If she took this from here, that from there, so did Greece, so did Italy; but out of what she took came higher ideals than Greece ever dreamt of and things of beauty that Italy never realised. Let these constitute India's claim to the respect and gratitude of humanity.

UNITY AND VITALITY OF INDIA

Jawaharlal Nehru



and yet she remained essentially her own old self.

Like the ocean she received the tribute of a thousand rivers, and though she was disturbed often enough, and storms raged over the surface of her waters, the sea continued to be the sea.

It is astonishing to note how India continued successfully this process of assimilation and adaptation. It could only have done so if the idea of a fundamental unity were so deep-rooted as to be accepted even by the new-comer, and if her culture were flexible and adaptable to changing conditions.

Vincent Smith, in his *Oxford History of India*, refers to what I have in mind: "India beyond all doubt possesses a deep underlying fundamental unity, far more profound than that produced either by geographical isolation or by political suzerainty. The unity transcends the innumerable diversities of blood, colour, language, dress, manners, and sect". And Sir Frederick Whyte, in *The Future of East and West*, also stresses this unity. He refers to the tremendous diversity of India and yet "the greatest of all the contradictions in India is that over this diversity is spread a greater unity, which is not immediately evident because it failed historically to find expression in any political cohesion to make the country one, but which is

SUPERFICIAL observers of India, accustomed to the standardization which modern industry has brought about in the West, are apt to be impressed too much by the variety and diversity of India. They miss the unity of India; and yet the tremendous and fundamental fact of India is her essential unity throughout the ages.

Indian history runs into thousands of years, and, of all modern nations, only China has such a continuous and ancient background of culture.

Five to six thousand years ago the Indus Valley civilization flourished all over northern India and probably extended to the south also. Even then it was something highly developed, with a millennia of growth behind it.

Since the early dawn of history innumerable peoples, conquerors and settlers, pilgrims and students, have streamed into the Indian plains from the highlands of Asia and have influenced Indian life and culture and art; but always they have been absorbed and assimilated.

India was changed by these contacts



Gurudev Tagore

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows. Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service. Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might. Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles. And give me the strength to Thy will with love.

—Gitanjali



Lokmanya Tilak

The religion of the Gita which is a combination of spiritual knowledge, devotion and action which is in all respects undauntable and comprehensive and is further perfectly equable, i.e. which does not maintain any distinction between classes, castes, countries or any other distinction, but gives Release to everyone in the same measure and at the same time shows proper forbearance towards other religions, is thus the sweetest and immortal fruit of the tree of Vedic Religion.

—Gita Rahasya

We must consider ourselves fortunate that we are the inheritors of a vast country culturally and socially united since time immemorial, but now politically and administratively also united. This inheritance has brought on us some heavy responsibility also. While there may be points on which all may not agree there is no doubt that the country is one and it belongs to every one of us.....Whatever such differences might imply, we must be sure of one thing, namely, we are one and indivisible.

—Rashtropati Rajendra
Prasad
(in his recent Coimbatore
speech.)

so greatly a reality, and so powerful, that even the Musalman world in India has to confess that it has been deeply affected by coming within its influence."

This Indian background and unity were essentially cultural; they were not religious in the narrow sense of the word.

That culture was not exclusive or intolerant to begin with; it was receptive and adaptable, and long ages of pre-eminence gave it deep roots and a solidarity which storms could not shake.

It developed a beneficent attitude which, secure in its own strength, could afford to be tolerant and broadminded.

And this very toleration gave greater strength and adaptability.

There was in it till almost the beginning of the Christian era a certain rationalism, something approaching a scientific outlook, which refused to itself down to dogmas.

True, this culture and rationalism were largely confined to the upper classes, but they percolated down to the masses to some extent.

Superstitions and dogmas and many an evil practice gradually crept in. Buddhism was a revolt against these. But the old way of life was still powerful, and it is one of the wonders of history how India succeeded in absorbing Buddhism without any physical conflict!

Buddhism, which had spread throughout India and had made progress from Western Asia right across Central Asia to the Far East, gradually faded out of the land of its birth. The man who is supposed to be largely responsible for this was Shankaracharya, who lived in the eighth century after Christ.

This amazingly brilliant young man travelled all over India arguing, debating, convincing large audiences, and in a few years (he died at the age of 32) changed the mental atmosphere of the country. The appeal was to reason and logic, not to force.

This practice of debate and conference over religious and other matters was common throughout India and there are records of many great gatherings from Kashmir in the north to the far south.

Whatever the political divisions of the country, ideas were spread rapidly and were hotly debated.

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India hung together culturally and mental background of the people everywhere was much the same.

Even the masses in different parts of the country were not dissimilar in thought and outlook.

The chief places of pilgrimage fixed on the four corners of India: Badrinath in the Himalayas in the north, Rameshwaram near Cape Comorin in the south, Dwarka in the west overlooking the Arabian Sea, and Puri in the east, washed by the waters of the Bay of Bengal.

There was continuous intercourse between the peoples of the different regions.

India as a whole was their holy land.

It is interesting to compare the intolerance of Europe in matters religious to the wide tolerance prevailing almost throughout history in India.

Christianity came to India in the first century after Christ, long before Europe knew much about it, and found a welcome and a home. There was no opposition whatever.

Even now there flourish in India many early Christian sects which were crushed out of existence in Europe. There are the Nestorians, and various Syrian Christian sects.

The Jews came to India also about eighteen hundred years ago or more, and were welcomed. They still carry on their community life and parts of an ancient city where they live are supposed to resemble old Jerusalem.

The Zoroastrians also came to India, driven out of Persia, and made their home here, and have flourished ever since.

The Moslems first came soon after the advent of Islam and they found ready admittance and welcome and full opportunities for propagating their faith.

For centuries there was no conflict except on the frontiers; it was only when Moslems came as conquerors and raiders that there was conflict.

The coming of Moslem rule shook India. For a while there was a conflict between the old background and the new, but soon the old spirit of India began to assert itself and attempts began to be made to find a synthesis of the old and the new.

Even in religion, most difficult subject of all, this attempt was repeatedly made by Nanak, Kabir and others.

The Moslem rulers generally accepted the background of Indian life and culture, varied by Persian cultural ideas. There was no difficulty whatever in the adaptation of old Indian arts to new ideas. New styles grew up in architecture and painting which were a true synthesis of the two and yet were essentially Indian. So also in music. Even in dress a certain uniformity crept in, and a common language developed.

Thus the whole history of India for thousands of years past shows her essential unity and the vitality and adaptability of her culture.

This vitality took her message in art and thought and religion to the Far East; it took the shape of great colonizing expeditions to Malaysia, to Java and Sumatra and the Philippines and Borneo, as the remains of great monuments there, a thousand years old, bear testimony.

Day
by day
by day...



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To our Past Students

Smt. Lilavati Munshi

[Text of speech delivered at a convention of the past Arts students of the Bhavan on 8-8-1960].

On behalf of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan I welcome you all to this first meeting of all past students of the Bhavan's Col-

There is an association of the past students in the College which I began was started two years back. It may be that many of the past students do not know about it, because it came into existence very late. Our College was started in the year 1946 and if you are able to trace all the students who studied in the College, it will be a long list.

The idea of renewing our contact with the past students came to my mind when we were in U.P. As Sri Munshi was the Chancellor of many U.P. Universities we were being invited every year to Roorkee University which is an Engineering University. Every year during the University week the past students also were invited. Roorkee being an Engineering University, many of its past students are holding very high positions as Engineers all over India. So many of them who are highly placed persons take special trouble to come to attend the University week and to renew their contact with their Alma Mater as well as to make the acquaintance to the present students from where the professor drew very often.

Again, when I went on world tour in 1958 I had occasion to see many

Universities, where I found they all were keeping contact with their past students. If any student or a member of the staff or any one connected with a University went to any part of the world, the University office took the trouble if so desired to write to the past student residing in that part of the world about the new person's arrival or gave letters of introduction to the person concerned. These letters are most helpful to them.

We ourselves also met many students of the Bhavan as well as some of the students of the U.P. Universities who were members of the Chancellor's camp, which every year Sri Munshi as the Chancellor was organising during those years in some parts of America and Europe. Most of them were pursuing higher studies in those countries. As soon as they came to know that we were there, they found us out and came to meet us. It is a great thing when one travels either in the country itself or abroad to have some one at the other end who could receive you or render some help to you when needed. This can happen only if there is a common bond of having studied in the same University or the same College.

Going through the list of the past students I found that many of them have settled down and were occupying good positions. Some of them are still studying in foreign countries, and

some are spread over many walks of life.

You may ask me what will be the purpose of such contacts. I consider the Bhavan and the Bhavan's members as well as the students as members of one family. By frequent meetings, we can create closer bond between the past and the present students and the Bhavan itself. The past students can help the present students in many ways. For instance such of you who are well-placed can help the present students when they pass out to get employment or extend some help for the poor students who are studying here. Such one of you can help one such student either by yourself or through your influence. If you do that, it will be such a great thing.

The other thing, you who are either in Bombay or staying outside Bombay can do, is that if some Bhavan's student or member meets you or write to you through the Bhavan, you can at least meet him in the new place. The Bhavan can thus be a link between the past and the present students. The past students can offer reliable assistance and have the satisfaction of helping a student of his College. The guidance and the help that you can give to the present students will be invaluable to them.

You know that the Bhavan is a growing institution. The following are some of its departments and activities.

(1) The Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya. (2) The Gita Vidyalaya. (3) The Munglal Goenka Samshodhan Mandir for research. (4) The Bharatiya Itihasa Vibhag. (5) The Munshi Saraswati Mandir—a big library for the members. (6) The Bharatiya Sangit Shikshapith. (7) The

Bharatiya Nartan Shikshapith. (8) Bharatiya Kala Kendra. (9) The University. (10) The Bhavan's Sangit Classes. (11) Theatre, Dramatics. (12) Intercollegiate Dramatic Competition. (13) Academy of Painting.

The Bhavan has a branch in Delhi which is running a school teaching to Cambridge Senior course and provides temporary accommodation to members on the branch premises whenever they visit Delhi for nominal payment. Now you know Delhi is a place where one has to visit for some or the other, specially for those who are in the business line and this is a great facility that the Bhavan provides. This branch is also running Language classes in French, German, Russian, Spanish, Hindi and Sanskrit. It has Gita Pravachan every Sunday, and organises many meetings on history and other subjects. Now if you are a donor-member of the Bhavan you can go and stay there. The Bhavan has an active branch in Madras with centres in Calcutta, Bangalore and Allahabad and some other places.

You know Bhavan's publications and journals are very widely read. The English Journal is having a sale of nearly 40,000 copies; Hindi 6,500. A new Gujarati fortnightly has been recently started. You will find our History of India of which six volumes are out, in every large library in India and the major libraries of the world. It is the only authentic history India has produced after Independence.

The Bhavan's publications have a high reputation. If some of you wish to be interested in some of our publications, you can contact the Bhavan. Some activities of the

will be celebrated from the 1st December to the 7th December 1960 which will consist of Bhavan's Annual Convocation, Dramas, sports and other activities. I want you all to take part in various activities of the Bhavan during that week. You can also discuss a number of problems. Once in year the past students can have a subscription dinner in the Bhavan itself which will encourage social contact between the past and the present students. There are various ways in which we could cultivate our acquaintance with each other and be of service to each other by cultivating that bond.

I shall personally be very happy if any one of you can come and call on me with the members of your family. I should like to know them. If we meet in this way we get to know each other better.

On the table at the corner, books and journals published by the Bhavan are spread out which will give you some idea of its work in the cultural sphere. Many people know the Bhavan through our theatre only. Theatre is only a small part of the Bhavan's activities. I hope you will take greater interest in the Bhavan and in the present students and if you come forward to join the past students' association with activities chalked out, I personally shall be very happy.

SWAMIMALAI SRI SWAMINATHASWAMY
KOTI ARCHANA

By His Divine Blessings and with the full co-operation of His enthusiastic devotees, the Koti Archana, which dawned on 11-4-60, had successfully crossed over 40 lakhs on 7-8-60, within four months. ONE SAHASRANAMA ARCHANA Costs Rs. 7/- only. Prasadam are sent by Post to Parties after performing Archanas on required dates. Send your remittances to The Treasurer, Sri Swaminathaswamy Koti Archana Committee, KUMBAKONAM. (S. India).

WORSHIP OF LORD GANESA

M. V. Sridatta Sarma

यस्मादोकारसंभूतिर्यतो वेदा यतो जगत् ।
येन सर्वमिदं व्याप्तं तं विद्धि गणनायकम् ॥

He from whom the Pranava originated, who serves as the source-bed of the Vedas, from whom the entire cosmos had its beginning and by whom it is manifested, know Him to be the Lord of the ganas.

—Ganesa Purana.

THE fourth day of the waxing moon in the lunar month Bhādrapada is held sacred to Lord Ganesa. This is the day on which He descended to earth as son of Siva and Parvati.

It was a Monday when five auspicious planets were posited in Leo, to wit:

भाद्रशुक्लचतुर्थ्यां तु शशिवारे च वायुभे ।
सिंहलग्ने पञ्चशुभग्रहयुक्तेऽभवत्सुतः ॥

The Lord incarnated in different forms in the four different Yugas. Thus in the Krita Yuga, He appeared with ten hands with the lion for his vehicle. In Treta Yuga, He was styled Mayuresa as he was seated on a peacock. In Dwapara, He assumed a form with four hands and was of red hue. In the Kali age, He is described in a form with two hands, and of course the trunk.

When Lord Siva led the Devas against Tripurasura, who was a source of terror, the former invoked Ganesa with a view to ward off impediments. At that time Lord Siva ordained thus: "You, (Ganesa) have to be invoked by all, irrespective of their persuasions, before all new undertakings whether

they be of an auspicious or inauspicious nature."

While Ganesa was a small child, an ogress by name Viraja swallowed him; but Ganesa ripped open her belly by magnifying his size and killed her. A crocodile seized Ganesa while playing near a river. His parents became anxious about his safety, but he kicked the monster like a ball and came out. Some Gandharvas had placed objects of worship near a bathing ghat. Child Ganapati threw them away. His parents took him to the place at which Ganapati opened His mouth wide, when all present beheld the entire universe inside of it!

Two demons Patang and Vidura assumed the form of a whirlwind and wanted to carry away the Lord; but Ganesa seized them with his trunk and crushed them to death. On another occasion two demons of gigantic stature Devantak and Narantak by name were unsuccessful in their attempt to kidnap Lord Gajanan.

Ganesa Purana narrates an incident connected with the advent of a plethora of evil forces. They appeared in manifold forms. The cat-demon Kura, the vulture-demon (Gridhra), the mice-demon, the boy-fiend Balasura, the Titan Vyoma who occupied the ethereal regions, the demon Kamata who appeared in the form of a turtle, Talpa who hid himself in the matter, the roaring dragon Dundubhi, the boa-constrictor demon (Ajagara), the fiend who appeared in the form

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moth (Salabha), Noopura who
healthily crept into the anklet-ring,
who spread vermin and bac-
into drinking water, the shark-
(Matsya), the mountain-fiend
(Kardama), the demon (the
Kullasa), the demon who appeared in the form
of a priest, the shadow-demon Chan-
as also the hog-dragon are in-
stances in point.

Many anecdotes are available on
the efficacy of Upasana of Lord Ga-
nesa. He is known as Samkashta-hara
(remover of straits). On the day
dedicated to Gajanan (Chaturthi), a hun-
dred by name Bheem repaired to the
temple and was pursued by a fiend.
He climbed a Sami tree. The fiend too
climbed the tree to seize Bheem. In the
process, a few leaves of the Sami fell
on the image of Lord Gajanan which
was placed in a niche below the tree.
By this little act of devotion to the
Lord, both Bheem and the fiend ob-
tained for themselves absolution!

Queen Keerti who had lost the fa-
vor of her husband Priyavrat, re-
turned it by propitiating Lord Gaja-

At the instance of sage Narada,
Queen Indumati worshipped Lord
Gajanan on the fourth day of Bha-
drapada, by making a clay image of
Ganesa. The result was that her hus-
band, who was under the clutches of
Yaga damsels in the nether world, ob-
tained his release.

Kritavirya saw his father in a dream
and he was initiated in worship of
Lord Gajanan on the Chaturthi (Sam-
vatsara). His son Sahasrarjuna was a
born cripple, besides being maimed.
After observing severe austerities, his
limbs were restored and he became

handsome. The *praval*-Ganapati was
installed by Sahasrarjuna and wor-
shipped by him.

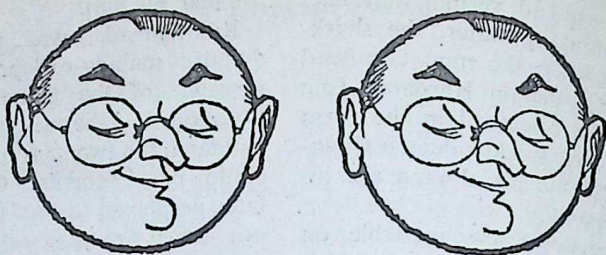
Rukmangada was cured of the
dreadful malady of leprosy by the ob-
servance of the Ganesa worship at
Chintamani kshetra. Sanaka and Sa-
nandana, the two sons of Brahma, who
could not recognise Gajanan, were
later perplexed to find that they could
not notice anything other than Gaja-
nan! By Ganesa-worship King Nala
was able to redeem his kingdom after
great suffering. Rukmini was able to
get back her son Pradyumna after
quelling Sambara by the same wor-
ship.

A giant by name Anala (fire) caus-
ed great havoc. Lord Ganesa swallow-
ed him and was pleased by the pre-
sentation of the Durva grass which
suppressed the intense heat caused by
the fire.

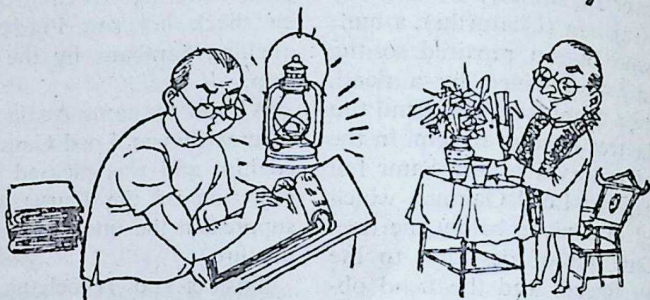
Trisiras and Trilochana, who wor-
shipped an image of the Lord with the
Durva grass were also blessed. A king,
his queen and a sage were born as a
bull, an adultress and an ass by a
curse. By force of circumstances they
had to remain in the shrine of Gajanan
for shelter when they accidentally hap-
pened to drop blades of Durva grass
on the image. All of them obtained
deliverance by the grace of the Lord.

The Durva grass is a symbol of pu-
rity. It is said to ward off evil. It des-
troys bad dreams (दुर्वा दुःस्वप्ननाशिनी).
The fiend Anala mentioned above may
perhaps denote drought or the effect
of sin. In *Mahanarayana Upanisad*,
there is a hymn to Durva (a mani-
festation of the Supreme Spirit). The
seer prays that just as the Durva grass

They look alike...



...but perform differently



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THE BATTLE AGAINST PLAGUE



It was August 1896. The rains had just ended. In the Mandvi ward of old Bombay city, some workers in grain-godowns died mysteriously. In every case there was sudden high fever accompanied by rigor; lasted for three to four days during which a bubo appeared in the groin; then, rapid death.

Soon the disease spread to many other wards, and panic raced through the city like a forest fire.

Rats were seen dying in hundreds everywhere. Often dead rats fell from the roofs and the streets were full of them. Sometimes sick rats would emerge from their holes in broad daylight, stagger about for a while, then fall over and die.

Few people, who caught the disease, survived and the rate of mortality rose. It became known that it was plague, a dreaded epidemic.

The city was enveloped in terror. People in thousands began to flee by every available means.

This was the notorious "Black Death" itself which wiped out 100,000 Indians in one decade.

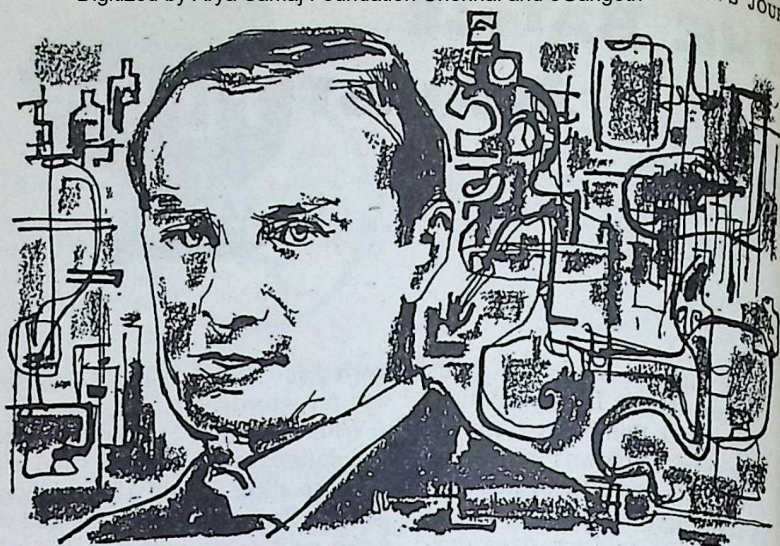
Medical science, then, knew nothing about the pestilence, which was spread by the fleeing, terror-stricken people wherever they went,—to small

towns, and remote villages, and there was no remedy.

Within a few weeks, Bombay's population had dwindled from eight lakhs to three. Many afflicted houses were washed with lime or marked with a red circle as in medieval days; isolation wards were opened; schools and factories were closed. But the epidemic raged on, sparing no one, striking down men, women and children like a pack of cards.

The helpless, defeated, health authorities sent a frantic S.O.S. to Dr. Haffkine, a Russian bacteriologist, the only man then in India who knew about epidemics and was at the time engaged in cholera research in Calcutta. On his arrival in Bombay on October 7, 1896, began the heroic struggle against the awesome, merciless killer.

The killer had first to be tracked down, identified and studied to devise remedial measures. Dr. Haffkine, therefore, began his research work in the Petit Laboratory of Grant Medical College, which actually consisted of a room and a corridor. He had a staff of one clerk and three peons. Most valuable work was done in these modest surroundings. In December 1896, hardly two months after he



began work on it, Dr. Haffkine succeeded in protecting rabbits against an inoculation of virulent plague bacilli. These rabbits had been previously treated with an injection of a broth culture of the killer microbes sterilised by heat. The rabbits so treated became immune to the disease. This was only the beginning.

The epidemic was still raging in Bombay and elsewhere and thousands fell and died without help or hope. Emboldened by the success of his experiments on the rabbits, Dr. Haffkine took the unusual step, on January 10, 1897, of inoculating himself with 10 cc of the plague prophylactic, the first time it was ever tried on a human being. An incredulous and frightened crowd watched the proceeding with bated breath.

The bold example brought instant response from the public and several prominent citizens and leading doctors came forward and offered to get pub-

licly inoculated. It was a great moment in Dr. Haffkine's life.

A series of controlled experiments were conducted, first on prisoners exposed to infection in the Byculla House of Correction. The results were gratifying. The disease still raged, but the tide had turned. Of the 8,000 odd persons inoculated in Bombay, a mere 10 developed plague. The battle against plague was won.

Waldemar Mordecai Wolff Haffkine was born on March 16, 1860 in the Russian port town of Odessa. He received his early schooling at the local Gymnasium and graduated from the Science Faculty in the University of Odessa in 1884. For four years thereafter he was attached to the Zoological Museum. Then he got an appointment as Assistant Professor of Physiology at Geneva. During his work at Geneva, he got an invitation from Louis Pasteur, the father of microbiology, to become his assistant.

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Paris. Haffkine eagerly accepted because his prime interest was in bacteriology. Under Louis Pasteur, he worked on problems of immunity in Metchnikoff's laboratory and succeeded in preparing a vaccine for cholera. anxious to test its efficacy under epidemic conditions, Haffkine planned to go to Siam, but it so happened that he came to India and did considerable research and field-work in Calcutta. He had to meet some initial opposition to cholera inoculation; but soon it became popular and over 25,000 people were inoculated. Within a few years, the Haffkine cholera vaccine was accepted the world over as an effective protective agent. It was at this time that the bubonic plague broke out in Bombay and he rushed to the city to conquer another epidemic as dreadful as cholera.

During the three years 1899 to 1902, a large amount of plague vaccine was prepared at the Plague Research Laboratory in Bombay and was distributed throughout the country. Plague continued to break out for some years on the onset of the cold season but the number of deaths was greatly reduced with the Haffkine prophylactic.

In 1902 a most unfortunate incident happened. At Melkowal in the Punjab, 19 persons who received the inoculation developed tetanus after a few days and died. This led to a public uproar and gave a serious set-back to the use of the vaccine. Such was the anxiety of the panicked people that the good which the vaccine had done was soon forgotten. Fear, and suspicion, grew; the men who had been willing to accept the inoculation

now recoiled from it as from death itself. The manufacturing process of the vaccine was blamed by one and all, and the responsibility for the disaster was squarely placed on Dr. Haffkine. A commission of inquiry was appointed by the Government of India which said that vaccine was contaminated.

Dr. Haffkine challenged the commission's conclusions but he was relieved of the post of Director-in-Chief of the laboratory. Dejected and unhappy, Haffkine returned to Europe. No one seemed to believe him or his explanations and the bacteriologist had to go round the laboratories of Europe meeting various scientists and arguing his case.

After protracted investigation, the truth came out. A hospital assistant in Melkowal had dropped the rubber stopper of the vaccine bottle to the floor and without re-sterilising it, he had used it and gone on with the injections. Thus it was proved that contamination had taken place at Melkowal itself.

In 1907 Dr. Haffkine was completely exonerated and congratulations began pouring in. The Government of India awarded him the C.I.E. and persuaded him to take up appointment as Director of the Bacteriological Laboratories in Calcutta. Haffkine was broken-hearted by this time, but he was so devoted to the cause that he accepted the offer. He retired in 1914 and went to Boulogne-sur-Seine, where he lived a quiet life, until his death in Lausanne in 1930.

In 1925, at the instance of Colonel Macchie, Director of the Bombay

Laboratory, the laboratory was re-named as Haffkine Institute in honour of the great scientist who had helped humanity so much in its battle against the Black Death.

When informed of this, Dr. Haffkine said: "I am greatly indebted to Colonel Machie for the name given to the Parel Laboratory. The work at Bombay absorbed the best years of my life and I need not explain how much I feel about everything connected therewith. I wish the Institute prosperity as an active centre of work on behalf of the health organisation of the country and I send blessings to the whole of its staff."

Indeed with his blessings the Haffkine Institute has gone on to chalk up many achievements. It celebrated

its golden jubilee last year. A variety of research projects were undertaken on subjects like beri-beri, leprosy, malaria, rabies, snake and scorpion bites. Today it has eleven departments and sections, conducts medical research, trains research workers, supplies vital biologicals and diagnostic side to the medical profession.

In sixty years it has grown from one scientist and four persons as staff members to more than 100 scientists and over 520 persons as subordinate staff.

We shall always remember, with pride and gratitude, that it was due entirely to the efforts of Dr. Haffkine that the seed of modern medical research was sown in India just sixty-four years ago.

WORSHIP OF LORD GANESA—(Contd.)

grows farther and farther sending forth its roots and fresh stalks, his progeny may also be allowed to increase by hundreds and thousands.

सहस्रपरमा देवी शतमूला शतांकुरा ।
सर्वं हरतु मे पापं दूर्वा दुःस्वप्ननाशिनी ॥
काण्डात्काण्डात्प्ररोहन्ती पुरुषः परुषः परि ।
एवा नो दूर्वं प्रतनु सहस्रेण शतेन च ॥

By presenting the Durva to Ganēsa, one prays for the condonation of all sins as also for prosperity.

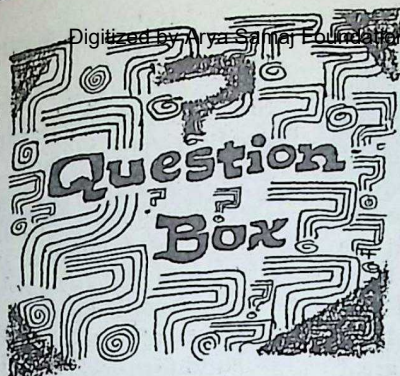
The *Ganesa Purana* tells us that Brahma could not pursue with his task of creation, so much so that he had to meditate on Ganesh, when He manifested Himself in the form of a child on a banyan leaf and initiated Him in the incantation of the Ganesh-mantra. The two mind-born daughters of Brahma, Siddhi and Buddhi, came

given away in marriage to the Lord as reward:

सिद्धिबुद्धी उभे कन्ये मनसा कल्पिते ददौ
तुष्टो देवो ददौ तस्मै विद्यामेकाक्षरीं विष्णुः

Says the *Ganesa Purana* thus: "By His own form (natural state) as Vinayaka, composed of the character of the Trinity (Brahma, Vishnu and Maheswara), the Supreme Spirit with a view to carrying the burden resting on the earth and for the annihilation of the vicious forces, as also for fostering Swadharma (one's own duty) assumes innumerable forms or shapes. He alone projects the Universe, guards it and dissolves it by His splendour."

विनायकस्वरूपेण ब्रह्मविष्णुशिवात्मकम्
भूभारहरणार्थाय दुष्टानां निधनाय च
पालनाय स्वधर्मस्य त्रिभूतेष्वनन्तरूपतया
स एव कृते विद्यमानो हन्ति स्वतेजसा



ANSWERS by

K. M. Munshi

813

Sri D. Ramaswamy Reddy, Prad-

How am I to develop love for God when I am not conscious within myself that God is the doer, He alone is doing everything, I am doing nothing?

It is very difficult to be conscious all the time that God is the doer. That is why it is necessary to do japa and pray to God. It will develop faith and make you God-conscious.

814

Sri P. Pothan Setty, Rayadrug, Mantapur Dist.

What is civilization and culture? Is modern India cultured and civilized?

Civilization is material equipment of life. Culture is the way of life of a people informed by certain fundamental values inspired by a central idea. Please read Kulapati's letter No. 210 dated July 24, 1960. We are more cultured than the so-called advanced, and less civilized. Our Five-Year Plans which aim at ma-

terial advancement ignoring our cultural needs are designed to make us more civilized, while depriving us of our culture.

815

Sri K. K. Ramachandra Rao, Bangalore.

Q: Will you please shed light on how to look through and appreciate paintings in modern art exhibitions? How would the splitting of different colours in a disorderly and obscure manner become the famous paintings of the world? Do they not unduly tax the layman's imagination?

A: I have no patience with the so-called modern art. It is a jumble, reflecting the confused mind of the modern artist. It not only taxes one's imagination, it stifles it and passes off ugliness as beauty.

816

Sri K. Krishna, Gulbargh, Hyderabad (Dn.).

Q: Are there any religious commandments in "Sanatana Dharma" like the Ten Commandments

in Christian religion? If so, please list them.

- A: "The Ten Commandments" of the Bible are certain aspects of the Moral Order, presented in telling sentences. Our scriptures are full of them. If you read the last few verses of Canto XVII of the *Bhagavad Gita*, you will find all the aspects of the Moral Order presented with great clarity.

817

Sri S. Radakrishnan, Ernakulam.

Q: Who is a true Hindu?

- A: A true Hindu is one who has faith that God lives in all created things; who accepts the life of the Spirit as the final goal of human efforts; who tries in however humble a way to conquer attachment, fear and wrath; who tries to draw inspiration from the teachings of the Upanishads, *Brahmasutra* and the *Gita*; from those of Vyas, Sri Krishna, Sri Ramachandra, Buddha, Mahavira; of the Acharyas, Sants and Bhaktas; of Ramakrishna, Dayanand, Sri Aurobindo and Gandhiji.

818

Sri P. V. Ganapathy., Mulund, Bombay.

Q: Will you kindly suggest some of the ways to develop good memory?

- A: Try to refresh your memory again and again of what you want to remember.

819

Sri S. Ananthanarayanan, Pylak Dam Post, The Nilgiris.

Q: Would it not be proper to declare Sankara Jayanti Day as National holiday in the same way as Buddha Jayanti?

- A: It should be, but our rulers, some of whom are allergic to Hinduism, are ignorant of the legacy he left behind.

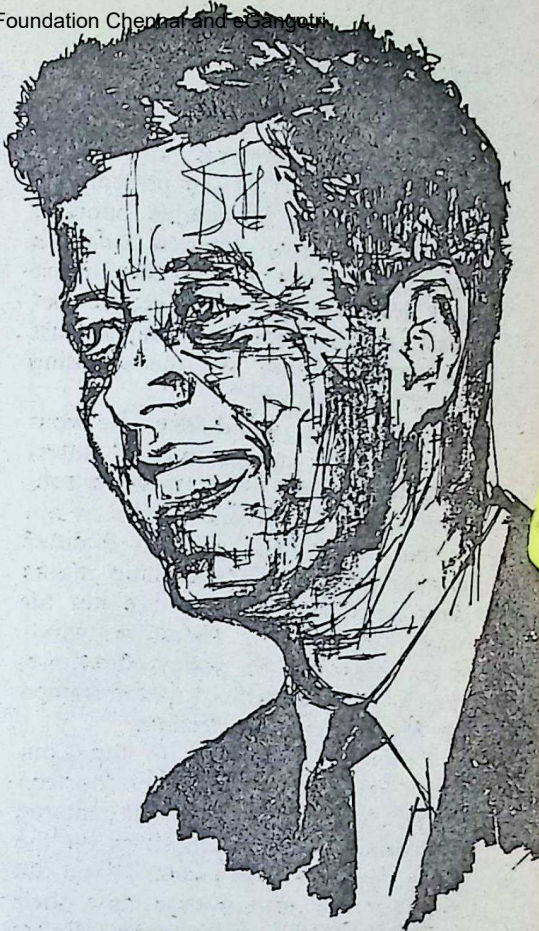
820

Sri O. P. Mittal, Delhi.

Q: I am quoting from pp. 29 of Bhavan's Journal dated 20 March, 1960, describing the love affair in Krishnavatara as follows: "He felt her cheeks. His hand moved on her breast.... Is it fair to attribute such words to a pair whom you have so often described as Divine, who are supposed to be united in universal spiritual love as against physical unions of mortals?"

- A: If Sri Krishna stood for anything, He stood for the affirmation of life. He has enjoined युक्ताहारविहारस्य 'Well regulated food and enjoyment'. He never taught the negation of life. He spurned the joys of the flesh. They were sublimated by a higher impulse and indulged in under the guidance of a wise regard for the Moral Order. Who said that the joys of a man and wife are undivine? I never said it.

JOHN F. KENNEDY



HE overwhelming vote in the choice of Senator John F. Kennedy as the Democratic candidate for the coming U.S. Presidential election in November poses certain problems which may be worth examining.

HE multimillionaire's son and a millionaire himself, 43-year-old John F. Kennedy, if he succeeds to the White House, will not only be the youngest President in half a century, but the first Roman Catholic ever to hold that

may be recalled that prior to the 1960 Convention, Democratic leader Lyndon B. Johnson, former President Harry S. Truman, tried so much as to block Kennedy's choice for more reasons than one. One question he put to Kennedy was this: "Are you certain that you are quite ready for the country or the country is quite ready for you in the event of President in January 1961?" This has obviously a reference to Kennedy's youth and comparative lack of high executive experience at a time when the U.S. is sailing in rough waters.

Kennedy, of course, has a warm personal appeal. He has youth, good looks, poise, education, money, war record and what is more, shrewd and clever election tactics.

Will all these things make up for statesmanship? To state the obvious, no.

tunity out of trouble, to do lasting good is the stamp of statesmanship. Does Kennedy possess statesmanship of this calibre in sufficient measure? It is a bad policy to fail to put in one's weight behind one's friends, in the hope of being popular with one's foes. Again, it is often good diplomacy to resist a score. Could Kennedy be trusted to withstand such temptations?

The foremost question that arises is this: "Does the United States, as a nation, desire to have a break in its

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eight-year Republican rule at all, and if so, why?" The charges levelled by the Democrats of failure on the domestic, foreign, economic and labour issues on the part of the present administration are formidable enough, but despite them, America today is the richest country with the lowest tariff level. On the other side, the Republicans have been warning against the irresponsibility and the spending spree of Democrats.

When all is said and done, one wonders whether any substantial difference between the two contending political parties of America exists at all. In his recent book, Clinton Rositter admits that the distinguishing marks between the two parties are not always easy to see. Therefore, whatever differences in policy there are, they are only superficial and drummed up for the issue of election.

Kennedy is not new to the Congress. He has been there for fourteen years. Strangely enough, he entered the House of Representatives on the same day as Vice-President Nixon did and for the second time now their paths would seem to cross. Cabot Lodge, the Vice-Presidential nominee of the Republican Party, was defeated by Kennedy in the Senate elections of 1952.

Born of Irish-Boston parents, John Kennedy is one of nine children of the millionaire family. Joe Kennedy, his father, who was a former U.S. Ambassador to St. James's Palace, is one of the shrewdest businessmen who had made his millions in all possible ways during pre-War years. He had the Midas touch and whatever he touched turned into gold. He was pro-

phetic when he said that he would make each of his children a millionaire.

Senator son Kennedy is a graduate of the Harvard University and studied under Prof. Harold Laski in the London School of Economics.

It is said Kennedy was not quite healthy as a child and was an awkward spelling-breaker. His parents thought despite those faults he would become a writer or a journalist, because he was studious. They were not far wrong in their estimate because among other things, Jack had been a journalist and a writer too. He worked for a News Agency for some time covering important meets like the San Francisco Conference and Potsdam. He wrote a book "Why England Sleeps" which won the Pulitzer Prize.

Starting his political career early and successfully, Kennedy joined the U.S. Navy during the World War. He has a brilliant war-record.

There is something unique in the manner of Kennedy's campaigning. The entire Kennedy family sprang themselves about in this task. The principle of community life has never been better illustrated than in this family which works as one when the situation calls for it. As the result that in the Party Convention at Los Angeles last month, Kennedy got the overwhelming majority of 806 votes against the minimum of 761 required and against the 407 of his closest rival, Senator Lyndon Johnson.

Again it speaks eloquently of Kennedy's sense of tactics when he quickly took—with an eye to southern

AUGUST 21, 1960

Senator Lyndon Johnson as his running mate for the Presidential election. Kennedy Senior was an isolationist that was why he had to quit his ambassadorship. Now the son Kennedy is not far from being conservative although he tries to loop towards liberalism without harming himself. He has Chester Bowles in his camp to advise him on foreign policy. Perhaps he might choose Adlai Stevenson as Secretary of State and thus consolidate his position if and when he leaves White House.

It is said that Kennedy has been running for this post from the last Democratic Convention in 1956, when he narrowly missed being chosen the Presidential candidate. It may be mentioned here that father Joe Kennedy is not quite happy with his son running for the Presidentship. Since his nomination, Kennedy has advocated closer Congressional control over government expenditure and later aid to underdeveloped countries like India. Although he has not passed any major legislation during his pretty long term as the Congress leader, he has had a share in reform measures relating to labour.

Senator Kennedy is happily married to Jacqueline who is described as a good beauty. She is the one member of the family who chooses to be less active since the time she sprained her ankle in a house party. They have a child who is $2\frac{1}{2}$ years old and another is coming, possibly during the Presidential election week, if everything goes well.

EAT MORE SUGAR.

A new disease affecting the mind and the body can be cured simply by eating more sugar. Dr. Barry D. Wyke discovered the disease while carrying out research at the department of physiology at the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

Giving details of the ailment, he said that certified psychiatric patients who have been found to suffer from a hitherto unrecognized complaint are now being decertified and released from hospitals in normal mental health, after increasing their daily intake of carbohydrates.

The disease—provisionally called "relative cerebral hypoglycaemia"—is the exact opposite of diabetes. The sufferer does not have enough sugar in his or her blood, and this leads to haziness, loss of memory, tension and, in some cases, violence.

These symptoms, Dr. Wyke says, are due to a defect in an enzyme present in the brain which converts glucose into energy. Because of this faulty enzyme, insufficient glucose reaches the brain cells to make them function normally. The person suffering from the disease might easily have a normal blood-sugar level, but requires more sugar to overcome his deficiency.

Research is proceeding to ascertain the cause of the new disease. Two types have so far been identified by Dr. Wyke. In one, the complaint has a genetic foundation, and in the other it has been brought on in patients receiving treatment with hormones such as cortisone.

Tapasvini

OR

THE LURE OF POWER

A Socio-Political Saga

by

K. M. Munshi

Translated from Gujarati
by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART III Chapter 28

RAJBA'S PILGRIMAGE

My dear Uday,

You had asked me to keep you posted about our movement from place to place. I shall write to you briefly once in two days or so as I find it difficult to write long letters during our travel. I shall, however, try and write out fuller accounts from time to time and give them to you to read when we meet. These letters will be in the nature of daily memoranda.

You and Majiba are unnecessarily worrying about me. Majiba thinks I am on the verge of insanity and, I believe, you think I do not know my mind. Poor dear! I am not as irresolute or weak as you seem to think. Don't you remember how I could stand the long walk right up to Colaba?

My trouble does not belong to the region of the mind. It is something very different, and is far removed from the mind.

me, I am a barometer for measure vice and wickedness. I seem to see them from a distance and their proximity makes the mercury in me shake up. I feel a sense of suffocation when a hypocrite or an immoral person comes too close to me, often lose consciousness and speak things which no normal person would possibly speak. If my remarks are in creet, they are unpremeditated. In such trances I seem to discern what the normal human mind does not speak out what I feel or see with wishing to do so. Day by day I seem to be moving away from this world, but, I assure you, not from

'Immoral' is not the appropriate word for what I mean; amoral would be more appropriate; for, in many cases it is not so much immorality or absence of morality which affects me. Have I made myself clear to you?

Before proceeding to Pondicherry we propose to go on a pilgrimage

AUGUST 21, 1960 Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

all the sixty-eight holy places. Kunwar Sahab had great faith in two sadhus, both men of learning and religion—Madhavanandji Maharaj of Malsar and Brahmanandji Maharaj of Chandod-Karnali. Both of them have left this world, but Majiba has taken a vow to worship their *samadhis* and to have a bath in river Narmada at sacred Chandod. She thinks that by fulfilling this vow of her's, her daughter will once again become wise and good! We, therefore, propose to go to Malsar from Miyagam by the meter gauge.

It was a pity, brother, that Bhupatma's sudden illness brought us back to Rajkot from Poona while on our way to Pondicherry, and when he was better, a heavy case prevented you from coming with us.

Yours
Raj.

My dear Uday,

We are the guests of the temple authorities in Malsar. Majiba is in a happy frame of mind. You know why? I have had no attack of hysteria for the past five days!

The disciples maintain that Madhavanandji Maharaj, founder of this temple, was a very powerful yogi. They showed us the underground cellar where he used to go into *samadhi*. He was master of both *hatha* yoga and *raja* yoga. The Maharaja of Baroda was one of his devoted disciples; it is said that he had the railway line constructed upto Malsar in order to be able only to pay regular visits to him.

Narmada nestles close by the house in which we stay.

out a carpet of green; the atmosphere breathes peace. I have read somewhere that Narmada is one of the most impressive of rivers. I found it true. She flows majestically between the banks in a sinuous course. But when it rains, she puts on a totally different appearance: rushing through the high banks on both sides, her waters surge forward as joyfully as a bride going to her lover.

Why should not life, too, flow as happily as mother Narmada? Why cannot we silence poisonous tongues and disinfect envious hearts? Many a time when my heart had been gay with sweet and delightful songs has it been smothered by the vicious atmosphere of the outside world. Is it any wonder I should feel terribly frustrated?

Majiba is persistent in her search for some sadhu who would work a miracle on my mind. Unfortunately for her, none of the disciples of Madhavanandji Maharaj would oblige her. They can only pray, sing devotional songs and worship the memory of their Guru. Yes, the one strange thing they do, is to persuade snakes every morning to come out of their holes to drink his milk by singing *bhajan*.

Someone told Majiba today that there is a very wonderful Swamiraj living two miles up Karnali. He is both a Swami and a Raj, so he needs must have miraculous powers! They say he can cure all diseases and if you do as he advises, all your desires are fulfilled. Majiba is now all agog to meet him.

Yours
Raj

P. S.

Uday dear, do not seek the help of this Swamiraj to regain your Alice!

c/o Swamiraj's wada,
Karnali, Post Chandod.
18th July, 1927.

My dear Uday,

We are steadily collecting religious merit. On our way to Chandod we went and offered worship at the temple of Mother Anasuya. There we saw a home for lepers. I have been wondering whether it is an act of kindness to help keep alive men for whom life has no meaning. Come to think of it, what kind of world is it that makes suffering and pain of this nature inevitable?

The most awful fate that can overtake anybody in this world is to be a leper. Were I to be one, I would kill myself. The object of this home is to help keep such sufferers alive, but hardly anything is done to give them peace of mind. Even in this wretched state they do not give up greed. They quarrel shamelessly, weep, steal, fly at each other's throats, run away with others' wives. Sadhus are all around them, yet it does not occur to any one of them to give these poor devils any spiritual solace.

We bathed in Narmada at Vyas Teerth, and offered worship at the estuary. We also went and made our obeisance to Kuber Bhandari.

Swamiraj does not live in Karnali, but in a village, Dhebaria, a mile or two away. We had sent him word in advance. So when we arrived there by boat, we found Swamiraj awaiting us on the bank of the river. It was not a saffron-clad sadhu with a mainkulan

shaven head that we saw. He looked a Swami only in name. Six-feet tall, broad shouldered, he is about 70 years of age. He held a long stick in his hand, and wore a short but clean dhoti. He had wooden sandals on. His beard and hair were snow-white. He bore marks all over his body of wounds that had been healed long ago. He has exceptionally bright eyes. He appeared as if our own grandfather stood there extending an affectionate welcome to his daughter and granddaughter! My first impression was that he was neither a Swami (i.e. otherworldly) nor a Raj (i.e. worldly) but one who combined the qualities of both in himself.

He conducted us to a large compound in which there were three or four houses and two temples. One of the temples is open to the public, while the other is exclusively for the Swami's personal use. All around the compound there are fields which belong to Swamiraj. He lives in a small house and had arranged accommodation for us in another. A third house is the headquarters of the charity organisation which offers free food to all who come. In the fourth house, stay the Swami's servants and other workers.

As you know, I am not a good mixer, but here I felt as though the Swamiraj had brought me up from my childhood! There is deep affection in his voice. He treats his servants like his children. The cows eagerly wait to eat their fodder from out of his hands. The dog strains at the leash to be at his feet. I feel as if I were his daughter in my last birth. We cannot think of immorality, hypocrisy or lack of virtue in his presence.

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AUGUST 21, 1960

Yesterday, Majiba and I went to offer worship in the temple of Chandramauliswar. Majiba has taken yet another vow, that if I get cured, she would have special prayers offered at this temple of Mahadevji. I shudder to think what will happen to Majiba if the gods do not respond to her. But am I really a mental case? Everybody seems to think so. You alone think differently. Is the fault yours or mine?

The Swamiraj's own temple is small. He goes there alone and offers worship for an hour both in the morning and the evening. He tidies up the temple himself; sweeps it, washes it and does not let others enter it. Pilgrims attribute some mystery to this. Some say that he worships some powerful Goddess there, for, he takes some offering of food every-time he goes there.

Majiba has just returned after seeing Swamiraj. She had told him all about me. As a result, Swamiraj took me out this morning for a walk with him and enquired about us all. I was at home in his company. I felt I could trust him, and tell him all about our difficulties, about Kunwar Saheb, about Majiba, about you and Alice; about Bheem, about Karan and about myself. He knows a smattering of English, but he fully understood my problems, for when we parted he said to me: 'My dear daughter, you are mistaken in attempting to raise a rampart between vice and virtue. What you call lack of virtues is in fact the mother of virtue! Virtue is indeed born from vice.'

This seemed to me preposterous and I would have asked him to explain the riddle. But as it was time for

his meals, he left. Swami lives on milk and fruit, but they say he can punch a bull to death with a single blow of his fist. Some even say he is not the Swami he claims to be, but had been a warrior in his days. Someone in Chandod hinted that he had been a dacoit once. Who knows, this may be true!

Yours
Raj

Swamiraj's wada,
Dhebaria,
20th July, 1927.

My dear Uday,

We are having a thoroughly enjoyable time here. We get up early in the morning; after a bath in the river, we offer worship at the temple of Chandramauliswar and all of us meet under a banian tree where Swamiraj worships the river Narmada. After the *arati* is over, he gives everyone *prasad* of coriander seeds and cocoanut. Then he takes his seat amongst us all and discusses all manner of subjects.

The Swami is a remarkable conversationalist. In his conversations there is one constant theme: The world is the home of righteousness and whoever looks upon it in that light realises God. I have begun to adore Swamiraj and have become greatly devoted to him. When I met him last evening he asked about you. There were also many other pilgrims like us, and he chatted with each one of them as if they were all his near relatives and friends.

However full the world may be of wickedness, it simply cannot exist where Swamiraj is. Majiba's joy is boundless, for she feels I am pro-

gressing remarkably. What worries me now is whom will she worry about when I am all right!

This morning after prayers and singing, Swamiraj asked me: 'Daughter, come with me, we will walk to Karnali and fetch our post.'

I accompanied him. Normally, it is Swamiji who plies me with questions but today I turned tables on him. He replied to my questions freely and frankly. He speaks gently and well. He makes no display of his learning or of his spiritual and religious attainments and yet one is deeply impressed by the charm of his conversation. He too became a *Sannyasi* when he was very young but gave up its vows. For a time he was a bodyguard of the ruler of this place, Dhebaria. Later he worked as teacher to his grandson. He had been married, but became a widower at 25. Thereafter, he began to look upon all women as the prototype of the supreme Goddess. I am not only deeply impressed by the substance of his talks but also the confidential way he talks. It makes me feel that he trusts my judgment. I asked him how he had managed to create this beautiful spot. His reply was that the credit did not belong to him. Everything had happened as it had, because of the blessings of his Guru. It was interesting to learn that his Guru was a woman!

When I asked him more about her, he smiled gently and said: 'No, my child, you will not understand it. When I feel you have reached the appropriate stage, I shall tell you about it.'

I asked him about his exclusive temple, and remarked: 'A temple should be open to all. You take the

trouble to win over everybody by your friendly manners. Why, then, do you keep everyone from that temple?'

His reply was frank and disarming. His worship, he said, was of a special type and everyone would not understand it.

'I have complete faith in you and I have no doubt that your worship is worthy,' I said.

'Well, I do not know; have you the courage?' he asked me fondly. I nodded my head vigorously.

Well then, promise me that when you have seen what there is to see, you will not express your disappointment. You must not do or say anything when you are there but just wait, see and depart. Your disappointment does not worry me. What concerns me is this: If it becomes known that you are disappointed, these hundreds of people who have faith in me, who are inspired by me and obtain mental peace through me and therefore happy, will return home unhappy and miserable.'

'Swamiraj, I have complete faith in you. I have little doubt that your prayers, whatever their nature, will be pure in character. Your Guru who has made you so worthy of respect cannot possibly be false or unworthy.'

'But do not expect to see any miracle or yogic feat. I have no special knowledge, nor has my Guru any. The world and what I had to face in it only have made me what I am.'

'I too would like to develop in the same way,' I replied. My inquisitiveness had by now grown very great and I was on tenterhooks to learn more about his Guru.

You must seek your mother's per-

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mission, because I am taking a young girl into my private and personal temple.

'Majiba knows me well and I can look after myself perfectly well,' I replied with laughter.

Nevertheless I told Majiba, and after evening prayers, Swamiji took me to his small house. In the verandah, mattresses had been spread on which he sat when he met visitors at night and discussed all manner of things. In the adjoining room were a cot, a pot of water and a clothes-stand. In one corner was a *gadi*, a 'floor-sofa' and near by were a low writing table-cum-box and paper, pen and ink. There were some books in a small cupboard-like receptacle.

He asked me to wash my hands and feet, while he got ready for visiting the temple. He took a lantern in one hand and held in other an offering of food, some material for worship like water, cocoanut and flowers.

'Look, my child. One more thing. You will have to stand at some distance from the sanctum and whatever you may see, you are not to utter one syllable.'

My dear brother, I have read all about concentration and various *yogas*, and know all the normal procedure for offering worship. But I have never heard of devotional worship unaccompanied by some form of ritual. I gave my consent by a respectful nod, and as I followed him, my heart was overwhelmed with deepest respect for the man.

As we entered the private temple through a door in his room, he turned to me again and said: 'My child, I shall bolt this door behind us. If you

do not like anything I do, or feel frightened, all you have to do is to unbolt this door and sprint out. But do it noiselessly so as not to interrupt my worship.'

So saying, he bolted the door behind us. I was flushed with excitement. I held my breath. The temple was completely empty. There was no idol in the sanctum nor any other object to offer worship.

Swamiraj placed the lantern near the door, went to the centre of the room, and lit a ghee lamp which he filled with ghee. Placing the offering of food in front of the lamp, he started saying prayers. I was nonplussed, for, this was the first time I saw worship being offered, without an idol. The Swami stood in the centre with eyes shut, hands held together high in front of him. After a little while, his eyes opened and on his face was an expression normally associated with the love-lorn. He extended his hands towards some imaginary person as though to embrace her. His lips parted as though he was saying something sweet and his eyes acquired a singular brightness.

From the way he did, it seemed as though he was trying to embrace someone very much smaller than himself; for, he stooped low and appeared to rearrange the hair and stroke the head of some invisible woman. Suddenly, I heard someone speaking, unless my imagination was playing me a trick. I felt a chill running down my spine and wanted to unbolt the door and run away, but my feet refused to move, for something more interesting was coming on. Swamiraj began to coax his invisible idol to eat the *pra-*

sad of sugar-candy and cocoanut cream! As he did so, his lips parted as if he was arguing with or persuading the invisible person to eat. He held out the *thali* containing the *naivedya*—offering—before her. And would you believe it, Uday? As though the law of gravitation had failed, the *thali* remained suspended in air! It was as if some invisible hand was holding it.

I had seen enough; I was inclined to shriek. But at the moment I saw him open his mouth for someone to put the *naivedya* in his mouth! He got back the *thali* from invisible hands, put it on the ground and sat down. Shutting his eyes, he gazed fixedly at the flame fed with ghee.

I felt suffocated. Surely, Swamiraj was not mad. Either the *thali* had really remained in the air, ignoring the law of gravitation or I had a hallucination.

Swamiraj woke up from his meditation and as he did so I saw that tears were rolling down his cheeks as if he was crying. It seemed as if someone was lying on the ground; as if his tears were falling upon that invisible person. This was indeed surprising. Although his face did not appear to touch anything, it appeared to rest on someone's chest.

After a while, he got up, wiped his tears and appeared to pick someone from the floor and put that person in a bed.

For a while Swamiraj remained seated on the ground. After ten minutes, he got up, washed his face with water and took hold of the lantern and the *thali*. He then went past me although he had just awakened from sleep; and without even noticing my presence unbolted the door and walked out.

I followed him feeling guilty I had seen what I should not have—some sacred mystery which Swamiraj alone had the key.

Swamiraj, however, went to have a bath, while I went out for a walk.

After some-time, Swamiraj returned to his room and sat down. We gathered round him. He was exactly the same man as he was before. Only his eyes appeared more affectionate and his voice gentler. For an hour he kept talking to us.

When it was time to depart, he stopped me by a gesture of his hand. Majiba and all others had left by then.

[To be continued]

Virtues like essences lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants that will not bear too familiar approaches.

—Shenstone

Pratapa Regains His Kingdom

LEFT by the four girls at the gate of Indra's palace, Pratapa put on the best airs he could command and entered Indra's presence brandishing his magic sword. Indra, whose most powerful had normally no experience of a mortal intruding on his presence unceremoniously, could not at the same time dismiss Pratapa as a maniac, for, the latter had the bearing of a powerful king. The best course, therefore, Indra decided on, would be to listen to him. So he cocked a questioning glance at Pratapa.

Instinctively Pratapa took the initiative and said: "Devendra! They say you are lord of lords and king of kings, but it is in your kingdom that great sins are being committed!" "Who are you, young man and what is your complaint?" asked Indra.

"I am a King and belong to the earth. One day I met your daughter in the earth when she was bathing in a lake. Falling in love with her I took hold of her wearing apparel and for a full year we lived as husband and wife. I further married the daughters of Nagaraja, Varuna and Agni. I created a new kingdom and ruled over it. One day when I went out on a hunting expedition I left your daughter's wearing apparel in the custody of my mother. Would you believe it? Your daughter robbed my mother of that apparel and all four returned here after razing down my kingdom. When I went deep into

tapas for recovering them for forty days, these girls saw me on the point of death, picked me up, comforted me and made me recover. When I did so, they transformed me into a toad which they dropped in a water-pot and vanished! What sort of rule prevails in your kingdom that permits women to play the wanton with lives of individuals like me? I have not come here to arraign you for your lapses. All that I want is to point out your duty to get all the four girls duly married to me and sent with me."

Indra who was greatly impressed by the peroration of Pratapa sent for the four girls and questioned them. They confirmed Pratapa's statement in every detail and so Indra said: "Young man, I have no objection to give my daughter in marriage to you right now. But if you want the other three girls too, I shall have to subject you to a test for each of them. If you succeed in them, you shall have them too. What do you say?"

Pratapa: What have I to say except that I submit to your decision?

Calling some Devas, Indra ordered them to till an acre of land deep and sow fifteen measures of sesame seeds and spread a hundred cart-loads of mud over it all. When that was complete, he called Pratapa and said: "Look, I have sown fifteen measures of sesame in this field. If you recover them without loss of a single sesame, I shall give you Naga's daughter in marriage to you. Not otherwise."

Pratapa who heard this was stunned. Nevertheless he went near the spot and took out a handful of mud. He found the seeds mixed with them indistinguishably. He was nearly broken of heart and regretted his rashness in agreeing to any test. As he sat there dejected, he saw an ant passing by him. This gave him an idea. 'The ants can surely collect the seeds. Suppose I take advantage of the promise made by the ant-King to be of service to me whenever I wanted!' So he contemplated on the ant-King, and within a few moments there was a swarm of ants at his feet. Said the ant-King: "My friend, command me and we shall do all we can!"

Pratapa: My dear friend! Here in this field have been sown fifteen measures of sesame seeds. Indra has challenged me to recover them all without loss of a single seed. Who can do that except you and your friends. Can you help me?

The ant-King called for a further contingent of ants of all descriptions all of which entered the field like an army. Very soon they were gathering the sesame seeds in a mound. Within an hour all the scattered seeds had been recovered. After assuring that not a single seed was left, the ant-King took leave, satisfied that he had been able to requite a good turn.

Pratapa thereupon waited on Indra and said: "Sir, I have recovered the sesame seeds, you may come and see for yourself."

Indra could not believe his ears, for it was a task too difficult for human, so he was convinced that Pratapa was really great. Said the ant-King: "Congratulations!"

tions, young man. You win. Now how about the second test?"

"I am ready, Indra" replied Pratapa.

"Look, I shall drop my ring of signia into this well. If you recover that, I shall give you Varuna's daughter in marriage!" He flung the ring as he said it.

Pratapa descended into the well. No sooner was he half way down than he encounter the monstrous hiss and menacing hoods of a hundred serpents! Not allowing himself to be overdone, Pratapa slew each of them with his magic sword but each serpent slain multiplied into a dozen with the result that he had to retrace his steps.

When he sat on the wall of the well thinking about the next step, he heard the cackling of a toad near about. This brought to his mind the promise made by a toad to which he had done a good turn some time back. He therefore went near it and said: "Toad a member of your species was kind enough to promise to help me for a small help I had rendered him. Now I am in difficulty."

That toad sent a s. o. s. to the King who appeared on the spot and said: "Sir, I am ready. Command me."

Pratapa related how Indra had challenged him to recover the ring he had thrown into the well and how it was infested by innumerable serpents and how they multiplied when he killed them.

The frog-King called a huge number of toads. All of them jumped into the well. When the serpents were engaged in devouring them, a little toad dived into the water, picked up the ring and restored it to Pratapa un-

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Pratapa took the ring and gave it back to Indra who complained Pratapa.

Asked how he managed to retrieve the ring, Pratapa told him the truth, whereupon Indra said: "Help render unto the smallest of creation will not go unrewarded." Indra restored the lives of all the frogs that lost them in the effort to help another being and gave them an abode in a nice place near his *loka*.

Indra put Pratapa to another test. Indra cleverly concealed seven plantain trees in one and asked Pratapa to cut in two with one sweep of his sword. His hope was that, thinking it was but one plantain, Pratapa would use minimum force in wielding the sword which would thus get stuck. He could thus be disqualified.

The four girls who were witnesses to this test feared inwardly that Pratapa might miscalculate, so they ardently prayed that his stroke should be sufficiently forceful. The expression on their faces did not however escape the notice of Indra. As luck would have it, seven different stems fell out of the thrust made by Pratapa's sword.

Indra had one more trick in his bag. He made by his power all the four girls look exactly alike in form as well as dress. Calling Pratapa he said: "Now Pratapa, if you pick out my daughter from this quartet, all the four are yours and not otherwise."

Not knowing what to do, Pratapa looked down when he saw a worm passing by. He thought of the help promised by one of its species. So he told the worm in its language: "I did a good turn to one of your kind and he promised to help me. Now I am in

a fix. If you can point out Indra's daughter, I shall be greatly obliged."

The worm turned back, started ascending the foot of Indra's daughter whereupon Pratapa seized the girl by her hand. Indra beamed.

Indra thereupon gladly gave all the four girls away in marriage to Pratapa and sent them back to the world with rich presents.

Pratapa went straight to the old woman who had been his guide and protector. After gaining her blessing he went to where his parents and brothers lived and after expressing his gratefulness to the man who had given them shelter, he returned to his erstwhile capital which had become a barren desert. With the help of the divine damsels he recreated his capital.

Soon after, he proceeded to the city whose King and former assistant refused to see him. That King died on the spot when he heard that Pratapa was coming with his army. Pratapa handed over the rule of the city to the gentleman who gave shelter to his family during the time of distress.

After some time, Pratapa led his army to his father's capital. The usurpers on hearing that he was on the march, fled. Handing over the ancient capital to his commander-in-chief Pratapa returned to his new capital and ruled there in the company of his parents and celestial wives.

When Chaturya came to the end of the story, it was near daybreak. So he told the princess by his side: "Princess! Don't you think you must marry a prince of Pratapa's calibre? Now it is time for you to get moving".

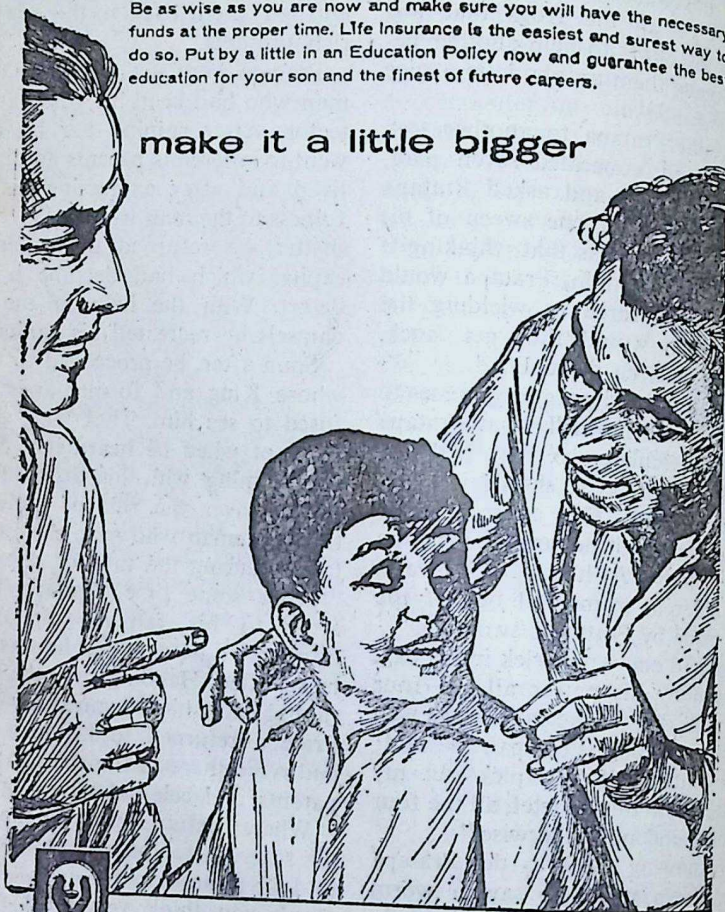
The Princess left the nuptial chamber not unhappily. [To be continued]

You are a wise man and a wiser father. You are making sure that the new shirt will fit your son next year too when he will have grown bigger. You have an eye on his future.

Along with his physical growth, however, the boy will grow mentally. And you have to plan for his larger future. He will of course have to have the best in education—with possibly a few years of higher training abroad. All that will need a capital sum.

Be as wise as you are now and make sure you will have the necessary funds at the proper time. Life Insurance is the easiest and surest way to do so. Put by a little in an Education Policy now and guarantee the best education for your son and the finest of future careers.

make it a little bigger



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News & Notes

VANAMAHOTSAVA

KULAPATI SRI K. M. MUNSHI inaugurated the Vanamahotsava celebrations of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan at 10-30 A.M. on Sunday the 17th of July, 1960, by planting a coconut sapling at the campus of the Bhavan's College, Nav Gujarat, Andheri. Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Vice-President of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Sri S. Ramakrishnan, Executive Secretary, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Sri P. M. Kavadia, Syndic of the University of Bombay, Dr. R. D. Adatia, Principal, Bhavan's College, and Smt. R. D. Adatia, also planted the saplings in the presence of a large gathering of guests, members of the Bhavan, members of the college staff and students of the college.

Sri Munshiji who addressed the gathering explained the significance of the tree and the Vanamahotsava in the life of the Indian people. He referred to the first Vanamahotsava initiated by him when he was the Food Minister of the Government of India. Many of the problems of the nation were linked up with the food problem and for the solution of the food problem the country needed a good monsoon which depended upon forests.

Sri Munshiji also referred to the religious and cultural traditions of India where the tree was considered animate and sacred. In the Puranas and the Sastras many verses could be found referring to the sacredness of the tree and the necessity of planting more trees and protecting them everywhere because India depended for its prosperity to a great extent upon its forest wealth. He, therefore, exhorted the younger generation in particular to develop a love for the trees and to make it a point to plant and nourish and protect the trees everywhere and particularly in the College Campus of Nav Gujarat, which had grown like an Ashrama, beautified by the trees, on a place which was fifteen years ago a barren wilderness.



Smt. Lilavati Munshi planting a sapling.

BHAVAN'S SHIBIR

THE first meeting of the Bhavan's Shibir was held at 10-30 A.M. on Sunday, the 17th of July 1960, at the N. M. Institute of Science, Andheri. Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Vice-President of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Sri S. Ramakrishnan, Executive Secretary of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Dr. R. D. Adatia, Principal, Bhavan's College, Sri P. M. Kavadia, Syndic of the University of Bombay were present on the occasion. Prof. Sankaranarayanan, Head of the Department of Logic and Philosophy, Bhavan's College, gave a learned and illuminating talk on this occasion. After the initial prayers, the Principal explained to the students the purpose for which the Shibir was instituted.



Late Dr. Sridharani.

SUGAM SANGEET

THE Sugam Sangeet School, sponsored by the Kala Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, was inaugurated last month by Music Director Sri Anil Biswas at the Gita Mandir Hall, when a large gathering of musicians, music-lovers and artistes was present. Smt. Lilavati Munshi, President of Kala Kendra, presided. The school will cater for the teaching of Gujarati folk-songs, compositions of contemporary Gujarati music directors, devotional songs, Hindustani Bhajans, Rabindra Sangeet and choral music. Lectures by prominent musicians, poetry recitals by eminent poets and symposia on music and poetry will be arranged on suitable occasions under the auspices of the School. Classes will be conducted twice a week at the Bhavan's premises under the guidance of Smt. Nirupama Sheth, Sri Purushottam Upadhyay, Sri Ajit Sheth and Sri Ramnirmohan Dutt of Shantiniketan.

LATE DR. SRIDHARANI

INDIA has lost a brilliant journalist, author and lecturer in the sad demise of Dr. Krishnalal Sridharani. Born in Gujarat, educated in Gujarat Vidyalaya and Shantiniketan, he imbibed the spirit of Mahatma Gandhi and Gurudev Tagore quite early in life. He earned further honours in American Universities ending with a Doctorate in Sociology of the Columbia University where he served as a staff member for a time. A fine flower of Gujarat, he participated in India's Freedom Movement and served prison terms. Widely travelled, he lectured on Indian and Asian politics for a number of years. As foreign correspondent of *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, he had covered many important International Conferences and had accompanied our Prime Minister to the Paris Session of the General Assembly in 1949. He was associated with a number of cultural associations both of India and abroad. He wrote quite a few books in English and Gujarati. His "War Without Violence" made quite a sensation in this country. May his soul rest

He welcomed all the new students on that occasion and appealed to them to have a greater and keener interest in the activities of the Bhavan and the College in addition to their regular studies. Sri Munshiji said the Shibir was a place where, in a tranquil atmosphere, the teachers and the taught could meet and discuss some of the most pressing problems before the country and the world. It aimed at fostering a free exchange of ideas on a level of equality and promoting a genuine spirit of inquiry among the students. He also expressed his pleasure at the greater number of students participating in the activities of the Shibir. Prof. Sankaranarayanan, in the course of his talk, referred to the civilization and culture of Aryavarta and quoting a few verses from the *Gita*, he threw some light on the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Afterwards many questions were asked and they were answered by Prof. Sankaranarayanan and Smt. Lilavati Munshi.

The Shibir meeting concluded with a buffet lunch.



Our Bookshelf

MIRROR OF VIRASAIVISM.
No. 134. Price: Rs. 2.50 nP.

PEACE AND DEMOCRACY.
No. 286. Price: Rs. 5. Both by Sri
Kumara Swamiji and published by
R. Koppal, Navakalyana Math,
Chharwar.

The first volume is an excellent
collection of six articles centred
round the philosophy of Virashaivism,
written by the pen of one of our most en-
lightened and radiant monks of the
Virashaiva faith. For the last two
centuries he has been a great spiritual
inspiration to thousands in North
India. He draws thousands to
him whether he speaks in
English or Kannada. He has to his
credit a number of publications in
English.

The book is the fruit of his research,
careful reading and deep thought. It
contains three important articles on (1)
the concept of Linga. (2) the Sat-
chidananda and (3) the nature of Shiva
Chapters IV and V of the book
are well written. In less than twenty
pages he gives us in a nutshell the
doctrines of Basava's philoso-
phy. Basava's philosophy is re-
volutionary in its spirit and it is
a revival of the old. Basava
fought against idolatry; stood for
monotheism. He had no patience
for the social injustice of his age.
He put woman on a higher position and
valued physical labour and insisted
on its performance by all. He fought
with and nail the caste system. He
discarded dry ritualism and preached

unconditional surrender to the Lord.

He has sung of *bhakti* in innumerable
verses in Kannada. He is the creator
of a new type of literature in Kannada
called *Vachana Sashttra*, the vehicle of
Kannada mysticism. He holds the
view that liberation comes to us by the
destruction of three types of impurities
Anava-mala, *Maya-mala* and *Karma-
mala*. To destroy these he prescribes
a course of spiritual discipline compris-
ing *Panchachara* and *Ashtavarana*.
They describe the methods of acquiring
ceremonial purity and ethical excel-
lence. Kumara Swamiji examines
many of these doctrines in a critical
manner in the context of modern
thought. Reading the volume is a
delight. It is a valuable contribution
in English to Virashaiva philosophy
and the message of Basaveshwara.

PEACE AND DEMOCRACY is a col-
lection of articles on the reconstruction
of society on sound religious lines in the
image of justice and truth. The learned
Swamiji examines the necessary
conditions for peace and its preserva-
tion. From the spiritual standpoint he
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science and the secular concept of free-
dom and democracy. He explains to
us the value of a political and social
system that goes by the name *organic
democracy*. The author considers all
the different points of view and gives
a brilliant blueprint for the world
order based on spirituality. The book
gives us a plan that at once satisfies
the demands of reason and the needs
of humanity.

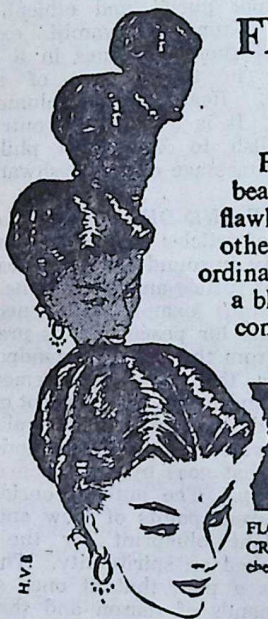
ETHICS AND THE STATE. By Zakir Hussain. Published by Harold Laski Institute of Political Science, Ahmedabad. Price: Rs. 1.50 nP.

THIS delightful booklet is the substance of the Mavalankar Memorial Lecture for the year 1960 delivered by our veteran leader Zakir Hussain. In the course of twenty pages, the writer has examined the relation between Morality and the State. He has explained at length the standpoint that politics is different from morality. He has given us a critical account of the political philosophy of that audacious Florentine Machiavelli whose doctrines revolutionised political thought till Gandhi refuted it. We have in the booklet the duties of the State and the evils of power politics well stated. This problem of the relation, whether the State is above moral or not, is discussed well. The place of religion is also explained. Reading the book is a

rewarding intellectual experience. What is admirable for the individual his moral life can never be reprehensible for the State, however inexpedient it may be.

LIFE OF SWAMI SADANAND
Published by the Divine Life Society, Rishikesh. Price: Re. 1.

THE volume under review publishes the glowing tributes paid to Swami Sadanandaji, Professor of Yoga in the Yoga-Vedanta Forest Academy. His speeches speak of his personality and good work done by the Swami. In the *purvashram* Sadanandaji was the Professor of Indian History in the Presidency College. He has to his credit a good book on the *History of Siddhanta*. After retirement, he joined the *sannyasa* Order to lead a spiritual life. He was also connected with Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan as Gita lecturer for a year. He attained samadhi in last March. His commentaries



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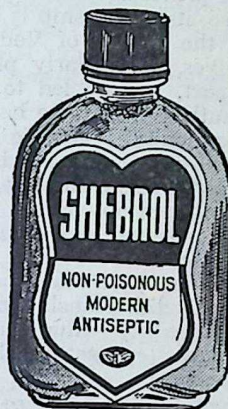
... Bhakti Sutras and Sivananda's Gita are all helpful to spiritual aspirants.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA. (A simple paraphrase in English by S. Parthasarathy Iyengar). Published by Ananda-Vignana Trust, Gautamasram, Madras-5. pp. 138. Price: Rs. 2.50

... work under review gives us in simple English an excellent rendering of the Gita. There are eighteen chapters and there is a perfect arrangement of the topics in each chapter. We wish the verses of the Gita were also printed, for that would have enabled the reader to check up the translation. Our author worked under the inspiration of Vivekananda and Prabindo. He had left this translation for some time with his relatives. His relatives have published this volume in the affectionate memory of the author. Sri C. Rajagopalachari, in a note, recommends the book to all those 'who are educated, but who do not know Sanskrit enough.'

THE CLARION CALL. (Selections from the works of Swami Sivananda Saraswati). Edited by Mahalingam Padmanabhan. Published by the Divine Life Society, Rishikesh. pp. 358. Price not mentioned.

This volume is a useful and stimulating anthology of the writings and speeches of the celebrated Raja Rishi Sivanandaji by a devout and discerning disciple. He brings to his task a very sympathetic and reverential mood. The Swamiji's writings run into a hundred volumes and it is by no means easy to prepare a thoroughly representative anthology. The late C. V. Narayana Iyer alias Sadanandaji has already given us a useful volume. The present volume mostly deals with the contributions of Swamiji to the three great systems of Indian philosophy, Vedanta (inclusive of its eight forms), the Yoga and the general problems of Indian philosophy. The volume is an excellent introduction to the lay and interested student of Indian philosophy and religion.



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 gion. The intellectual approach initiated in the volume is to make us practical Vedantins and not mere readers of books. We have excellent chapters here on the five Yogas: *Bhakti, Karma, Raja, Jnana and Hatha*. The volume has a useful dictionary of Vedantic terms at the end.

—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.

SANSKRIT

SREE SKANDA VEDAPADASTAVA.

Edited by P. N. Sivaramakrishna Iyer, B.A., B.T., and published by Sri Sringeri Mutt, Sringeri, Kadur District. Price: Re. 1.

SKANDA VEDAPADASTAVA is a poetical work dedicated to Lord Subrahmanya. It provides instructive reading but even so, its authorship is unknown. But from the wealth of Vedic quotations it gives, particularly philosophical in import, we are led to conclude that the author must have been a person of profound Vedantic learning. The several names of Lord Subrahmanya and their significance are very clearly explained in simple Tamil.

The learned and exhaustive introduction which is in Tamil sets out the main theme of the book. The Tamil and English translations of each verse enhance its value and are a boon to the earnest seeker after Stotra literature.

SAT STOTRA RATNAVALI. By Sri Krishna Sastri, Geeta Mutt, Hanuman Ghat, Banaras. Price: Rs. 1.50 nP.

THIS is a work in verse, in praise of chosen deities. It starts appropriately

with those dedicated to Sri Ganesa, the removal of all obstacles. Then follow a few delightful and original verses about Sri Kasi Kedararnatheswara. Then come some verses laudatory of the two successive Heads of the Sringeri Sarada Peetham, H. Jagadguru Sri Narasimha Bharati and Sri Chandrasekhara Bharati. The work is admirably done and has a soft cadence. It shows the extreme malleability of the Sanskrit language.

SREE SANKARA DIGVIJAYASARASWATI.

By Vidwat Bushanam Srinivas Kalyana. Published by the Sarada Peetham, Dwaraka.

THE extant literature about the life and work of Sri Adi Sankara Bhagavatpada, known as *Sankara Vijaya*, is available in various recensions. The book under review is styled "Saranga-gist". It is in verse and in two parts. The first part has 86 delightful couplets and the second 106. The author employs the *anushthub* metre to good effect, and the venture, apart from literary excellence, has the blessing and approval of His Holiness the Sakaracharya of Dwaraka Peetham. It recounts the story of the great Acharya and is a mine of information.

—Acharya T. A. V. Dikshita

PRABANDHA PARIJATA. (A Sanskrit Primer). Edited by

Dr. Viraraghavacharya of the Sanskrit Sangha of the Chamaraja Sanskrit College, Chamarajapet, Bangalore. 18 pp. 140. Price: Rs. 2.

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works similarly entitled Upanishad-
Rupakas and Gita Rupakas which can
easily be enacted in the College Drama
Societies follow. These religious
subjects are rounded off with a few
popular subjects like Tyagaraja, proper
irrigation tank
the famous irrigation tank
Kandasagara and the advantages of
it. It is needless to say that the
method followed here will engender in
the minds of our young readers an un-
mistakable desire to understand the
scriptures when they are sufficiently
grown up. This is really a laudable
aim and every high school should
have such books and popularise our
ancient heritage and enshrine our
language once again on its ancient
throne.

SAPTAPADA KANTHABHARANA (Part
I). An anthology of prose and verse.
Edited by Vaidyaratna Kaviraj Pra-
dip Simha. Published by Kaviraj
Pranath Sharma, 4675 Shoraa
Kothee, Pahadganj, New Delhi.
pp. 139. Price: Rs. 2.

This is a beautiful anthology of
prose and verse in six sections com-
prising daily usage, health, women,
contentment and tranquillity and similar
simple and idiomatic expressions on all
interesting topics. They are culled from
various authors with a discerning eye
for the lines of Palgrave's *Golden
Treasury* in English and can be of great
use for supplying quotations to social
workers, doctors and teachers and
are particularly to platform orators.
Doctors can utilise the instructions on
health as useful mottoes for preserving
health. Many of the prose sentences
and simple Anushtup verses deserve to
be publicly exhibited in public libraries
and college halls. The book concludes
with a seventh similar section (whence
it is called Saptapadi by the author)
wherein similar choice idiomatic expres-
sions (96 choice *dohas*) from Hindi are

culled together. If a small glossary
of difficult words were added along
with useful hints for translation, the
book could easily serve as a guide for
translation in our high schools and the
pre-university classes. The selections
reveal the sympathetic culture and
broad and refined outlook on the part
of the editor, who is himself a success-
ful Ayurvedic Vaidyaratna. His fame
elevated him to the Presidency of the
All India Ayurvedic Congress in 1933
and he has served on various medical
committees appointed by the U. P.
Government. He has appropriately
dedicated the book to Kulapati K. M.
Munshi, whose work for the advance-
ment of Sanskrit culture both in India
and abroad has already brought him
international reputation.

—Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao.

GUJARATI

DIVANE-MANEK. Part I (in Guja-
rati). By Sri Manek Maheta. Pub-
lished by the Manek Maheta Litera-
ture Publishing Committee, 1A,
Anandnagar, Forjett Street, Bombay
26. pp. 392+12. Price: Rs. 7. Gratis
to the deserving.

THIS is a miscellany of (i) the religious
songs and Bhajans by Sri Manek Mahe-
ta, (ii) his sayings and reflections and
(iii) letters and testimonials of his dis-
ciples describing his greatness and the
spiritual guidance and inspiration they
received from him. The compositions
preach devotion to God and exhort to
stick to the path of virtue. They are
downright didactic and can hardly
claim any literary distinction. But as
expressions of Sri Manek's devotion,
god-mindedness and moral fervour,
they should prove inspiring and instruc-
tive to his followers.

**GOVARDHANRAM MADHAVRAM
TRIPATHI'S SCRAP BOOK:** (1888-
1894)—Manuscript Volumes 1, 2, 3, 4
(Part I). Edited by K. C. Pandya,
R. P. Bakshi and S. J. Pandya.
Published by N. M. Tripathi Pvt. Ltd.,
Princess Street, Bombay-2. 1959.
pp. 20+276. Price: Rs. 5 [in
English].

CONSensus of critical opinion has

since long accepted Govardhanram (1855-1907) as the towering figure of the Gujarati letters of the decades touching the last juncture of centuries and has acclaimed his *magnum opus* *Sarasvatichandra* as a great classic unequalled in scope and wealth of fruitful ideas.

The book under review, though second in appearance (The last volume appeared first in 1957), is chronologically first among the three-volume publication of Govardhanram's seven scrap books that had remained unpublished so far. These intimate journals record their author's observations on man and events, as also his notes and varied musings on problems of thought and conduct that constantly exercised his highly keen, conscientious and sensitive mind in its continuous encounter with matters ethical, philosophical, religious and social. On their own, they reveal Govardhanram as a thinker of commendable independence and originality, e.g. his philosophy of consumption, substitution of force for spirit and matter, rejection of the transmigration theory, insistence on historical method in the study of philosophy, etc. And this thinking is anything but an arm-chair or study-room activity. It stems from a deep-rooted inner necessity, moulds action and strives to impart meaning and value to life by efforts at viewing it as a whole and in relation to the surrounding world and the ultimate reality. No wonder we find in the scrap books numerous notes on events and discussions on modes of conduct closed with the self-same refrain-like Mahavakya: 'So the Great Will wills'.

The author has explicitly stated the ends he had in view in writing these books: 'Hereby I sometimes note down my conclusions to prevent their loss, sometimes I make myself exact thereby; at other times I ease my heart by pouring it on paper. I have no friend to talk to except myself. When I turn over these pages, I feel reminded, sympathised and consoled; I look and blush at my own shortcomings as reflected here. I take courage and strength

from here. The current that flows now forward and now backward, can be traced here with greater continuity. And it is this intensely personal character and the glimpses afforded the inner urges, enquiries and struggles of a rational yet basically religious and duty-conscious soul that make these jottings and musings so interesting to the reader at large. They are as it were so many eye-holes allowing us to peep at the meanderings of the heart and the head of a personality in the process of self-contained spiritual moulding. Here in some topics one finds in the second volume: 'Shall We Live or Die?', 'Conscience, Free Will and Predestination', 'How Am I to Motivate the People?', 'Asceticism versus Consumption', 'The Right Attitude towards Money', 'Vedanta and Ethics', 'Thought on Joint Family', 'My Temperament'. Another focus of interest in these books is their occasional pen-portraits, sometimes vivid but always sympathetic and clear-sighted, revealing the author's deep understanding of human character. As documents too, these writings are invaluable for the insights they throw on the making of the *Sarasvatichandra* by revealing the problems and workings of Govardhanram's mind during the period.

All those who cooperated by giving editorial and financial assistance in bringing out this neat and cheaply priced edition of a very valuable work deserve to be congratulated. Let us earnestly hope that some literary or academic institution would now immediately come forward to get the volumes translated into Gujarati and thus make them accessible to the remaining section of the (so to say) directly concerned public.

—Dr. H. C. Bhargava

TAMIL

SAMAGA AHNKA SANGRAHAM by name Kusumanjali. By S. Sastri. Copies can be had of T. Viswanathan, 10 Pidari Koil Street, Teppakulam P.O., Trichinapalli. Price: Rs. 2.50 nP.

'S JOURNAL
AUGUST 21, 1960

ARRYING a Srimukham from H. H. Sankaracharya of Kanchi Kamakoti Math, the book under review describes in a scientific and systematic manner the various rites, both daily and obligatory. *Panchayatana pooja*, *Gayatrijapam*, *Brahma Yagnam* and *Sandhya* are among the many interesting topics lucidly dealt with here. Sanskrit Mantra is explained in simple Tamil and will be found useful to all who desire to know the meaning of particular rites of the Sama Veda.

Here is **MANTRA PRASNA SAMPURNA** (in Tamil). Edited by E. Venkatesa Sarma. Copies can be had of Madurai Nool Mandram, Linghi Chetty Street, Madras-1. Price: Re. 1.

Many are the Samskaras or rites enjoined on the Dwijas in our Shastras. These, the prominent are Upanayana (sacred thread investiture) and Samskara (marriage). These rituals are accompanied by the chanting of relevant Mantras by the subject. Such too, these Mantras or hymn groups are called *Mantra Prasnas*.

In the book under review, these Mantras are explained in great detail and these are done Kanda by Kanda. The Mantras gain in clarity and efficiency by reason of the understanding of their meanings, thanks to clear and lucid treatment. We have pleasure to commend this book to those who want to gain an understanding of our ancient Texts.

—Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

THE HYPHEN, Vol. IV, Nos. 3 and 4, March-April 1960 (Mid-year Number: Foreign Collaboration). A monthly journal devoted to the social sciences, international affairs, and literature. Editor-at-large: Anand Mohan, Strand Hotel, Apollo Bunder, Bombay-1. Price: Re. 1.

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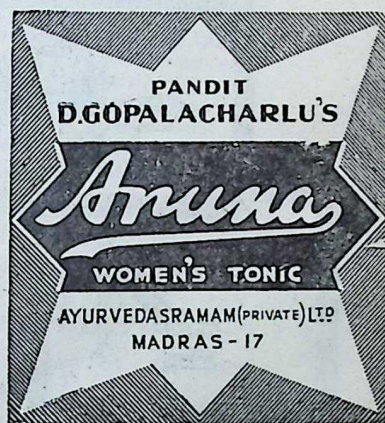
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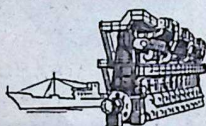
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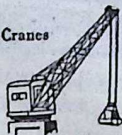
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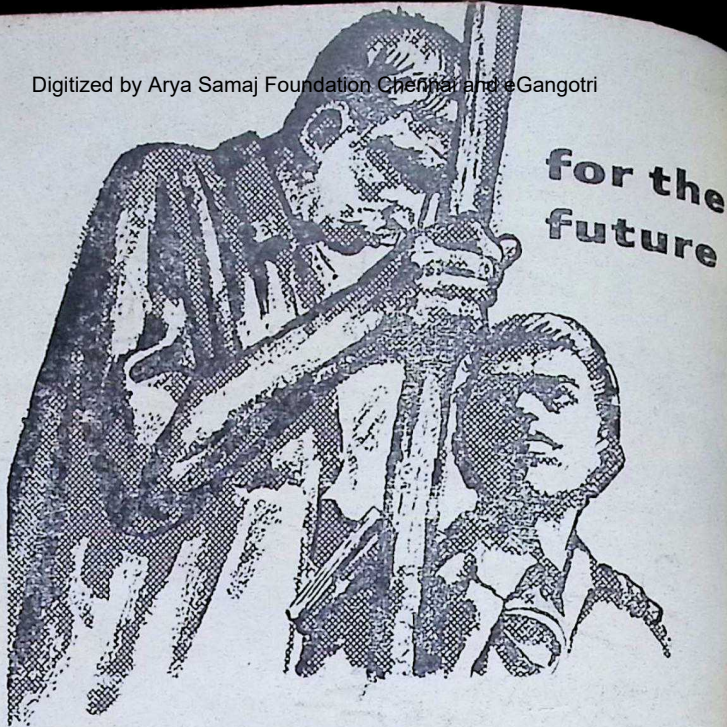


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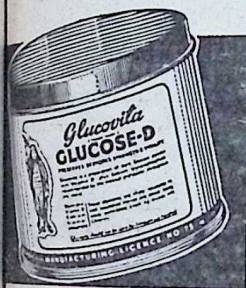
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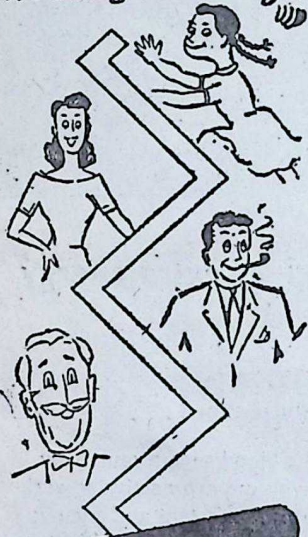
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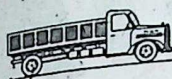


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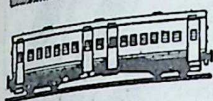
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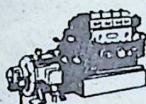
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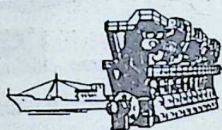


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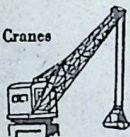
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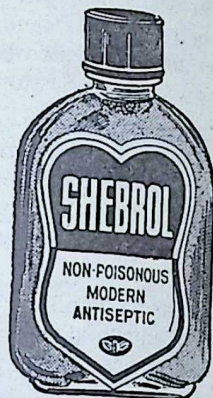
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SEPTEMBER 4, 1960

No. 3

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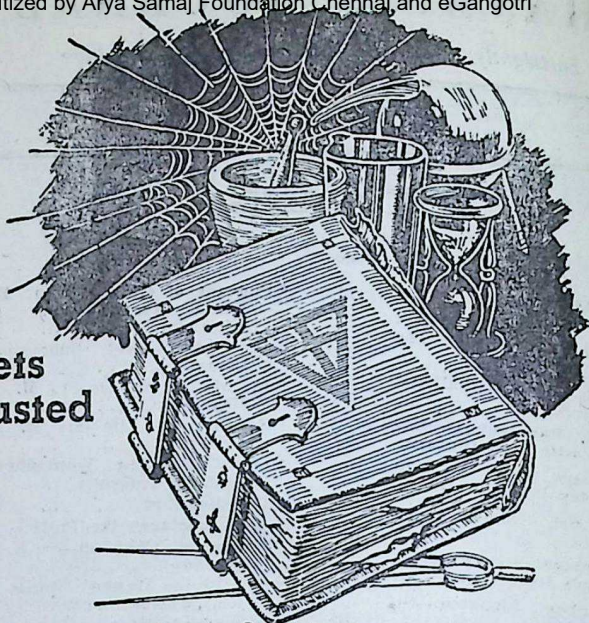
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।
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 Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
 —Rigveda, I-89-i

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PRAYER TO AGNI

स चित्र चित्रं चितयन्तं अस्मे
 चित्रक्षत्रं चित्रतमं वयोधाम् ।
 चन्द्रं रयिं पुरुवीरं बृहन्तं
 चन्द्र चन्द्राभिर् गृणते युवस्व ॥

- wondrous One! Of wondrous power!
- Lord of wonders! Give us what is most wonderful,
 life-giving;
- Bright One! With Thy brightness, give to Thy
 singer great wealth, brilliant, with many heroes. -

—Rigveda.



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मृ तं तु वि या

Kulapati's Letter

ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 213

★ THE AGE OF COERCION

★ THE DECAY OF TRUSTEESHIP

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

WITH the Industrial Revolution, the individual was merged in the mass. Shrinkage of distance and easy communications rendered collective action swift and easy. Individual selfishness gave place to mass selfishness. Claims in the economic sphere, real or imaginary, came to be asserted through mass coercion; strikes and lockouts, economic squeeze by trade unions and employers' unions; peasant revolts and large scale evictions. Class-war became normal.

When contracts were made between individuals, the enforcement of judicially determined rights provided adequate sanction. When the individual was merged in the mass, the conflict of interests was between two organised masses of men trying to assert each other's rights. In such circumstances the courts of law could provide but a feeble sanction. Sanction was therefore sought in mass coercion.

Between the rulers and the ruled

also the relations often took the form of large coercive demonstrations, organised resistance on the one hand and large scale repression on the other. Thus society entered the coercive stage.

When the sanction of coercive process came into vogue, the doctrine of trusteeship began to disappear from human relations. Moral obligation binding on the individual conscience or conduct lost its efficacy.

Once mass coercion became the predominant sanction in modern society, the State, the biggest power machinery emerged as the most potent of coercive forces.

In many countries, the State, in emerging, invested itself with the halo of moral superiority by calling itself a 'Social Welfare' State. It claimed to be the super trustee of the lives and destinies of its subjects. It gathered the resources of the country in

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SEPTEMBER 4, 1960.

DECEMBER 4, 1960

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and imposed its will upon the thought and conduct of the people, legislative and bureaucratic action could, by military violence, be it could not. Its control of mass communications gave it well-nigh irresistible influence.

The State claimed to be secular and before its will was no longer fettered by higher moral, religious or spiritual obligations. It recognised no law which it was subject; no authority, except more powerful coercion, either external or internal, that is, where a powerful foreign country forced will or when the country's army, State's weapon of last resort, was used against it.

The modern State, in exercising its coercive power, speaks in the name of the 'people', of which it claims to be the self-constituted trustee and sole spokesman. This is the notorious despotism of modern totalitarianism.

In fact, however, the power of the State is wielded by a few oligarchs of whom some are working jointly or under the shadow of a dictator, through paid bureaucrats or party men rewarded by delegated power or patronage. Whether the dictators or oligarchs are called Fuhrers or secretaries, presidents or ministers, makes little difference. In reality they are the leaders of the 'New Class' interested only in imposing their will upon the people in scorn of the claims of other men to think, speak or to behave in the light of their individual conscience.

These oligarchs of power have no scruples which could compel them to acknowledge the obligations except the will to their pleasure of the most powerful of

them who could make or mar the fortunes of the rest; the same is the case even when the constitution is democratic with no two balancing political parties in the country. Except in the event of a crisis or a collapse the oligarchs have sufficient power, patronage and monetary resources to perpetuate their hold over the State.

In the hands of such men, the State becomes at all times a powerful instrument, a well-nigh irresistible weapon. It destroys the multi-central life of the community; it deprives people of property without compensation; it cripples religious institutions and regiments education—all in the name of welfare, of the nature and direction of which the oligarchs alone are the judges.

With impunity, the leaders of this 'New Class' of despots browbeat or undermine the prestige of even independent organs of the State. We have, in some ways, seen it being done with reference to judiciary, the public service commission and the auditor-general in our country, working under a fairly well devised constitution pledged to liberty, equality and fraternity.

Even the narrow field of legal trusteeship does not escape the interference of the oligarchs. In the contractual stage, the courts of law provided the requisite sanction for maintaining fiduciary obligations. In this coercive stage, the State, through its officers, controls the trustees and in so doing, substitutes the will of the bureaucrat or the party politician for the will of the trustee. In consequence, the purposes of the trusts are harnessed to the whim of the bureaucrats or

the interest of the politicians through the coercive power of the State.



The transition from the contractual to the coercive stage in all spheres of life can best be illustrated by examining what has been happening in the industrial sphere.

In a society, based on contractualism, the master and servant relations are governed by the terms of contract between the employer and the employee. In the coercive stage, as at present, the employees range themselves in battle array to extract the highest wages and benefits from the employers. They band themselves in trade unions; they slow down production; they strike work. To resist them the employers combine to resist, to make as large profits as possible by manipulation or by concealing profits and when necessary, to stage lockouts or to close down factories.

The employee is not concerned with production; the employers are not interested in checking high prices. Neither of them is interested in the consumer though it is to him that they are morally responsible. They do not concern themselves with the economy of the country, which invariably suffers by industrial strife or higher cost of production, both of which affect general welfare.

When the coercive tactics between the employer and the employee become harmful, the supreme coercive power in the country, the State, steps in. It compels conciliation, arbitration, adjudication. If that does not succeed, the State finds apparently an easy solution by nationalising the industry.

it pits its formidable coercive power against the employees. This forces organised employees to attempt a nation-wide coercion by a general strike. The State then surrenders, brings out its army and the police marshal the ultimate in coercion.

The directors of a company are, in law, in the nature of trustees for the shareholders; as employers, they are trustees for the efficient living of the employees; at the same time, the employers and the employees of a concern are trustees for the consumer. But the industrialists have to betray the trust by extracting the highest price possible from the consumer to meet the demands of spiralling wages, oppressive taxation and to support their showy standard of living and their ever-increasing hunger for luxurious living. So profits have to be made; books have to be manipulated; black-marketing has to be resorted to.

To control this immoral activity, the State comes out with income-tax investigations, stringent company law, police investigation, interference at every stage or finally taking over the concern.

As a result, all economic relations are being progressively brought within the ambit of the coercive power of the State, exercised through politicians and bureaucrats.

The coercive power of the State is not only exercised in matters economic, but in all spheres of life. Marriage and family relations are regulated by legal coercion. Education is controlled and regimented in the name of efficiency. Religious institutions are

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placed at the mercy of irreligious
secularism. In substance, all social and
habits of the people are placed
at the mercy of the party politician
and the bureaucrat directed by the oli-
garchs of power.

The party politicians and bureau-
crats are conscience keepers, prose-
cutors, investigators, arbiters, legis-
lators, enforcing agents—all in one—
secure the 'welfare' as the oligarchs
of power conceive it. This inevitably
leads to wholesale corruption. The
conscience keepers are humans; they
are families; they have to maintain
a high standard of living; they can-
not be expected to give accommoda-
tion without consideration. They have
therefore to be kept satisfied.

Greater the exercise of coercive
power, the more penetrating becomes
corruption, and greater the corrup-
tion, more intense has to become coer-
cion to justify the oligarchs in claim-
ing a reputation for incorruptibility.
Contribution to party funds ex-
pected by politicians in power by fear
in favour is a form of corruption
recognised as legitimate. Without it
the oligarchs cannot perpetuate their
power.

However, there is no limit to the
gains made by the instruments
of welfare, the politicians and bureau-

crats employed by the State. They
have such power that few could fail
to make them happy and survive. They
enjoy comparative immunity. In the
first instance, it is very difficult to
affront men in power or to bring home
guilt to them, and when the oligarchs
they serve enjoy power only on their
strength, their exposure, particularly
at higher levels, becomes well-nigh
impossible.

Thus, in this age, force in increasing
measure becomes necessary to meet
growing conflict of organised mass in-
terests. Coercion and still more power-
ful coercion comes to be the only
sanction.

This vicious circle goes on expanding
till the oligarchs of power as self-ap-
pointed and self-responsible trustees,
remain the sole masters of the free-
dom and dignity of men, concentrating
all the resources of the State in their
hands and prescribing the nature of
the 'welfare' they serve.

The only alternative to this coercive
stage through which society is passing
is to base social relations on the prin-
ciple of trusteeship.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. M. R.

Where God's sun first shone upon you and the stars of the
heavens first gave you light, there is your motherland. And
though it be bare stones and barren islands and poverty and
toil that live there with you, yet must you always love that land.
Freedom is where you may live according to the laws and
customs of your fathers and where no foreign master will order
you and drive you.

A Dynamo of Spirituality

Swami Vivekananda



PERCEPTION is our only real knowledge or religion. Talking about it for ages will never make us know our soul.

There is no difference between theories and atheism. In fact, the atheist is the truer man.

Every step I take in the light is mine for ever.

When you go to a country and see it, then it is yours.

We have each to see for ourselves; teachers can only "bring the food," we must eat it to be nourished.

Argument can never prove God save as a logical conclusion.

It is impossible to find God outside of ourselves.

Our own souls contribute all the divinity that is outside of us.

We are the greatest temple.

The objectification is only a faint imitation of what we see within ourselves.

Concentration of the powers of the mind is our only instrument to help us see God.

If you know one soul (your own), you know all souls, past, present and to come.

The will concentrates the mind, certain things excite and control this

will, such as reason, love, devotion, breathing, etc.

The concentrated mind is a lamp that shows us every corner of the soul.

No one method can suit all. The different methods are not steps necessary to be taken one after another.

Ceremonials are the lowest form; next, God external and after that God internal.

In some cases gradation may be needed, but in many only one way is required.

It would be the height of folly to say to everyone, "You must pass through Karma and Bhakti before you can reach Jnana."

Stick to your reason until you reach something higher, and you will know it to be higher because it will not deal with reason.

The stage beyond consciousness is inspiration (*Samadhi*) but never mind upon take hysterical trances for the real thing.

It is a terrible thing to claim inspiration falsely, to mistake inspiration for inspiration.

There is no external test for inspiration, we know it ourselves; each

ardian against mistaken
voice of reason.
All religion is going beyond reason,
reason is the only guide to get
there.
Instinct is like ice, reason is the
water, and inspiration is the subtlest
steam or vapour; one follows the
other. Everywhere is this eternal
process—unconsciousness, conscious-
ness, intelligence—matter, body, mind
and to us it seems as if the chain
begin with the particular link we first
hold of.

Arguments on both sides are of
equal weight and both are true. But
we must reach beyond both, to where
there is neither the one nor the other.
These successions are all Maya.
Religion is above reason, superna-

Faith is not belief, it is the grasp
of the Ultimate, an illumination.
First hear, then reason and find out
what that reason can give about the
Atman; let the flood of reason flow
over It, then take what remains.

If nothing remains, thank God you
have escaped a superstition.

When you have determined that
nothing can take away the Atman, that
it stands every test, hold fast to this
truth and teach it to all.

Truth cannot be partial; it is for the
benefit of all.

Finally, in perfect rest and peace
meditate upon It, concentrate your
mind upon It, make yourself one with
It. Then no speech is needed; silence
will carry the truth.

Do not spend your energy in talk-
ing; but meditate in silence; and do
not let the rush of the outside world
disturb you.

When your mind is in the highest
state, you are unconscious of It.

This is the India I know;
the India whose polity was
built by King-Initiates, whose
religion was moulded by
Divine Men; the India which
even so late as five thousand
years ago felt her fields
trodden by the feet of Sri
Krishna, which even twenty-
four centuries ago heard her
cities echoing with the sub-
lime morality of the Buddha;
the India which later, when
her great wars were over,
had her poets who in the
Mahabharata and in the
Ramayana gave epic poetry
to the world greater than
that of Greece; dramatists
who in later times still left
treasures of beauty that the
learned in the West are just
beginning to appreciate.
That is the India...which
...is to me the Holy Land.

—Annie Besant.

Accumulate power in silence and
become a dynamo of spirituality.

What can a beggar give? Only a
King can give, and he only when he
wants nothing himself.

Hold your money merely as custo-
dian for what is God's.

Have no attachment for it.

Let name and fame and money go;
they are a terrible bondage.

Feel the wonderful atmosphere of
freedom.

You are free, free, free!

"Oh, blessed am I! Freedom am I!

I am the Infinite! In my soul I can
find no beginning and no end. All is
my Self." Say this unceasingly.

[Courtesy: Advaita Ashrama.]



Selections from ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

ENCOUNTER WITH PARASHURAMA

अथ गच्छति श्रीरामे मैथिलाद्योजनत्रयम् ।
निमित्तान्यतिघोराणि ददर्श नृपसत्तमः ॥

As Sri Rama proceeded three
yojanas from Mithila, the great King
Dasaratha noticed terrible evil omens.
वसिष्ठस्तमथ प्राह भयमागामि सूच्यते ।
पुनरप्यभयं तेऽद्य शीघ्रमेव भविष्यति ।

मृगाः प्रदक्षिणं, यान्ति पश्य त्वां शुभसूचकाः ॥

Seeing them Sage Vasishtha address-
ed King Dasaratha: "These omens no
doubt portend evil ; but I can assure
you that they will soon be overcome,
inasmuch as the antelopes are round
clockwise. Look at them. They are a

good augury."

इत्येवं वदतस्तस्य ववौ घोरतरोऽनिलः ।

मुष्णंश्चक्षूंषि स्वेषां पांसुवृष्टिभिरदयन् ।

Even as he said so, a fierce sand-
storm burst on them which practical-
ly blinded them all.

ततो व्रजन्ददर्शामि तेजोराशिमुपस्थितम् ।

कोटिसूर्यप्रतीकाशं विद्युत्पुञ्जसमप्रभम् ।

तेजोराशि ददर्शामि जामदग्न्यं प्रतापवान् ।

As they moved on, they saw advanc-
ing towards them a mound of glory
effulgent like a crore of suns, blinding
like a bunch of lightnings. It was

Parashurama son of Sage Jamadagni

SEPTEMBER 4, 1960

प्रांशुं जटामण्डलमण्डितम् ।
साक्षात्कालमिवान्तकम् ॥

He was bluish like the recondite
god, tall, and wore matted hair. He look-
ed and the pick-axe in his hand. He look-
ed like Yama's Yama incarnate.

विर्यन्तिकं रामं दृष्टक्षत्रियमर्दनम् ॥
दशरथस्याग्रे कालमृत्युमिवापरम् ॥
Rama, the killer of Kartaveerya, the
annihilator of wild Kshatriyas, stood
before Dasaratha like a duplicate God
Death.

दृष्ट्वा भयसंत्रस्तो राजा दशरथस्तदा ।
विदिपज्ञं विस्मृत्य त्राहि त्राहीति चाब्रवीत् ॥
Rama, the killer of Kartaveerya, the
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Rama, the killer of Kartaveerya, the
annihilator of wild Kshatriyas, stood
before Dasaratha like a duplicate God
Death.

राम इति नाम्नामे चरसि क्षत्रियाधम ।
युद्धं प्रयच्छाशु यदि त्वं क्षत्रियोऽसि वै ॥
You, foul Kshatriya! How dare
you carry my name Rama? If you
are a true Kshatriya get ready for a
fight with me right now!"

जर्जरं चापं भङ्क्त्वा त्वं कथ्यसे मुधा ।
स्मिन् वैष्णवे चापे आरोपयसि चेद्गुणम् ॥
You, fowl Kshatriya! How dare
you carry my name Rama? If you
are a true Kshatriya get ready for a
fight with me right now!"

युद्धं त्वया सार्धं करोमि रघुवंशज ।
तस्मान्निहन्निष्यामि क्षत्रियान्तकरो ह्यहम् ॥
You, fowl Kshatriya! How dare
you carry my name Rama? If you
are a true Kshatriya get ready for a
fight with me right now!"

I shall deign to fight with you in the
duel. If you fail, I shall kill the whole
lot of you. Haven't I the reputation
of being the annihilator of Kshatri-
yas?"

इति ब्रुवति तस्मिन् च चाल वसुधा भूशम् ।
अन्धकारो बभूवाथ सर्वेषामपि चक्षुषाम् ॥

As he uttered those words, the earth
quaked repeatedly and all eyes per-
ceived nothing but darkness.

रामो दाशरथिर्वीरः वीक्ष्य तं भार्गवं रषा ।
धनुराच्छिद्य तद्वस्तादारोप्य गुणमञ्जसा ॥

Dasaratha's son Rama, heroic that
he was, looked at Parashurama wrath-
fully, snatched the bow from his hand,
and strung it straight.

तूणीराद्बाणमादाय सन्धायाकृष्य वीर्यवान् ।
उवाच भार्गवं रामं शृणु ब्रह्मन् वचो मम ॥

He whipped out an arrow from the
quiver, and fixing it to the bow-string,
bent it as he addressed Rama of the
Bhargava race "O, Brahmin! Listen
to my words."

लक्ष्यं दर्शय वाणस्य ह्यमोघो मम सायकः ।
लोकान्पदयुगं वापि वद शीघ्रं ममाज्ञया ॥

"I command you to quickly show me
the target, be they all your earned
merits or your own feet; my arrow
is unfailing."

अयं लोकः परोवाथ त्वया गन्तुं न शक्यते ।
एवं त्वं हि प्रकर्तव्यं वद शीघ्रं ममाज्ञया ॥

"You will not be able to move in
this world or go to the other. Tell
me, quickly, where should I discharge
my arrow, I command you!"

एवं वदति श्रीरामे भार्गवो विकृताननः ।
संस्मरन्पूर्ववृत्तान्तं इदं वचनमब्रवीत् ॥

As Sri Rama uttered these words,
Parashurama's face changed. Re-
calling to his own past, the latter ad-
dressed Sri Rama.



Krishnavata

K. M. Munshi

PART II

3. In the Vortex

KRISHNA stood near the funeral pyre of his maternal uncle Kamsa in deep thought.

How foolish of Kamsa to think that no one was like him; that he, of all men, was born to rule, and to shape, destroy and re-make things and men as he liked! You, Krishna felt, could see the difference between such men and men like Akrura who lived humbly and in the service of the gods.

You see King Ugrasena lighting the funeral pyre of his only son, with tears in his eyes. You could see that inexpressible sadness was in his heart, not for losing a son, but that his son should have led such a ruinous life and destroyed so many innocent lives.

You had, of course, fulfilled the prophecy of the divine Sage, thought Krishna. Wickedness had to be destroyed; innocence and godliness had to be protected—that was the Dharma. You had only vindicated Dharma. The gods wished it to be done. That is all.

All the people returned from the cremation ground, looking serious but relieved at heart. Men have to die, they only live in the affectionate memory of the survivors; otherwise their lives are wasted.

You are impatient to see Father Nanda. You saw him on the cremation ground from a distance. You could also see how he, with his strong commonsense, realised what you were three days ago and what you are now—Prince Vasudeva's son and leader of Mathura. You feel unhappy that he is driven to this view, but you also understand that it was very sensible of Father Nanda to behave correctly.

You take your purificatory bath and accompanied by Big brother Uddhava, proceed to the garden near the temple on the outskirts of the town where Father Nanda and his gopas had camped.

Balaram, Uddhava and you rush to the spot where Father is sitting and

strate yourselves before him. He takes all the three of you into his arms, but he releases you last of all, for he wants to hold you in his arms as long a time as possible and make your neck with his nose as was wont from the days of your childhood.

His eyes are moist. He struggles to control his voice. 'Krishna, we are going tomorrow,' he says.

'Tomorrow, Father!' asks Balaram in surprise. 'But we are going to be invested with sacred thread a fortnight hence. You must stay for the occasion. Krishna, why don't you press Father to stay?'

Father shakes his head. 'Rama, we can't stay any longer. The time, my boys, to part from you has come. And the earlier we part, the better for all of us.'

'Father, but why in such a hurry?'

You ask. 'Krishna, my darling, from the day you were entrusted to my care, I looked forward to your leaving me some time. And never so glorious a time to leave as now. You have won the love of all. You have fulfilled the prophecy of the Divine Sage. I am happy.' Then Father paused, wiped a tear and continued: 'I am also unhappy. Both of you were dear to me. I could not have loved you more if you were my own sons. Having you with me I never felt that I was sonless. So there is a void here,' he said, turning to his wide chest. 'I must submit to the will of gods. You have a great future before you, my boys. But if I continue here, my distress will be unbearable. What has to be done had best be done quickly. In this time of

your mother waiting to hear the news of Mathura. Her heart will be desolate at losing you. I must be by her side to give her strength.'

Balaram was not happy, but you could see that Father was right. There was no use prolonging this agony of parting.

'Father, Father, whatever happens, wherever I am, you have to remember me and I shall be by your side.'

'My son, you will always be by my side. My life has not been in vain now that I have seen you grow so wonderfully. We will go tomorrow morning.'

'We will come and see you off. And Father, I would like to send Uddhava with you to convey my message to friends and a few presents.'

'Certainly.'

And as you leave the brave old man who loves you so well, you feel a pang shooting through your heart and a tear moistening your eye.

Then you remembered your friends, boys and girls, with whose life yours had been so intimately woven from your birth. Yes, a message was due to them. There was also Radha—your goddess of joy. You take Uddhava, your beloved friend, aside and request him to convey your message to all your friends.

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You go to Father Vasudeva's palace and meet Mother. It is surprising to see how she had loved you for these sixteen years, though you were to her nothing but a name. And now her eyes, when they see you, are lit up with a sudden joy.

Father is different. He is not very effusive, but vastly understanding. He is glad that you are leaving and that you

ruler of Mathura. He did not like the idea at all and was afraid that you might, in your boyish enthusiasm, accept the offer. But he tells you of many things when Balaram, Uddhava and you sit with him. He speaks to you of your great ancestors; of *Kshatra dharma*—the true warrior's duties—for which they lived and died. He also talks of the great Sages whose only possession was *Brahma tej*—the power which comes of learning and non-possession—and how they are the unfailing guides of men and the beloved of the gods.

He also speaks of his sister Kunti, who would have been an empress of the Kurus at Hastinapur, had her husband Pandu been alive; of her five sons who, he says, are very clever, but are very badly treated by the sons of their blind uncle, Dhritarashtra.

You also learn how Father and Uncle Akrura, Guru Gargacharya and Sandipani, have prevailed upon the royal guests not to depart, but stay till you are invested with sacred thread. It is funny, you think, how the Vidarbha Prince and his sister behave themselves. The Prince is not willing to stay longer, naturally, for he was Uncle Kamsa's friend, both Balaram and you had treated him shabbily on his arrival. But it was not your fault; he had to be taught the manners of an Arya.

But his sister, Rukmini, you can see, behaves very very funnily. She makes it a point to stay with Mother all the time, of course in company with Trivakra. That is not all. The way she looks at you is just scandalous. Wherever you move, her large, beautiful eyes are upon you. It is just funny

If she could eat you up with her she would.

It is settled that Balaram, Uddhava and you are to go with Guru Sandipani to his *ashram* to spend the rest of your studentship. You had liked Guru immensely when he came to Vrindavan and lived with you. He taught you a few tricks of archery, wrestling and lassoing the bulls when they run wild. Father now tells that in the Guru's *ashram* you must have to work hard, for you have made up for lost time.

Father often thinks you are a child and believes that you need to be told a few things which you know so well. Possibly he thinks it is his duty to do so. Perhaps it springs from a father's love which can never recognise that you have grown up. Perhaps it is just as well, for you need someone before whom you could be a child to be patted.

The funeral obsequies of Uncle Kamsa are over. On the twelfth day after his death, King Ugrasena had performed the final rituals. The balls, sanctified by *mantras*, have been offered to the ancestors, and Uncle's spirit has left for the land of the dead, the land of the manes.

In these days you learn many things of which you knew nothing before. By killing the tyrant Kamsa, you have retained the position of the saviour and leader of the Yadavas of Mathura. But you had, however, no idea that by that very act you would be catapulted into a vast and unfamiliar world of terrific ambitions and intrigues.

With the instinct which never

SEPTEMBER 4, 1960

Mathura. You have now made up your mind to make good your lack of education under Guru Sandipani. But all the same you are drawn into the vortex of royal intrigues; there is no escape for you, for the plight in which your people, the Yadavas, find themselves by your action is serious. King Ugrasena is feeble; he is good in a negative sort of way. Father Yudhishthira is the head of the Shooras and Uncle Akrura as the head of the Vrishnis, are the only stabilising forces in the new Mathura. One is sober and the other saintly, but both are incapable of quick decision or prompt initiative. Pradyota is effective in a negative way, but only as second-in-command. Krishna Andhaka, though he commands universal respect, is too old to give a hand in the difficult days which appear to be in store for them. The other Yadava chiefs have spent their lives in resisting Kamsa and lack the ability and training to consolidate the new Mathura. The Yadava chiefs who had been driven out by Kamsa are now returning to Mathura with their families and retainers. Their leaders including Bhishma and Gada have all the weaknesses of men who consider themselves deeply wronged. They are only interested in laying claims to the ancestral places and lands filched from them. They grumble, complain, quarrel, and are unwilling to recognise their duties. They scarcely add strength to the new Mathura.

Then it is that you discover what a formidable place Uncle Kamsa occupied among the powerful kings of the day.

The Yadavas, or Bhojas as sometimes your people are called, a loosely-woven confederacy of tribes, are a mighty people. They are irrepressible, fighting, killing and getting killed all the time. They push their way to unknown lands and make them their own.

All the time they are proud of their descent from the great emperor Yayati and his son Yadu. In actual practice, however, they are never troubled about the purity of race. When they want wives, they take them from the Aryan and non-Aryan tribes alike, with or without the consent of their parents. They rear large families; their wives, daughters and sisters are their pawns in the great game for power and possession.

In these days you learn a lot about the early history of your ancestors. Haryashva, one of the early kings of your people, for instance, had married the daughter of the demon Madhu, gained Anarta and Surashtra by way of inheritance and founded the mountain fortress of Girinagar. Yadu himself had married Naga princesses, by whom he had got five brave sons, all of whom had founded kingdoms. One of them was Madhava, from whom you all—the Andhakas, the Vrishnis, the Shooras and others—claim descent.

But you learn about one characteristic of your people. Even as they storm through life, they never fail to uphold Arya Dharma wherever they happen to be. Whatever they do themselves, they display an irrepressible zeal to get everyone to accept Dharma. Evidently this zeal gives them a sense of mission and a feeling of invincibility.

lity. And they are never slow to lavish gifts on learned Brahmins or to build hermitages for them or hold sacrificial sessions lasting for years. Uncle Kamsa was perhaps the only exception.

Though your branch, descended from King Madhava, has established itself at Mathura, in recent years the branch of Bhojas, settled in Chedi, has had a more powerful kingdom. You, therefore, look forward to meeting its king, Damaghosh, who is married to Father's sister, Shrutasrava. Both of them, with their son Shishupal, would be coming, as they have been specially invited to your *upanayana* ceremony.

But in all the secret deliberations of the chiefs, only one formidable name occupies the central theme—Jarasandha. He is the King of Magadha and the father of Asti and Prapti, two of the widows of Kamsa. He is the Overlord—*chakravarti*—having established suzerainty over many of the surrounding kingdoms.

Trusted messengers have been sent to him to inform him of the sad fate that had overtaken his son-in-law. Uncle Kamsa was not only his son-in-law, but his most trusted lieutenant. And the future of Mathura is shaky, for no one believes that the news of his death would be taken quietly by the mighty King.

You come to realise that in ridding Mathura of the tyrant, you, a cowherd boy, had dealt a crushing blow to the prestige of the most powerful monarch of the day. You are not daunted; as Jarasandha is *adharma* incarnate, it is just as well that he should be fought. That is what you think, but you don't say so because if you do, the chiefs would think you are thoughtless.

The hopes of the Yadava Mathura are, however, centred on King Damaghosh. Though he is married to your father's sister, he is a staunch ally of Jarasandha. His son Shishupal, you learn, is a favourite at the imperial court. But they could, if they exert, allay the wrath of the emperor.

You are told by Father that Rukmi, the King of Vidarbha, is also a trusted ally of Jarasandha, though he is a Bhoja. He is therefore not likely to be ready to forfeit the imperial goodwill by helping Mathura. Rukmi, the Prince, is a headstrong young man, you know him so well. Now you are told that he dominates his father. He was a staunch friend and a great admirer of Uncle Kamsa. Though he has agreed to assist for the ceremony because of Grandfather Sandipani's pressure, not all the cordiality of Father or Uncle has weaned him away from his hostility to you all.

Soon, however, there is a serious upset in every one's calculations. Queen Shrutasrava of Chedi, Father Vasudeva's sister, arrives but alone—though with a large retinue and patronising airs. Her husband, King Damaghosh, has begged to be excused. Evidently he has no intention of dealing with you openly, as you have killed Jarasandha's favourite. His son Shishupal, you are told, contemptuously turned down the suggestion to attend the ceremony. He would have nothing to do—he is reported as having said—with a 'cowherd boy'. Yes, you are a cowherd boy; you are not sorry to be one. But those who think that a cowherd boy is to be held in contempt—are all wrong.

Guruvadi

DILIP KUMAR ROY



MY GURUDEV SRI AUROBINDO

I bow to thee, who camest to introduce
My orphan soul to its heritage of Light,
The cradle, home and haven of mystic faith.

* * *
When I see thy radiant face and tranquil eyes,
I feel athrill to think how arduous
Is the path thy feet have trod! And so thou com'st
To instil in us the strength thy faith attained.
I know: when the pilgrim's way-lost, 'tis thy Sun
That radiates hope's new-lit dawn;
When sterile questionings desiccate faith and fervour;
When the fresh garland of heart's adoration
Fades into a loveless string;
When the rush of hope's arrested, and the night
Of misgivings closes in;
When the vision of the Far-off seems, alas,
A fatuity to the soul, imprisoned in
Its skeleton-cage;
When the angel eye of Grace aloft looms dim:
In that lone midnight hour,
Thy smile makes resonant our dwindling hope
With the harmonies of thy creative fire
Irradiating our world with the joyous pledge
Of thy blue-born certitude's final attainment.

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation, Chennai and Bangalore
 When in the pain of thirst for the viewless Far

Flow tears of regret;

When asks the heavy-laden soul:

Who robbed it midway of all it was vowed

To achieve on earth;

When the golden petals wilt; the gleam fails, spent,

Of aspiration's dawn; swoop withering winds

On laughing glens and dancing blooms;

When odours lure but flowers are hard to find:

In that lone, derelict hour,

Thy compassion quells the night, and then

Thy deep flute-music like a herald sings:

"All that you forfeit now shall flash hereafter

In deathless hues."

When masses of cynic darkness stalk the earth

Chasing away the last vestige of light:

In that bleak desolate moment,

Thy serenity routs the phalanxed hordes of gloom

By the bugle-blare of its cloud-kissing light.

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Hark, hark, thy clarion sings:

"I have triumphed over dismal deserts to bear

The blossoms' laughter in the heart's secret chalice;

I have transformed the wreck of life

With love's redeeming ecstasy and viewed

His flawless, unimaginable Face

With my eyes of flesh transmuted by the vision

Into eyes of light and bliss;

I have known the talisman that can transfigure

Earth's unregenerate mire

Into the flower and fruit of paradise;

I have explored and found

The alchemy that kindles lead into gold;

I have culled the rainbow-hues

That make wan tear-drops gleam like flawless pearls."

In life's lone, weary trudge

When thy Dawn-grace descends, O Master mine,

In her elysian car:

She deluges the heart's sad fallow fields

With the fecund downpour of ambrosial nectar.

And the oracle of thy heavenly prophecy

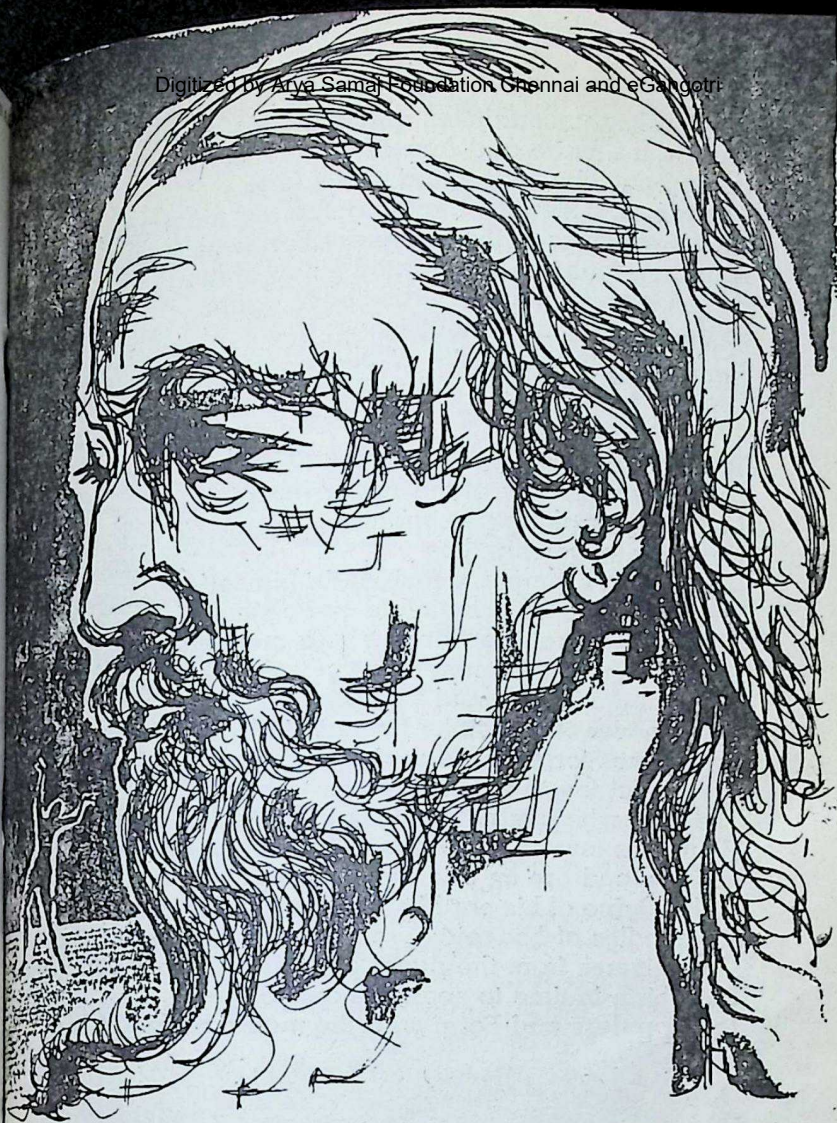
Sounds like a tender flute-call I have known

And loved and chased from birth to birth.

I glimpse in thee the advent of a new

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And richer harmony, a legacy
Of the departing rhythm, a strong farewell
To things that had to go
To leave a vacuum that would invoke
A richer light and mightier fulfilment.
At the touch of thy pure, beneficent smile
Self-pity hides in shame and cascades spring
On barren, brooding rocks.
And the dash of thy sunbeams

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

Slays misty uncertainties and angel anklets
 Ring in the blare and fury of thunder-storms.
 In the boat, sire, of thy beauteous form
 I aspire, in a steadfast faith, to slip my moorings
 And row across to the Shoreless Formless Vast
 And then return to the painted shore of life
 To see, accost and touch thee once again
 In the essence of all that is,
 And lastly, to take part—O bliss!—as thy
 Playmate in this thy carnival of love.

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The disciple sings his hymn round thee, O Guru,
 Seeing the shadow of the Impersonal
 In the mirror of thy personality.
 He seeks to worship thee
 In his heart's temple to fashion in himself
 The image of thine inviolate perfection.
 He says not that the rainbow is a moment's
 Shadow-form, a figment of maya's fancy,
 Nor that the incorporeal Infinite
 Could never seek a finite home to indwell.
 He weaves for ever his vari-coloured garland
 In grateful joy to woo in ever-new forms
 The One who has no colour nor name nor contour.
 He makes love to thine Image in ever-new rhythms
 In sleep and dream and wakefulness.
 In the shrine of his earthly love he kindles all
 His candles of heavenly worship—for which is hungry
 The universe from the dawn of Time—when the Timeless
 Took birth in time to span the gulf between
 The Formless and Form with the magic bridge of Love.

*By eating ordinary grass the cow produces life-giving milk.
 But the cobra drinking this life-giving milk produces only poison.
 Even so good men make improvements upon even common-
 place things whereas evil-minded persons do harm to the best of
 intentions.*

YAKSHA-PRASNA

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

[Continued from issue dated August 7, 1960.]

The Yaksha asks:

स्वित् श्रोत्रियो भवति ? केनस्वित् विन्दते महत् ?
 स्वित् द्वितीयवान् भवति ? राजन् ! केन च बुद्धिमान् ?

By what does a person become a Vedic scholar?

By what means does he attain the Great?

By what does a person acquire a second to him?

O King! By what means does a man become wise?

Yudhishtira answers:

स्वित् श्रोत्रियो भवति । तपसा विन्दते महत् ।
 स्वित् द्वितीयवान् भवति । बुद्धिमान् वृद्ध-
 सेवया ।

By Vedic culture a person becomes a Vedic scholar.

By tapas a person attains the Great.

By steadfastness a person acquires a second to him.

By service of elders a person becomes wise.

The word 'srotriya' according to the *marakosa* means a person who has made a study of the Vedas and can recite the text:

श्रोत्रियश्छन्दोऽधीते ।

Again, mentioning *sruta*, Dharmatra attaches a special significance to it. By *sruta* is meant not only learning or knowledge, but culture that is acquired by proper learning. It is in

that sense Kalidasa uses it in the *Raghuvamsa*, 14th sarga, 61st sloka:

वाच्यस्त्वया मद्रचनात्सराज्ञा
 वन्हौ विशुद्धामपि मत्समक्षम् ।
 मां लोकादश्रवणादहासीः
 श्रुतस्य किं तत्सदृशं कुलस्य ॥

In his answer, Dharmaputra emphasises that a person who has merely studied the Veda and can recite the text cannot be called a *srotriya* unless he is fully imbued with the Vedic tradition and culture.

In the second line the word 'Mahat' denotes 'Brahman' or Godhead. The Upanishad declares

अणोरणीयान् महतो महीयान् ।

The smallest of the small and the biggest of the big.

By *tapas* is meant spirituality and spiritual quest. In the *Dhatupata* of Panini we find तप आलोचने (Reflection is *tapas*) and the Upanishad says यस्य ज्ञानमयं तपः (whose *tapas* is constituted by *jnana*).

From these quotations we can arrive at the real meaning of the word तपस् (*tapas*) in this context. It really means the research into the true import of the Mahavakyas of the Vedanta. Neelakanta says श्रुतस्य अर्थस्य आलोचनेन (By reflection on the meaning of what has been heard).

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In the next answer, Dharmaputra says that it is by steadfastness or धृति that a person is really helped. This word धृति has special significance as mentioned in the *Bhagavad Gita*.

धृत्या यया धारयते मनःप्राणैन्द्रियक्रियाः ।
योगेनाव्यभिचारिण्या धृतिस्सा पार्थ सात्त्विकी ।

It is the steadfastness that is attained by concentration and control of the mind, the *prana* or the vital energy, and the senses. It is this concentration that will help one to have *nididhyasana* (nidihiyasana) according to the text of the Upanishad.

आत्मा वा अरे द्रष्टव्यः श्रोतव्यो मन्तव्यो
निदिध्यासितव्यः

The Atman has to be experienced or perceived first by hearing the meaning of the text of the *Upanishad Vakya*, then by contemplating on its true import and then by making it a part of your life, by concentration or *nididhyasana*.

In the next answer of Dharmaputra, the phrase वृद्धसेवया (service of elders) means what is denoted by the two well-known phrases *gurusushrusa* and *guruprasada*. The Lord in the *Bhagavad Gita* says:

तद्विद्धि प्रणिपातेन परिश्रमेन सेवया
(Know it—the Supreme Reality—by obeisance, by repeated question and by service of the *guru*).

Spiritual wisdom is attained by obeisance at the feet of the *guru*, by searching enquiries and by service to him. It is this service that Dharmaputra is thinking of in this context. The Upanishad tradition has always laid great emphasis on *gurusushrusa* and *guru-*

prasada for spiritual illumination. The *Chandogyopanishad* says

आचार्याद्वयेव विद्या विदिता साधिवं प्राप्त
आचार्यवान् पुरुषोदेद ।

Sankara Bhagavatpada in his *Vivekachudamani* extols the efficacy of service to Elders—*mahapurusha*—as the means of attaining the grace of divinity.

दुर्लभं त्रयमेवैतत् दैवानुग्रहेतुकम् ।
मनुष्यत्वं मुमुक्षुत्वं महापुरुषसंश्रयः ।

Especially for the knowledge of Brahman, the instruction of the *guru* and his grace are essential.

तद्विज्ञानार्थं सगुरुमेवाभिगच्छेत् समित्पार्थ
श्रोत्रियं ब्रह्मनिष्ठम् । (मुण्डकोपनिषत्-अध्याय १)

For the understanding of It (Brahman), one should approach with *samit* a *guru* who is *srotriya* (versed in *Sruti*) and firmly established in Brahman. Sri Sankaracharya declares that even though a person is learned in the *Sastras*, he cannot independently pursue the quest for Brahman, but must seek the aid of the *guru*. In his *Bhashya*, explaining the एवकार in *गुरुमेवाभिगच्छेत्* he observes:

शास्त्रज्ञोपि स्वातन्त्र्येण ब्रह्मज्ञानं
कुर्यात् इत्येतत् गुरुमेवेत्यवधारणफलम् ।

It will be noted that in the Upanishadic text the word श्रोत्रिय occurs. Sri Sankaracharya explains the meaning of it as follows:

अध्ययनश्रुतार्थसंपन्नः ।

(one possessed of the knowledge of the meaning of the Vedic text studied by him.)

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By these four questions and answers, Dharmaputra clearly lays down that the Veda is the source-book for spiritual knowledge and in order to attain that knowledge, one has to study the Vedic culture, one has to study carefully the Veda text and then, rely on the true import of the great Vedanta relating to the eternality of the Atman, sitting at the feet of the guru and doing service to him in all humility. With the aid of the guru, one attains real spiritual illumination by which the Absolute can be realised. Dharmaputra emphasises the need for the practice of yoga for control of the senses and the mind, to attain that spiritual consciousness which enables one to become aware of the truth.

क्रतुंभरा तत्र प्रज्ञा
यस्य the *Yogasutra* of Patanjali: 'It is here that the consciousness holds the truth'.

The Yaksha asks:

ब्राह्मणानां देवत्वम् ? कश्चिद्धर्मस्तस्मात्प्रवृत्तिः ?
ब्रह्मणा मानुषो भावः ? किमेवा असतामिव ?

What is the divine nature of Brahmanas?

What is their right conduct similar to that of the good?

In what consists their ordinary human nature? and

What is it in them that is similar to that of the bad?

Yudhishtira answers:

साधय एषां देवत्वम् । तप एषां सतामिव ।
रणं मानुषो भावः परिवादो असतामिव ।

The knowledge of the Vedas is their divine nature.

Their tapas is similar to that of the good.

The ordinary human nature.

Talking scandal is their conduct similar to that of the bad.

The Sruti says that the Devas reside in the Brahmana who has got knowledge of the Vedas.

यावतीर्देवतास्तास्सर्वा वेदविदि ब्राह्मणे वसन्ति । तस्मात् ब्राह्मणेभ्यो वेदविद्भ्यो दिवे दिवे नमस्कुर्यात् ।

[*Taittiriya Aranyaka*]

Therefore it is that, every day, obeisance should be made to the Brahmana who has got knowledge of the Veda. Ever since the *rishis* first gave expression to the Vedas which are eternal, the words of the Vedas were scrupulously handed down from generation to generation for centuries of our country in the families of the *rishis*. It is in that way that the Veda has been preserved intact without any alteration or addition or change of readings for thousands of years. Even if the Vedas were committed to writing, they could not have been preserved in the perfect manner in which they have been. Errors, alterations or omissions should surely have crept in on account of the manuscript writers. But the 'गुरुमुख' अध्ययन learning to recite after the manner of the guru and in his presence has enabled our people to preserve the Vedas in their original form and substance. The *swara* system of उदात्त, अनुदात्त and स्वरित together with the *siksha* and *chandasa* have all been of immense help in this successful achievement. That is why the Veda

itself has extolled the Brahmana families who have kept the Vedas intact. Hence Dharmaputra expresses his firm conviction that it is the knowledge of the Veda which gives the divine attribute to the Brahmana and makes him the object of veneration in society. It is the Vedic *mantras* that enable one to get the grace of the gods by which the country will get rain and attain prosperity. As the Veda *mantras* which the Brahmana recites produce these beneficent results on account of the grace of the gods, the knowledge of the Vedic *mantras* gives him the देवत्व ।

Lord Krishna says in the *Mahabharata*:

देवाधीनं जगत्सर्वं मन्त्राधीनं तु देवतम्
ते मन्त्रा ब्राह्मणाधीनाः ब्राह्मणो मम देवतम्॥

The whole universe is dependent on God. God is responsive to the utterance of *mantras*; the Brahmanas have the knowledge of *mantras*. So the Brahmana is my God. King Bhoja also stated to the same effect as follows:

उच्चैर्गतिर्जगति सिध्यति धर्मतश्चेत् ।

तस्य प्रमाद वचनैः कृतकैतरैश्चेत् ।

तेषां प्रकाशनदशाच्च महीसुरैश्चेत् ।

तानन्तरेण निपतेत् क्वनु मत्प्रणामः ॥

If it is true that eminence is attained by the practice of Dharma, if the knowledge of Dharma arises from the words of Veda which are not human creations, and if it is true that their dissemination is to be by Brahmanas, to whom other than the Brahmanas can my prostrations be?

The purport of the next question and answer is that the knowledge of the Veda alone does not make a good

Brahman and a *Gangotri* is तपस् by which is denoted चार, शम, and दम. Whole chara is religious discipline which maintains the purity of the body, sama and dama is achieved control and purity of the mind. It is these qualities that constitute the good. Hence the question of the Yaksha: What is that which is similar to the of the conduct of the good?

Manushya bhava is literarily translated as humanness. Yudhishtira says that mortality is humanness. That is the characteristic of man as such. Man is mortal. To the material side of man attaches mortality. But man has an immortal part that is what he calls Devatva. Neelakanta, in explaining this, says that मानुषोभाव means देहाद्यभिमानः, love of the body and senses alone without caring for the soul and spirit and that the materialistic outlook will be the cause of the eternal cycle of birth and death *janana* and *marana*. With the same purport, the *Katakopanishad* uses the word *martya*: सस्यमिव मर्त्यः पक्व सस्यमिव आजायते पुनः ।

Like the corn man ripens unto death and is born again.

The great law-giver Manu is emphatically of the opinion that

अनभ्यासाच्च वेदानां आचारस्य च वर्जनं
आलस्यादन्नदोषाच्च मृत्युविप्रान् जिघांस्ति

The absence of the study of the Veda is mentioned as one of the causes which lead to the death of the Brahmana.

Having these great sayings in view, Yudhishtira rightly emphasises

nta says,
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ngly that the knowledge of the
 and the control of the mind
 senses are the essential attributes
 good Brahmana. The meaning of
 words Deva and Manushya is also
 from this reference to the Deva-
 ushya in the *Chandogya Upani-*
 7th adhyaya, 6th khanda.

लोह देवमनुष्याः तस्मात् य इह मनुष्या-
 महत्त्वं प्राप्नुवन्ति ।

his commentary on this text
 ara says as follows:

नुष्याः । देवसमाः मनुष्याः; समाधि-
 त्माः मनुष्याः देवस्वरूपं न जहतीत्यर्थः ॥

Godlike men, those, who possess the
 quality of *samadhi* or concentrated
 contemplation due to the control of
 the mind and senses, never abandon
 their divine nature. According to
 Neelakanta, the word परिवाद denotes
 slander of the Devas and Brahmanas
 etc. and absence of *sadachara*. These
 two constitute the bad quality of the
 Brahmana. The same above mentioned
 text of *Chandogya Upanishad* refers
 to small people as उपवादिनः, अल्पाः
 कलहिनः, पिशुनाः. The word उपवादिनः
 corresponds to परिवादः in the Yaksha
 Prasna sloka.

[To be continued]

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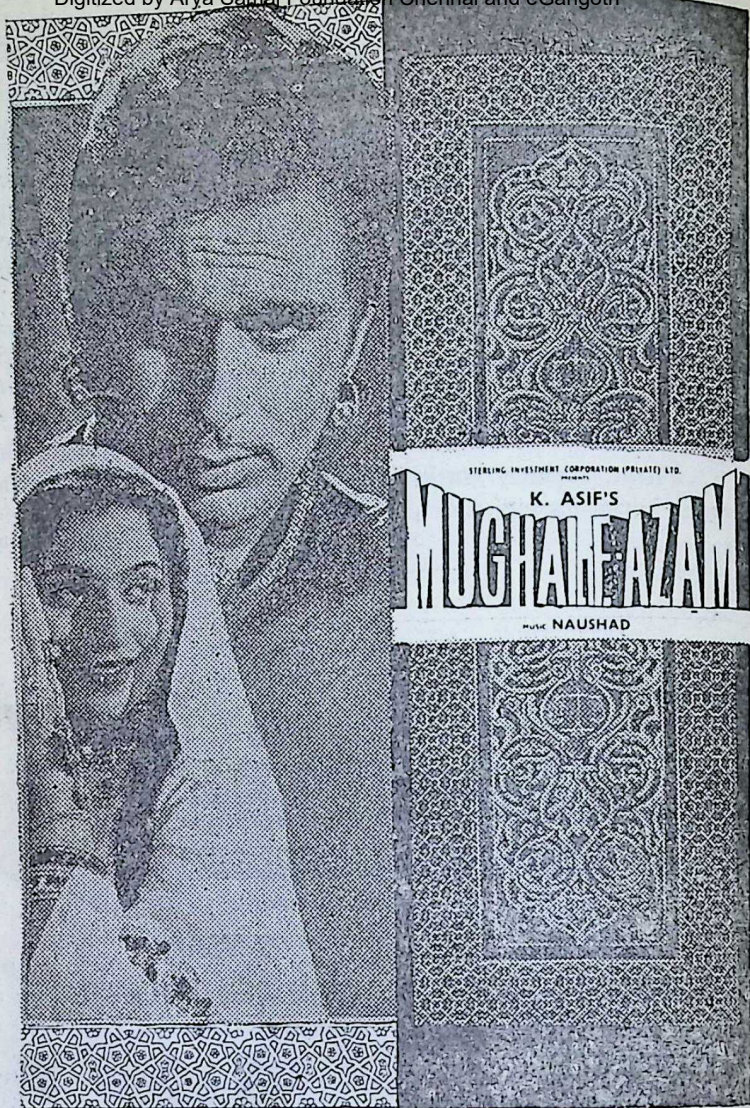
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THE BOMBAY MONSOON

Jawaharlal Nehru

LIKE Bombay. The sea and the cool breezes that blow in from the sea temper the heat. The harbour twinkles with many lights, and Back Bay, though it has lost its sweep and graceful curve, is still attractive, and at night the long rows of lights make it singularly pleasing to the sight. I do not particularly like the new buildings that are growing up with such rapidity, and yet a distant view of these monotonous and other dull structures is pleasing enough.

I like Bombay for the warmth of friendship that I find there. Because of this a visit to Bombay is always something I look forward to.

Yet much as I like Bombay, I weary of it after a few days and want to get away. Used to the cold and heat of the north, accommodating myself to the cold wind as well as the scorching sun, I find this intermediate weather, which changes little, an enervating experience. It seems so static, so moderate, that my changing moods do not find in with it.

I have been to Bombay so many times, but I had never seen the coming of the monsoon there. I had been told and I had read that this coming of the first rains was an event in Bombay; they came with pomp and cir-

cumstance and overwhelmed the city with their lavish gift. It rains hard in most parts of India during the monsoon, and we all know this. But it was different in Bombay, they said; there was a ferocity in this sudden first meeting of the rain-laden clouds with land. The dry land was lashed by the pouring torrents and converted into a temporary sea. Bombay was not static then; it became elemental, dynamic, changing.

So I looked forward to the coming of the monsoon and I became a watcher of the skies, waiting to spot the heralds that preceded the attack. A few showers came. Oh, that was nothing, I was told; the monsoon was yet to come. Heavier rains followed, but I ignored them and waited for some extraordinary happening. While I waited I learnt from various people that the monsoon had definitely come and established itself. Where was the pomp and circumstance, and the glory of the attack, and the combat between cloud and land, and the surging and lashing sea? Like a thief in the night the monsoon had come to Bombay, as well it might have done in Allahabad or elsewhere. Another illusion gone!

[Courtesy: Collected Speeches & Writings.]

I bow to both the wicked and the holy, for, alas! they are both equal to me. The wicked torture me as soon as they come in contact with me, but the good wring my heart away when they leave me!

—Tulsidas.

Sayings of Annie Besant

.... Where the Kingdom of God and His righteousness are found, there also are found the might of intellect, the nobility of ethic, and the outer splendour of worldly prosperity. All these are added when the Spirit reigns supreme.

To me service is the noblest function of life, and loyalty, loyalty to a friend, a cause, a principle, a superior, the finest fibre in human character.

.... the book of life is the one to which we turn our chief attention. We study other books merely in order that we may live.

Let the aim of every aspirant be, therefore, to train himself that he may serve, to practise stern self-discipline that 'when the Master looks into the heart He may see no stain therein'.

It is the spiritual sight which is true vision. That spiritual consciousness always speaks for Unity, for Brotherhood, for Service and for Sacrifice; as it unfolds, it will bring the materials for a nobler social state.

Courage grows out of the realisation that you are the Divine Self within.

Hidden Life of God, outside which nothing can exist, help us to see Thee in the face of our enemies; and to love Thee in them. So shall Thy Peace spread over our world, and Thy will shall at last be done on earth as it is done in Heaven.



Dr. ANNIE BESANT

NCE in a way God sends some great souls to guide our tottering footsteps and help us in our incessant struggle towards perfection. Dr. Besant was one such great soul.

On October 1, 1847 she was born as Annie Wood and some twenty years later she married Rev. Frank Besant. After living a full, rich and useful life she shed her mortal coil on September 20, 1933.

Dr. Besant's life would seem to be sort of an epitome of the pilgrimage of the human soul in search of the ultimate Truth of the Universe. She led a rich life full of variegated experiences; she had seen almost all the phases of life.

As Annie Wood she was a devout Christian; God and the Christ were mere abstractions, they were rea-

lities to her. A priest to her was a god walking down here on the earth, and to be the wife and life-comrade of such a dignitary of the church was a rare privilege, and so at a tender age she married the Rev. Frank Besant. Honest doubts however haunted her and the events of the world posed problem after problem for her for which she sought solutions. She could not find any satisfactory answers in

Prof. R. SRINIVASAN

her religion as she understood it for the various questions which baffled her.

To her nothing mattered but Truth, and her great search for Truth began. Sham, any form of it, was anathema to her. She could understand

the ignorant. She could sympathise with failures, she could excuse and even tolerate helpless weaklings; but sham, cant, hypocrisy, falsehood in any form, she could not tolerate. For Truth she was prepared to sacrifice everything, and sacrifice she did.

Her work in collaboration with Charles Bradlaugh, her labours in the cause of Fabian Socialism, her work for the Matchmakers' Union and her spontaneous readiness to uphold the cause of the sufferers and the down-trodden are too well-known to need any detailed mention here.

In the midst of her hectic life she found time to study various subjects; she took Honours Diplomas for teaching several Science subjects. She had a certain quality which she brought into anything she did which made her almost an expert in everything she handled, be it politics, philosophy, education, science, or art. One may recall how she herself pleaded her own case against J. Narayanayya, and though in the lower court she apparently lost, she won it in the Privy Council, the judges there accepting every point which she pressed here in the lower courts.

From storm she came to peace when she came into contact with Madame H.P. Blavatsky. In her autobiography Dr. Besant has, in her own inimitable manner, described in thrilling words how she met the great lady. She went to Madame Blavatsky, she saw her and she became her disciple. She found the long sought-for Truth in Theosophy as revealed in the three volumes of Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*.

Dr. Besant's *Public Domain* Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

inspiring guide for all true aspirants after spiritual illumination. Dr. C. Ramaswami Aiyar used to say that he made it a point to read that *Autobiography* periodically, as it was a gospel of courage, faith and integrity like the *Confessions of St. Augustine*.

Dr. Besant herself says in the preface to her *Autobiography*, "Since a few of us men and women of this restless and eager generation—surrounded by forces we dimly see, but cannot as yet understand, discontented with old ideas and half afraid of new ones—greedy for the material results of the knowledge brought us by Science but looking askance at her agnosticism—regards the soul, fearful of superstition, but still more fearful of atheism—turning from the husks of outgrown creeds, but filled with desperate hunger for spiritual ideals—since all of us have the same anxieties, the same griefs, the same yearning hopes, the same passionate desire for knowledge it may well be that the story of my life may help all, and that the tale of my soul that went out alone into the darkness and on the other side found light—that struggled through the Storm and on the other side found Peace, may bring some ray of light and of peace into the darkness and the storm of other lives."

Her work for Theosophy is well known. There is practically no important place on the face of the earth where her ringing golden voice has not been heard to utter the great Truth of life and the existence of the great Masters of Wisdom and Compassion. Her work for Theosophy, pure and applied, was unrivalled, and her election to the Presidentship of the Theosophical Society was a great honour.

'S JOURNAL

the aspirant
Dr. C. ...
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phical Society on the passing away
its President-Founder, Colonel
S. Olcott, was universally acclaim-
as a blessing to the Society. By that
she had become a world figure.
Count Hermann Keyserling, the
philosopher, writing about her said:
Annie Besant became the President
of the Theosophical Society simply
because she could not become the
Queen of England."
People who knew her recognized her
a great soul, even though some of
them were not able to see eye to eye
with her in her political work in In-
dia. She was a strong, forceful and
dominating personality. She inspired
devotion and loyalty in all who work-
ed with her. But behind this awe-ins-

piring exterior was the ten-
der heart of a mother, as
those who came into close
contact with her found.

When she came to India
she adopted it as her mother-
land and gave everything
she had to the cause of In-
dia's uplift. Even long be-
fore she ever dreamt of
coming to India, she had
upheld the cause of India in
England in her famous lec-
ture on "India and Afgha-
nistan." Every Indian knows
how she toiled for India.
First she roused the Indians
to recognize India's great-
ness and the greatness of
her ancient religion and phi-
losophy. Then followed her
work for education which
commenced with the Cen-
tral Hindu College, Banar-
as.

In the field of social reform she
worked to free the Indian society from
the shackles which bound her and left
her back in the path of progress.

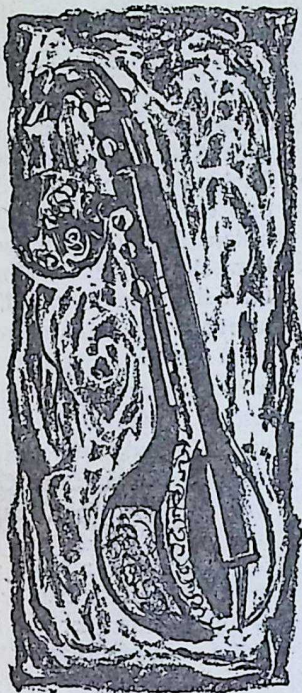
Finally she entered politics with the
intention of making India free to give
her message to the world and make
herself heard. All this is current his-
tory. But, alas! Human memory is at
times so short-lived. It may be worth-
while to remind our people of what
they owe to the untiring and self-effac-
ing work of Dr. Besant.

Some might wonder why she threw
herself heart and soul into the work
for India. Here is her own answer:

"It was in 1913 that I first came
into a direct conscious touch with the

MY PRAYER

Subramania Bharati



Speak, Mother!

Who will make a vina only to smother
Its tunefulness in the dust?

Speak, Mother! Having made me first,
with mind effulgent,

Wilt Thou deny me strength to live for
the great world's betterment?

Or am I sent,

Merely as a weary burden to the earth
to be bent?

For a body that leaps to obey the touch
of the mind,

For a mind free of desires blind,

For a life that into the ever-new for ever
burns,

And a heart that yearns

To sing Your praise e'en if fire the body
maim,

And a will unshaken, wedded to its aim
For these I pray.

Speak, Mother, grant them, what stands
in the way?

[Translated from the Tamil original by Prof. A.
Srinivasa Raghavan.]



[Sri C. Subramania Bharati. b. 11.12.1882; d. 11.9.1921]

Poet Bharati has fulfilled the true mission of a poet. He has created Beauty not only through the medium of glowing and lovely words, but has kindled the souls of men and women by the million to a more passionate love of Freedom, and a richer dedication to the service of the country. Poets like Bharati cannot be counted as the treasure of any province. He is entitled, by his genius and his work, to rank among those who have transcended all limitation of race, language and continent and have become the universal possession of mankind.

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—Smt. Sarojini Naidu.

Rishi Agastya, Regent of India in the Inner Government; He desired me to form a small band of people, who are brave enough to defy wrong social customs, such as premature marriage. This was done, and carrying out His wishes, I gave some lectures that autumn on social reform published under the title of 'Wake up, India.'

"These prepared the way for the desired political reform and this was started in the same year by the resolve to begin a weekly newspaper *The Commonweal* in January 1913. To guide me in its conduct I was summoned at Shamballa where still abide the King and His three Pupils, 'Four Kumaras' of the Indian Scriptures, He the Eldest. Then I was given what I always call my Marching Orders: 'You will have a time of trouble and danger. I need not say, have no fear, but have no anxiety. Do not let opposition become angry. Be firm, but not provocative. Press steadily the preparation for coming changes and claim India's place in the Empire. *The end will be a great triumph.* Do not let it be stained by excesses. Remember that you represent in the outer world the Regent, Who is My Agent. My hand will be over you and My Peace with you.'

The mainspring of her life, the great Purpose that inspired her and kept her going where others would have collapsed unable to bear the strain of the work, all this is best given in the words she spoke in reply to the tributes paid to her in the meeting held at Queen's Hall, London, in 1924, by persons like Ramsay MacDonald, Lord Hardame, George

Lansbury, Lord Baden-Powell, Ben Turner, Phillip Snowden, Haden Guest, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, V. S. Srinivasa Sastri and others.

"Some have spoken tonight about work, about sacrifice. But I wonder whether all of you know, as I know, now that my body is old, that there is no joy like the joy of sacrifice for a great cause! That there is no sorrow in it, but the bliss which comes from the privilege of working for that, which is greater than one's self. ... for the God who unfolds within us pushes us onward even when our eyes are blinded to His Glory and it is He who is the only worker, He who is the only Sacrifice, He who living in our hearts is the only inspiration to Service: and just as we come to know that that is true, then it is that we know that nothing that our bodies and our brains and our hearts can do is our work at all, for all work is His alone and there is none other. And we realise that we work in His power and He is never weak in His strength, and He is never feeble; in his youth, the strong immortal youth who never grows old. And I would say to everyone of you that that power dwells within you and that strength of the divine spirit and the body is only a temple of Living God."

As a speaker and writer she stood unrivalled. One could see her sitting crosslegged on her chowky and going on writing books, articles, reviews and so on. Her published books and pamphlets number over five hundred. Here is a list:

Books and pamphlets. Pre-theosophical 105, Biographical 6, Theosophical 219, On religions 32, London

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Queen's Hall lectures (published) 17, Indian culture, education, social reform, etc. 48, Indian politics 79. Total 506. Number of books compiled from her writings 26. A formidable list indeed!

II

The day-to-day life lived by great persons like Dr. Besant is in itself an object lesson to us. From some stray incidents in their lives we might learn lessons which their books, lectures and other public utterances may fail to teach. In the case of Dr. Besant everything that she did was done with a view to perfection. Certain incidents, apparently trivial, have produced deep impressions upon people who had the privilege of coming into contact with her. Let me here refer to a few such incidents.

Once she had gone to Tirunelveli to preside over a Conference and she was accommodated in a building about a mile away from the place of meeting. As soon as she had settled down in her place she asked the people concerned how far the place of the meeting was and how long it would take to walk to that place. She was told that it would take about 25 minutes to walk; they also told her that a coach had been arranged to take her to the place and that it would take only six to seven minutes. The meeting was to commence at 8 a.m. the next morning. Before she retired for the night she asked the volunteer to see to it that the coach was ready at 7-35 a.m. the next day. Next morning at 7-35 a.m. she was ready to start for the meeting and enquired whether the coach was ready, as desired by her. The coach, however, was not

ready at that time but the people assured her that it would come in time to take her to the meeting hall before 8 a.m. She, however, started walking to the place. People were naturally surprised and tried to dissuade her from walking. She gave one of her captivating smiles and said: "If the carriage were ready here at 7-35, I would have started only at about 10 minutes to eight, because I would then be sure of going to the place in time. But the carriage was not ready at the time I mentioned and I could not be certain as to when it would be ready. If I waited for the carriage and it did not turn up in time I would be late for the meeting and that in my opinion would be an unpardonable act, as I have no business to keep other people waiting and thus waste their time."

In the days of her political activity several Indian youths offered their services to her and she accepted them too. One young man, a college student, full of noble impulses and idealism was eager to join that band of workers. But his parents were not in favour of his giving up his studies for the sake of serving the nation. The young man was greatly troubled at heart. He wrote to Dr. Besant mentioning his ideas and his parent's attitude and asked for her advice as to what he should do in the circumstances. She promptly replied that his duty was to obey his parents. A friend of hers was greatly surprised at her reply because Dr. Besant knew the boy and the sincerity of his aspirations and she was also in need of such young enthusiasts for her work. When he mentioned it to Dr. Besant, her reply

was: "I know the boy and value highly his enthusiasm and idealism. I know also he would make a good worker, but in matters of such momentous importance one will have to decide for oneself and not seek guidance from outside. If he had simply given up his studies and come to me I would have gladly accepted him without the slightest hesitation, because he had taken the decision himself and he is free to be accepted. Since he was undecided the call of the nation was not yet supreme. In such a case, the normal course to suggest to him would be to discharge the normal family duties. In this case it would mean obeying the parents."

Now let me mention one or two instances to show the tender mother-heart that made her so dear to many. Sri D. K. Telang, who was the manager of *New India*, dismissed one of the employees for continued and incorrigible neglect of duty. Dr. Besant happened to see him when she was about to get into her car and his woe-begone face arrested her attention. On enquiry she came to know what had happened, she also found that the man had a large family which was entirely dependent upon him. She quietly called Sri Telang aside and said, "Get out of him whatever work is possible, but see to it that the family does not starve."

Sri C. Karunakara Menon, a prominent Advocate in Trichur (Kerala State), was an ardent Theosophist. He was arranging a big Theosophical

Conference and was very particular that Dr. Besant should preside over it. She was then in the midst of her political work and had to turn down Sri Menon's repeated requests to her to preside. But Sri Menon was determined that she should preside. One fine morning Dr. Besant received a telegram from him: "Conference arranged with you as President—*Govindarpanamasthu*"—indicating that the whole arrangement was dedicated to Lord Sri Krishna. When she opened the telegram Dr. Besant simply smiled and said: "What shall I do with this man? Well, I shall go and preside." And she did go and preside over one of the most successful conferences I had ever attended.

She was a great woman, great in very many ways. She was an all-round personality. In a word, she was unique. There could be only one Dr. Besant. It is no wonder that Madame Blavatsky referred to her as 'The one and the only one.'

Let me conclude this sketch by quoting some lines from a poem written in 1878 by the English poet, Gerald Massey, who saw in the Atheist as she then was, the great soul that Dr. Besant truly was.

You for others sow the grain;
Yours the tears of ripening rain;
Theirs the smiling harvest gain.

You have soul enough for seven;
Life enough the earth to leaven;
Love enough to create Heaven.

One of God's own faithful few;
Whilst unknowing it are you;
Annie Besant, bravely true.

Son is a son till he gets a wife, the daughter is a daughter all her life.

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... I am convinced that a good teacher, devoted to his God-given task, will always find an understanding and sympathetic response on the part of his students

IN MY TIME

Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan

SELF-ANALYSIS is the most difficult task that may be assigned to any one. And yet self-analysis is what everyone should seriously make, at least periodically, if not constantly.

The ability to reflect is what distinguishes man from the mere animal. It is he alone that acts as a responsible agent and can know the causes and consequences of his actions.

Explaining the meaning of an Upa-nishad text which speaks about the evolution of man from matter (*anna*), the great teacher Sankara observes as follows: "When every form without any distinction is a modification of matter and lineal descendant of Brahman, why should man alone be singled out here? The reason is that he is the principal. Why is he the principal? Because he has the eligibility for action and knowledge." (*sarvesam api annarasavikaratve brahma-vamsyatieva avisiste kasmat purusa eva grhyate? pradhanyat kim punah pradhanyam? karmajnanadhikarah*).

Making the same point, a text of the *Aitareya Aranyaka* declares: "The Atman is expanded only in man. He, indeed, is most endowed with intelligence. He gives expression to what is known. He sees what is known. He

knows what is to come. He knows the visible and the invisible worlds. He perceives the immortal through the mortal. Thus is he endowed. But with the other animals, eating and drinking alone constitute the sphere of their knowledge."

We too, it is true, spend most of our time in eating and drinking, and in making preparations therefor. But then, we are not human. We are truly human only when we detach ourselves from mere animal existence and reflect on things that happen around us and on changes that occur within us, and become thereby chastened, elevated, uplifted to the purer realms of the spirit.

Situated as we are in an era of blinding speed and utter confusion, we seldom find the time to reflect; and even when there is the time, we do not have the inclination to turn within. But turn we must, if we are not to be swept away by the winds of passion, and carried to destruction by the maelstrom of materialism.

As one reflects on the course of events of the last half a century and on how it has affected man and society, one cannot but get bewildered and amazed at the many lost opportunities for decent living and peaceful

co-existence, and curse the fates that have sent ruin and destruction to inner life.

The present century has seen two major wars, ruthless in their devastating effects on peoples and their minds. Of the first World War, I do not carry any impression, because I was too young then. But I do vaguely remember that elders in Madras used to utter the name 'Emden' in order to make children stop crying.

Compared with the horrors of the second World War, the first must have been a mere child's play. With newer and more deadly weapons, the second War was waged in a mercilessly inhuman manner. Its genocidal nature was far-reaching; non-combatants, including children, became its victims; and there was wholesale destruction of cities and populated regions.

We, in India, although out of the combat, had our share of the troubles and tribulations; we were also treated to black-outs, air-raid sirens, evacuations of populated areas, and short rations. And as the climax of this grave business called war, came the explosion of the atom-bomb over Japan. The trouble did not cease with the ending of the war.

On the contrary, it has only been accentuated by the cold war that has now become a terror to the nations of the world. Should another war break out, there would be total annihilation of mankind, for that war would be fought with nuclear weapons and inter-continental ballistic missiles. The prospects, therefore, are bleak; and no sensitive mind can remain unaffected and unperturbed.

The last half a century has had its



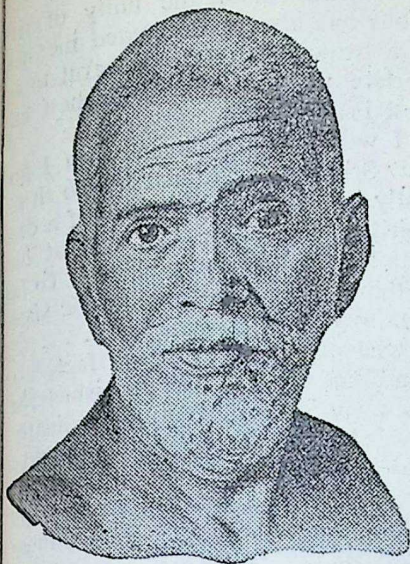
The Mahapurusha

brighter side as well. Not only from the standpoint of India but also from that of the future of humanity, the most significant event was the non-violent revolution wrought in this country, resulting in the achievement of independence, under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi.

The political subjection of one country to another is undoubtedly an evil. And it is the inherent right of that nation to regain its lost freedom. But what Gandhiji taught us and made us realize was that in order to gain this end, we must employ means that are intrinsically good. Anything achieved through violence is not worth achieving. The means are as important as the ends.

In private and domestic life this truth has been recognised for ages.

The uniqueness of Gandhiji lay in his



The Maharshi



The Mahatma

application of this principle to the problems of politics and social tensions. He developed techniques of a non-violent struggle which involved self-suffering and sacrifice without hatred for the aggressor.

Many of us who were at school or college during the different phases of satyagraha were profoundly influenced by this new revolution in human affairs. It is but proper that the noble instincts should be aroused in one, especially at an impressionable age, when one sees men and women facing without rancour baton-charges, gunshots, and the hardships of prison-life, for the cause of their country's freedom, and when their leader, the most harmless man imaginable, had to submit himself to frequent physical hazards and risks to limb and life.

Gandhiji who was pining for a new

age in human history lived to see only partial fulfilment of his objective when India became politically independent. The insensate manner in which Indians behaved towards fellow-Indians on the score of religion dealt a mortal blow to Gandhiji's soul even before the assassin sent the bullet into his body.

As he had been glorious in life, he was glorious in death. He fell with the name of God on his lips, blessing the man who killed him.

It is beyond question that Gandhiji was one of the most potent factors contributing to the sanity of our time.

Personally I have derived immense benefit from contemplating his life and work. If I could walk along the Fifth Avenue or around the Times Square in the City of New York without being overawed by the towering skyscrapers

or disturbed by the shopping crowds, street-cars and automobiles, and if I could ignore at Waikiki the holiday-makers and sun-bathers and look beyond at the blue waters, the white surf and the Diamond Head, it was because of the earlier experience in India evoked by the teachings of Gandhiji seeking to revive in the minds of his people reverence for their ancient spiritual ideal.

There were other factors as well.

I consider myself very fortunate in that very early in my life I came under the influence of one of the direct disciples of Sri Ramakrishna significantly known in the order as Mahapurusha, and subsequently had the privilege of meeting Sri Ramana Maharshi at Tiruvannamalai.

In a verse of the *Vivekachudamani* Sankara says that three things are rare and difficult to obtain—and they occasion the onset of divine grace; they are: birth as a human being, desire for release, and association with great men.

*durlabham trayamevaitat
daivanugrah-hetukam,
manusyatvam mumuksutvam
mahapurusa-samsrayah.*

A word or a look from a sage has the potency of transforming one's life. And, as one meditates on his teachings, one's faltering steps get steadied and one is firmly set on the road to perfection.

Sri Ramakrishna exemplified to us what inwardness means to and in spirituality. His was a 'life within' *par excellence*. Into the short span of fifty years he compressed the spiritual experience, not only of India, but of the entire human race. And, his practical

demonstration of the unity of religions has always fascinated me: this is a truth which I have learnt to associate with all that is highest and best in Hinduism.

I was barely eighteen when I first saw Sri Ramana Maharshi. To sit silently in his presence was itself a deep spiritual education. To look at him was to have one's mind stilled. To fall within the sphere of his beatific vision was to be inwardly elevated.

One of the contributing factors to that measure of stability which has been my lot is my natural inclination towards philosophy. I found that I was in my element when I chose philosophy as the subject of study at college. To live with the great philosophers of the world mentally, to think their thoughts, was a rewarding experience.

Especially Sankara, the greatest exponent of Advaita, has exerted a powerful influence over me. His life itself, as it has come down to us through hearsay and legend, is an ideal worthy of adoration. His teachings, at once lucid and profound, have often provided me with food for meditation.

The insistence of Advaita on the non-duality of Spirit and on the phenomenal nature of the world is good, I believe, for the modern man. Here, in Advaita, I have discovered 'the still point of the turning world.' My conception of Advaita is that it is not a closed system but the most complete experience. Advaita is not in contradiction with any sincere attempt to understand the truth. It is the philosophy of total experience or limitless

(Contd. on page 56)



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...If your life is not wrapped up in 'self'—making it but a small packet—it is a life full of bundles of joy, peace, serenity and rapture, inexpressible only if you know how to tune in to the Infinite within you....

RHYTHM OF LIFE

R. K. Dalal

LIFE is indeed a rhythm. Every year, a year comes with a measured step of 365 days from the Unknown and every year, a year departs also having trekked a measured step of 365 days into the limbo of Oblivion. Those who witness this rhythmic procession of days, soon age—from childhood to boyhood, from boyhood to adulthood and from adulthood to a ripe old age. We too live, thus, a rhythmic life, a walk of measured steps—of a predetermined heart-beats. While we live the heart beats rhythmically to the song that is our Life, the Life that is always oscillating between a smile and a tear.

A year comes none too early, nor departs none too late. It acts to an inner rhythm, in tune with the Universal Melody that flows from our Lord's Flute. Everything around us beats the rhythm to an Unknown Tune.

With the year comes a pageant of seasons: the spring with a burst of flowers and colours of myriad tints. Then comes summer with its bright sunshine and cloudless sky—the season of luscious fruits. After summer comes autumn, when leaves drop. The tree stands stripped of all its fineries, fluffs and colours—a grim spectre of the glory it once was. Finally comes winter when the clouds gather, rain and water pour in torrents and cold

winds whistle and blizzards blow. Streets and roofs are covered with snow and mountain-peaks become snow-clad. Each season comes with the rhythmic step of three months—not a day too long and not a day too short, and departs after it has played the tune of Krishna's Universal Flute of joy and sorrow, laughter and tears, sunshine and shadow.

These memories one carries through life; the sad and the sweet memories of days gone by while the hearts are filled with hopes of unheard messages of the heart within the unborn tomorrow. The old goes, the new comes. Before long the new becomes old and passes out of sight. In these experiences lies the Rhythm of Life.

Look at a flight of birds winging in the bright blue sky on their way home. Behold the graceful formation and the rhythmic splendour of their flight. Gaze at the flowering season. The garden bursts with laughter of those myriad-coloured and myriad-shaped flowers—each a masterpiece of a wizard's brush and pallet. In spring every gulmohor tree you daily pass along the road is a burst of flowers. Who keeps the time? Who supplies the colours? Who makes them burst simultaneously at the same time and at the same hour? It is the Rhythm of Life. They all beat time to the Uni-

The sun rises in the East and sets the West—after an itinerary of 24 hours, which gives us night and day. Behold the Aurora opening the Gate to the seven steeds of the Sun-God to pass through the Gate of Dawn. And in the eventide, the Dusky Angel bars the Gate for God to drive in His Chariot and rest for the night. The duty is well done; it is time to relax and sleep. The stars wink in heaven. Don't they wink glad-eye as if they are tapping messages to the human souls—souls, some of them at least were once the stars—the-making?

On the sea-beach you sit and gaze for hours at the beauty of undulating bosom of the sea as the waves rise and sink in graceful curves singing an orchestral music from an invisible, unwritten page of notation written by the Lord. Your troubled heart, your sad, depressed heart, at the sight and the sound, catches the tune of the unwritten music and soon begins to sing itself, keeping tune and beat of the waves, as tears stream through your eyes at each panoramic Beauty of Nature's Veiled Face offered to the eyes for the Love of the Sundaram in us. The clock on the wall ticks; and as it ticks, minutes, hours and days, weeks, months and years, are ticked off from the calendar of your life on earth. The infancy fades, boyhood grows, adulthood ripens for a time, soon old age creeps in all reaching to the Universal Rhythm of Time. What does not age is the soul within, the mute silent witness to the panorama of Beauty that is Life. If your life is not wrapped up in 'self'—making it but a small packet—it is a

life full of bundles of joy, peace, serenity and rapture inexpressible only if you know how to tune in to the Infinite within you. The sage and the seer have time and again proclaimed the way to develop this inherent power in each one of us. They say:

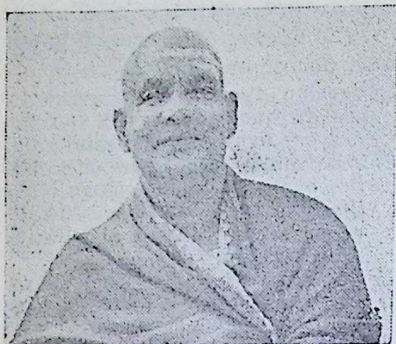
- (1) develop the inner strength by silence and serenity of soul by prayers to the Lord within us;
- (2) pour out love to others, especially orphans and widows, the down-trodden and the disinherited on earth with the abandon of a prodigal son;
- (3) do not beg for alms from others; beg for sufferings of others that you might be, one day, one with them, sharing their sorrows and helping them to bear the load more resignedly and contentedly;
- (4) learn to serve, surrender and sacrifice for the good of others without reward, or recognition only to vindicate the cosmic love of the Lord.

These are idealistic ways of life not easy to attain, it is true, but keeping these before our mind's eye, as a column of smoke by day and an obelisk of light by night, let us strive to attain the ideal slowly, steadily and gradually.

Many a drop of water by the mountainside as it slips makes a rivulet, rivulet grows into a stream, stream into a brook, brook expands into a river as it rushes to the sea for an ultimate absorption in Nirvana.

Pray Almighty to mould you in the Image of Him that rules the Heart of Man. Hitch your wagon to the star and, one day, you will attain the peace and serenity of the soul that passeth understanding. That way life will develop into a rhythm, a song, a note, and you will experience a throb, a thrill and a tear of ecstasy of Divine Rapture that is in you.

....Hindu wives are queens in their homes.... In the West the woman is the wife. In India the woman is the Mother....



GLORY of INDIAN WOMANHOOD

SWAMI SIVANANDA

FROM time immemorial Sita, Savitri, Damayanti, Nalayani, Anasuya and Draupadi have been regarded as sacred ideals of Indian Womanhood as they are sublime and exemplary characters who have exalted womanhood to the height of divine perfection.

Modern women should draw inspiration from their lives and try to tread their path.

As long as such characters continue to exercise their influence upon the lives and character of Indian ladies, so long will they be looked upon with admiration and reverence by their sisters of other countries.

Hindu women are, since the dawn of earliest civilization, distinguished for their disinterested love and self-abnegation.

All of them were subjected to very severe tests in which their purity, courage, patience and other virtues were severely tried, and nobly did they come out through those tests.

What a wife is to a Hindu husband

is well illustrated by a verse in the *Ramayana* where Sri Rama referring to Sita says:

कार्येषु मन्त्री करणेषु दासी
धर्मेषु पत्नी क्षमया धरित्री।
स्नेहेषु माता शयनेषु रंभा
रागे सखी लक्ष्मण सा प्रिया मे॥

"In counsel she is my counsellor, in action she is my servant, in religious performances she is my partner, in tolerance she is like the earth, in affection she is like my mother, in bed she is like the celestial Rambha and in play she is my companion. Such indeed, O Lakshmana, is my beloved...."

This is the Hindu ideal of a wife.

The eternal fidelity of a Hindu woman to her husband makes her an ideal of the feminine world. It makes her sublime and lofty. This sublime virtue still runs deep in the heart of hearts of every Hindu woman of India which makes her superior to those of the other countries in national integrity and honour.

The woman is the inspiring force of the home. The home is the origin and the beginning of every form of social

organisation. It is the nursery of the nation. It is the sweet centre wherein children are trained for future citizenship.

The woman illumines the home through the glory of motherhood. Man is incapable of doing the domestic duties incident upon the rearing up of children.

Good habits, right conduct, formation of character are created in children spontaneously in a well-regulated home under the personal influence of the mother.

The loving kindness and the cultured gentleness of the mother help the children to unfold their native talents and dormant capacities quickly.

Children absorb ideas by suggestion and imitation. Early training and impressions are lasting. Formation of character can be done very efficiently by mothers at home.

Therefore, the home is the beautiful training ground for the building up of character in children under the personal guidance of the mother.

Women are the backbone or bed-rock or the basis for sustaining religion and national strength and prosperity.

There is no difference between her and Lakshmi, the Goddess of Beauty, Grace and Prosperity.

Says, Manu "That woman who does always good, who is efficient in work, sweet in speech, devoted to her Dharma's and service to her husband, is really no human being but a Goddess."

If the mother trains her children on the right lines she is rendering a great service indeed to the nation and national culture.

Enlightened daughters of Bharata Mata should not ape the manner of the West, which may be suited to its environment. They must apply methods suited to the Indian genius and Indian environment. Theirs must be the strong, controlling, purifying, steady hand, conserving what is best in our culture and unhesitatingly rejecting what is base and degrading. This is the work of Sitas, Draupadis, Savitris and Damayantis, not of Amazons and Prudes.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

Women have ample opportunities to improve and increase the national health and prosperity. They are real builders of the nation. They can utilise their talents and abilities in making the home the cradle of culture, character, personal ability and religious upheaval.

It is therefore wrong to say that their life is cramped or stunted by attending to the duties at home and that no scope is given for her evolution and freedom. The life of a woman is as noble and serious as that of a man. There is no doubt about this.

It is women who keep up the life and happiness of the home through their smile, tender affection, sweet speech, charming personality, grace and angelic presence.

The home will be a void without them. It will lose its peculiar charm and beauty without their presence.

It will be of great benefit to know what the Great Ones have said about the ideal of conduct and deportment a woman should try to live up to.

Sri Rama instructs Kausalya, his

Women should develop their aptitudes in accordance with their own nature, without trying to imitate the males. Their part in the progress of civilization is higher than that of men. They should not abandon their specific functions.

—Carrel.

Mother, as follows: "To a woman so long as she is alive the husband is indeed the lord and God. That woman who though noblest of all, and given to the practice of vows and fasts, but does not look after her husband, will indeed obtain meritless future. Even if a woman has never bowed to the Gods and has ceased to worship them, she obtains the highest heaven by serving her husband, taking delight in his good and pleasure. This is the path of the Dharma, known for long ages, revealed in the Vedas, and remembered by the world.

"There is nothing more cruel for a woman than to desert her husband. To attend upon and to serve one's husband is no doubt the highest duty of a woman. So long a woman lives, her husband is her only master."

Then again there is Kanva Rishi's advice to Shakuntala on the eve of her departure from his Ashram to King Dushyanta's residence.

Kanva Rishi says, "Shakuntala! Serve all your elders. Though your lord be angry with you at times, do not go against his wishes. Do not be too much attached to enjoyment. Treat your dependants and co-wives with motherly affection and tenderness. Be an affectionate companion to your sisters-in-law. Be obedient to your

mother-in-law. These attributes will make you the true mistress of the house. Otherwise you will give pain and trouble to the whole family."

It is the duty of the lady of the house to get up before her husband in the early hours of the dawn, take her bath and perform the household work.

Tiruvalluvar's wife shampooed the feet of her husband, slept after her husband went to sleep and rose up in the morning, before he got up from bed. She is regarded as a model for a woman.

To a lady the husband is indeed the highest ornament of all ornaments. Separated from him, however beautiful, she does not shine.

The Hindu scriptures say that the wife must be very obedient and the husband is her God. Some ignorant persons take advantage of this and exercise undue authority over their wives and keep them under extreme subordination. It is a sad mistake.

Woman is in no way inferior to man. The home is a co-operative organisation. It flourishes on the principle of division of labour.

The husband should not think that he is superior to his wife simply because he is the earning member of the family. Women have a definite field of their own. They are mothers of the house.

The extraordinary abilities and intellectual attainments, and the magnetic personality of the modern women are a standing monument to their undoubted equality with men.

The personal influence of women at home is essential to unify the various interests of the family. It is women alone who can rear or nurse children.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1960

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Hindu wives are dignified in their own homes. The husbands should treat their wives with intense love and respect. They should be regarded as equals in all respects and be held in the light of partners in life.

Manu says, "The householder should first serve his relatives and dependants with food and then take the remaining food *along with his wife*," pointing thereby at the position of equal footing on which she is to be treated. If a man earns and the wife stays at home, it does not mean that the woman is a parasite and a slave.

She is indeed the builder of the nation.

Verily, women exercise an authority over their husbands through their love, tenderness, affection, grace, beauty, selfless service and fidelity, purity and self-abnegation.

In the West the woman is wife. In India the woman is the Mother. Mother is worshipped. Mother is considered as the Goddess Lakshmi of the house.

The Srutis emphatically declare, "Let thy mother be thy God."

The late Ashutosh Mukherji, Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, used to wash the feet of his mother and drink the water before he went to his office! This water is called "Charanamrit". It is a great purifier of the heart.

In the West the wife governs the home. In an Indian home the mother rules. In the West the mother has to be subordinate to the wife. In India the wife has to be subordinate to the mother!

If a woman be pure she can save and purify man; woman can purify

Woman shall be forever the womb and the cradle but never the tomb. We die that we may give life unto life even as our fingers spin the thread for the raiment that we shall never wear. And we cast the net for the fish that we shall never taste. And for this we sorrow, yet in all this is our joy.

—Kahlil Gibran.

the race. Woman can make a home a sacred temple.

The Hindu women have been the custodians of the Hindu race. The Hindu religion, the Hindu culture and civilization still survive in spite of the many foreign invasions, when other civilizations have come and gone, on account of the purity of Hindu women.

The women are taught to regard chastity as their most priceless possession, and the loss of it is equal to the eternal damnation of their souls.

Religion is ingrained in the Hindu woman from her very childhood.

Hindu women illumine and enliven the house through the glory of their purity.

This is the secret of the endurance of the Hindu religion, civilization and culture.

O Devis! Do not waste your lives in fashion and passion.

Open your eyes.

Walk in the path of righteousness.

Preserve your Pativrata Dharma.

See divinity in your husband.

Study the *Gita*, Upanishads, *Bhagavata* and *Ramayana*.

Become good Grihastha-Dharminis, and Brahmvicharinis like Sulabha and Gargi.

Bring forth many Gourangas.

The destiny of the world is entirely in your hands. You are holding the master-key of the world. Bring Vaidikuntha in your home.

Train your children in the spiritual path. Sow the spiritual seed when they are young.

My earnest prayer is that ladies should sing in the early morning the

names of Lord as soon as they get up. They should train their children also to sing the Names.

The whole house will be charged with spiritual vibrations.

Singing the names of Lord is a very easy way for getting Darshan of God in this Kali Yuga.

May they rejoice in their homes, leading the life of purity and divinity!

IN MY TIME—(Contd.)

consciousness, and knows no distinction of race or colour, clime or country.

A kindly destiny drew me to the profession of teaching. When I first began teaching quarter of a century ago, there was not much difference in age between me and my pupils. But right through from the beginning I have received the affection and regard of my students.

To live with young minds and to watch them growing is a pleasant experience. In spite of the fact that conditions in the educational world are fast changing—quite a few believe—for the worse, I am convinced that a good teacher, devoted to his God-given task, will always find an understanding and sympathetic response on the part of his students.

Research and guidance of research are of supreme value to one who aspires for inward growth.

When one is occupied with great thoughts and grand ideals, one lives truly in freedom, at least for those moments.

I do realize that, whatever may be one's profession and whatever one's sphere of specialization, one may contribute to the peace and well-being of the world.

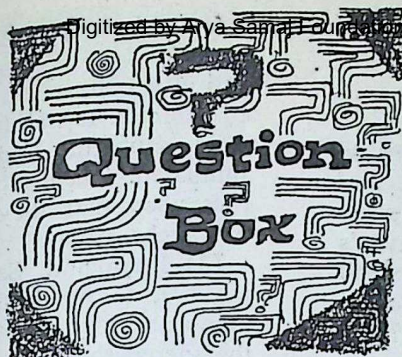
It has been my cherished desire—as I know it is the desire of all lovers of humanity—that tensions should decrease and understanding should increase between peoples and States.

Talking over All India Radio, Madras, soon after it started functioning in 1938, I gave expression to the hope that the civilizing *elan* would make man a citizen of the world, who would wish and work for the well-being of all, that blood-lust and earth-hunger would become things of the past, and that science would serve as a ministering angel extending the frontiers of man's knowledge and making him live in amity and peace.

Explaining my conception of the four *yugas* in a University lecture delivered in 1953, I said that the progress of the world implied that *kali*, *dvapara*, and *treta* should, to a greater and greater extent, get sublimated in *krita-yuga*, and that it was towards this Age of Truth that the entire creation was moving.

My prayer is that in the time that may yet be mine there may be new confirmation of this hope and that there may appear concrete and substantial evidence of humanity's collective progress towards perfection.

[Courtesy: A.I.R., Tiruchi.]



ANSWERS by

K. M. Munshi

821

Sri M. V. Subramanian, Trichur.

Q: What is the meaning of duality? Can there be duality without comparison? Is it possible to view things without duality? If so, under what conditions?

- (1) By duality, I take it, you mean the sense of opposites, heat and cold, pleasure and pain, desire and aversion. This sense brings about misery. To escape it one must be *nirdvandwa* i.e. rise superior to duality.
- (2) It is very difficult to view things without being affected by a sense of duality. But one can rise superior to duality if one trains oneself to develop *samyama*.
- (3) *Nirdvandattwa* can be developed in some measure by *titiksha*, endurance, which is defined as follows:

सहनं सर्वदुःखानां अप्रतीकारपूर्वकम् ।
चिन्ताविषाद रहितं सा तितिक्षा
निगद्यते ॥

To bear all misery, without trying to counter it and getting rid of anxiety and frustration—that is called *titiksha*. *Titiksha* comes easily if we can become conscious that we are the imperishable, unalterable, eternal Self—*achaloyam Sanatanah*—either by Yoga or by developing *Sa-mattva*, the sense of equality.

822

Sri V. Sreenivasa Sastry, Madras.

Q: To what extent would the practice of shouting at a distinguished national leader to make him deliver his speech in Hindi serve the purpose of making Hindi the national language of India?

A: (a) Trying to force Hindi by shouting at leaders who do not speak it will only rouse antagonism and retard its progress as a national language.

(b) Apart from this, such expression of narrow-mindedness would destroy the unity of the country. Our emphasis on language exclusiveness is our current danger.

823

Sri S. Balakrishna, Kumta.

Q: *The statement "you are born to be kissed by the rising sun and to spread fragrance of joy" given under 'Krishnavatara' in Bhavan's Journal dated 20th March 1960 seems to me paradoxical. How is it relevant to the context, will you very kindly clarify?*

A: Have you never seen flower buds being kissed by the sun in the early morning? If not, you have lost a great joy of life. It is after the sun kisses the bud into a flower that it spreads its fragrance. You should think of beautiful things to appreciate beauty. These things cannot be 'clarified.'

824

Sri B.M.K. Swamy, Sagar.

Q: *Though Gayatri is a woman, why are women excepted from Gayatri mantra?*

A: (1) *Gayatri* is not a woman; it is a Vedic metre. But when *Gayatri* mantra, the sacred hymn, was composed in the *Gayatri* metre, the hymn came to be called *Gayatri*. Then those who held the *mantra* in sanctity deified her as a goddess.

(2) In Vedic times, there were women Rishis who composed hymns themselves. Lopamudra, the spouse of Sage Agastya, was one such. Later, women studied the Vedas; they were given the sacred thread too. But in the days of darkness, there was a mixture of races. Women of no education

and little culture came into learned families. It was feared that in their mouth the Vedas would be mutilated. Then it came to be prescribed that they should not be taught Vedas.

(3) Dayanand Sarasvati was the first to break this medieval taboo and enjoined the giving of the sacred thread to women and teaching them the Vedas.

825

Sri K. Ramakrishna Sarma, Mulikudum.

Q: *When Lord Krishna placed the chariot between the two armies, Arjuna became physically a coward and was unwilling to fight. Was there any influence of Krishna on Arjuna to become so, resulting in having to tell Arjuna the Bhagavad Gita?*

A: How can Krishna make Arjuna a coward? On the contrary, he calls Arjuna's fright 'cowardly and un-Aryan.'

826

Sri P. Koorma Rao, Rajamundry.

Q: *I have heard it said that 'thinking' of sinful acts amounts to committal of higher sins than their actual commission. Will you kindly elucidate whether 'thinkings' which occur during dreams (without one's knowledge) amount to sin?*

A: I don't think so. Sometimes dreams in which we commit wicked deeds purge our subconscious thoughts of wickedness.



Smt. Bandaranaike

did not proceed beyond the secondary level. We next find her married to the late Solomon Bandaranaike. This marriage itself cut across family traditions. Although the husband too came of aristocratic descent and groomed for Europeanised ways, the couple coolly gave up those ways and donned Eastern dress. As one writer put it, they replaced the "bacon-and-eggs age with the Kavun-and-Kiributh era". Slowly the husband had been evolving and gathering strength, born of course out of certain convictions in life; but it is a moot point who carried him those convictions, if not his wife.

We now see her as the wife of an illustrious Prime Minister. Except listening to the backstair gossips of politicians and speaking before innocuous women's associations, she had little to do with the politics of her country or of the world. Perhaps her husband wanted to relax in her political neutrality; perhaps she had the children to raise.

Let us now switch over to the post-Assassination stage of her life. Her grief at her husband's death, inconsolable as it is, was getting under control when the state of her country after a run of mediocre politicians sent out an SOS. For a time the call of her home and the call of the country pulled her in opposite directions, but ul-

WHEN late last year the teleprinter flashed the news that Sri S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike,

Prime Minister of Ceylon, had been shot at by an assassin, the world was stunned. In its righteous indignation at the dastardly act it completely overlooked an exemplary act of bravery on the part of Sirimavo Bandaranaike, the Premier's wife, who cocked the fuming .45 colt pistol from the assassin's hand. Perhaps the world took it to be a matter of duty, how many wives are there or, for that matter how many husbands who would defend their counterparts at the point of death?

When again the world read last month that Sirimavo had been called on by Governor-General Goonetilleke to form a government following the overwhelming victory of her Lanka Freedom Party in the general elections, it felt sceptical. And naturally so.

Let us begin at the beginning. Sirimavo was born of a Kandian feudal landlord who curried favour with the British. She was educated in a convent. Her academic career however

timately her patriotism prevailed and she agreed to extend her helping hand if that would be of any use. Surprisingly enough, that proved to be the golden hand. Still hesitant, she declined to accept a candidature in the elections but led the SLFP to a thumping victory.

That gives an objective picture of her political evolution. Let us now examine the chances of her success as Prime Minister. The following points are in her favour: she is the first woman Prime Minister of the world; she is the first woman stepping into the shoes of her husband as P.M.; she is the wife of a famous husband; she is young; her party's objectives are progressive. Here are the debit items: she is a woman and her country's job needs a man; her political inexperience; her success might be due to a peculiar combination of favourable circumstances which may not continue for a long time.

In the tally however she has more points in her favour than against, especially when we recall her heroism at the time of her husband's death and the fact of her having been the sheet-anchor of her late husband. There is reason to believe that it was she who was responsible in the main for his successful political evolution in the right direction.

At 44 Sirimavo has all the advantages of a fresh and motherly mind to bring to bear upon her task. Her cultivated character will overawe the vagaries of the professional politician. The Party's political goal of Republican Ceylon has everything to commend itself to progressive opinion of the world. Unlike her husband, she is

said to be definite in her views and clear in her mind of what she is doing. She would not brook monkey tricks. She does not seem to believe in the sitting-on-the-fence policy.

The SLFP of which she is the President has won 75 elective seats and 6 nominated seats in a Parliament of 157 seats, besides the support from other splinter groups on electoral alliances. This landslide victory is attributed to a variety of causes, not the least of which is her personal popularity. Sirimavo can boast of another first: she is the first individual to be vested with the Prime Ministership of a country without being elected, although of course she has since been nominated to the Senate for continuing as P. M. Her present Cabinet consists exclusively of her party men which again speaks of her strength in view of the electoral pact.

The throne-speech pinpointed the programme of her party. With the exception of the proposal to control two influential groups of newspapers, others are more or less unexceptionable. Democracy and regimentation of public opinion go ill together. The right to criticise is the breath of life and the proposed measure to "widely distribute" the holdings of the newspapers with the least Government outlay might well prove the backdoor step to nationalisation of the Press which is a retrograde measure.

The problem of Indians in Ceylon is another which requires quick solution. The question of languages appears for all intents and purposes to have been satisfactorily settled. The country's economy needs quick and

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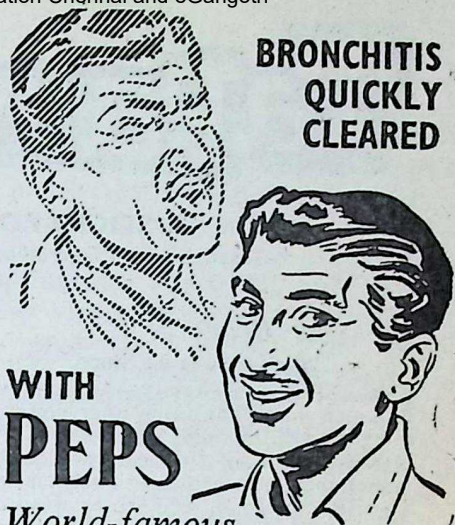
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energetic handling for its rehabilitation. With goodwill abounding in every quarter, it should be possible to solve it too provided the party's enthusiasm does not outrun discretion.

Mother of two girls and a boy, Siri-mavo has a matronly appearance. She has no use for make-up materials. A slender gold chain adorns her neck. She just ties her hair up in a knot at the back of her head.

Religious by temperament, it is reported she will soon be visiting this country on a pilgrimage to Buddhist shrines. When she does so she can be assured of a right royal sisterly welcome from this country.

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Tapasvini

A SOCIO-POLITICAL SAGA

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

To New Readers:

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHY (Ravi) :—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri) :—Rawa's grandfather, a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

SHIVASHANKAR (Shivubhai) :—Father of Rawa Tripathi; son of Shastri; patriotic follower of Sri Aurobindo. Died in a bomb-blast.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA :—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA :—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI :—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE :—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

SWAMIRAJ :—A famed *Samnyasi* of Dhebaria.

RAWA was living quietly, learning the Vedas from his grandfather, Ganapati Shankar Shastri. A car accident brought him into contact with Sheela who found Shastriji to be a man of principles when he refused to accept the compensation money offered by her husband, Radharaman.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England with his English wife Alice. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday

enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took Uday and others to their family Guru, Shastriji for his blessings. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and his hurt feelings led him into Communism.

The conduct of Samar Singh whom Bhupat and Majiba had already come to regard as the future husband of Rajba, aroused Uday's suspicions, and Samar's secret meetings with the Maharani Hanskunverba merely served to confirm those suspicions.

Sheela's meeting with Gandhiji proved a turning point in her life, and disgusted with Radharaman's errant ways, she preferred to live an austere life.

Uday concentrated more and more on his professional work undeterred by Radharaman's discouraging attitude. Alice, however, started showing indifference to his feelings and constantly seeking the company of one Ramchandani. She ultimately returned to England and wrote to Uday seeking divorce from him.

Ravi Chudgar's assignment to the Matunga area enhanced his position in the Communist Party's hierarchy, but the arrival of Mona on the scene and her overforwardness raised doubts in Ravi's mind. Nevertheless, he resolved to adjust himself to his new surroundings. The two went on famously.

Rajba was becoming a problem. Whenever any evil came near her, she would fall into a hysterical fit and utter things which were heretical but nevertheless prophetic. Majiba was worried. Ultimately she in the company of Rajba undertook a pilgrimage in an effort to cure her daughter. Rajba kept writing to her brother who was held back by work. Mother and daughter were on a visit to a Swamiraj in Dhebaria near Karnali.

OR
THE LURE
OF POWER

dear Uday,

Swamiji continued his narrative

Let me tell you a story which will help you to understand the significance of virtue, of merit and of sin.' With these words, Swamiji began his narrative in a quiet tone and with deep seriousness. I shall narrate what he said as faithfully as possible:

"Fifty years ago there was a small dilapidated temple on the site of Chandramaulishvar temple. Swami Shivananda lived there. He had a disciple by name Sarvananda. He was tall, well-built and hefty. He was cut out more for a soldier than a *sannyasi*. For fourteen years Swamiji had brought him up and had given him good education. The Thakore of Dhebaria met the needs of both the temple and Swamiji. When Swamiji died, the twenty-year-old Sarvananda succeeded him as the temple-priest. Though Sarvananda had been initiated in the ways of *sannyasa* and had qualified himself to wear the saffron cloth, he preferred fights to peace. On many an occasion he joined Thakore's men on horseback at nights and participated in their plundering adventures!

"One evening he was walking up and down the courtyard of his temple in great agitation. A storm of anger and passion raged in his heart. Close by the bank of the river was a cottage from which a glimmer of light came. Often his eyes turned in its direction. After

a while that light went out and two women emerged out of the cottage. One of them was tall and older, and the other who was young and pretty carried a child in her arms.

"The old woman lived by grinding corn for the well-to-do in the village. She also served as the temple-sweeper. She was a widow and was poor, but proud of the fact that her husband had been the *jamadar* of the Thakore.

"When Sarvanand noticed the two women coming straight towards the temple, he lighted the lamp. The women came up quietly, made obeisance to God Mahadev, and handed to Sarvanand a coconut and other materials of worship for offering to the deity. Without uttering a word Sarvanand offered worship on their behalf and gave them a few drops of the holy water which in sacred rituals was dropping over the deity.

"All of a sudden the older woman started abusing Sarvanand. She charged him with ruining the life of her poor, innocent young daughter, for having brought disgrace to his Order. She hurled abuses at her daughter too and did not spare even the little child. With wounded pride she kept railing at her daughter for bringing disgrace to the *jamadar* family. Her abuses were violent and vituperative. When she was exhausted she addressed her daughter: 'I wash my hands off you and your child. Do what you like with your child and its father. You, miserable girl, if ever you set foot again in my house,

in the house of the *jamadar*, I shall chop off your nose. Go and live with your man, or drown yourself in river Narmada. May you both go to hell.' Saying this she rushed out of the temple.

"For a time the young woman wept bitterly. Sarvanand who stood petrified now embraced the young woman passionately but tenderly. For months the old woman had kept the girl imprisoned in her house, and Sarvanand was so overcome with emotion at meeting her that he continued to smoothen her hair gently all the while. After a while, he lifted up the girl's face to his. They were still moist with tears but in them was a determination to do whatever Sarvanand bade her.

"What shall we do?" she asked. She appeared to have complete confidence in Sarvanand. Whatever people in Dhebaria say about him, call him a hypocrite, a cad, or a quarrelsome *brahmachari*, so far as she was concerned she remained unshaken in her faith in him.

"Don't mind Manchha-kaki's anger. Why should you? Do not weep. Control yourself" pleaded Sarvanand. Beyond those brave words, however, he had no idea of what his next step would be.

"What shall we do now?" enquired the young woman again hopefully.

"Listen," said Sarvanand and as he said so he pulled her to himself. This time she responded to him by clinging to him. 'Chandan, don't be afraid in the least. Just outside the village is a cottage close to the *Thakorewada*. You can stay

there. You shall have every convenience. I shall call on you every evening. Will that do? The young child will grow up in no time and then your unhappiness will become a thing of the past.'

"Chandan listened to those words with wide open eyes as though she couldn't believe her ears.

"Maharaj, what are you saying? Sinner that I am, I have led you once astray, but it would be the height of sin doing it for the rest of my life. Surely you do not expect me to do so for the sake of my livelihood or even for the sake of this unfortunate boy? No, no, no."

"Chandan, dear, you know I will not be the only sadhu to keep a woman," replied Sarvanand.

"Let others do what they like. I wouldn't let my master perpetuate the sin—impossible."

"As she said this, she sobbed aloud and dragged herself towards the door.

"Sarvanand tried his best to persuade Chandan to change her mind but she would not agree to live as his mistress. To her Sarvanand was a god. To her, he was her very breath and her life. The very idea of degrading this god-like person in any way was sacrilege which made her shudder.

"Maharaj, is there anything else you want to say? Anything else?" enquired Chandan as she sighed deeply.

"Sarvanand stared at her in amazement.

"Maharaj, my god, I would rather take refuge in the waters of the Narmada than see you do

something wrong.' Saying this she picked her child up and walked away abruptly.

"Sarvanand stood for a while petrified but shook himself into active thinking. He laid great store by *sannyasa*; his first feeling, therefore, was one of relief in that her suicide would be good riddance. Indeed, he thought, he was very generous in offering to look after Chandan all her life, but fortunately for him she did not grab his offer. Now he would be able to become the Guru of the Thakore. Some day he might even become the head of the entire sect of Madhavanandji Maharaj! A woman was after all a source of temptation; perhaps it was her nature to

tempt man. Let Chandan drown herself if she so chose, why should he worry?

"Sarvanand's eyes stayed for a second on the idol of Mahadevji, as his mind galloped. So Chandan was gone. She was sure to die. In the whole of Dhebaria there was only one soul, Chandan, who had complete faith in and respect for him. To her, he had been a god. When she surrendered herself to him she did so with the purest of motives; in the spirit in which a devotee makes an offering to God; not out of passion. But what sort of god was he? She was gone now. She would soon be dead and her body washed away. Then there would be none who would have



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that faith in him, in his 'purity', in his 'godliness.' What good would it do him or to his ideals of *sannyasa* if he continued to wear the saffron robe? For whose sake should he remain in his saffron clothes if there was no Chandan to implicitly believe in his 'purity.' No, no, no. If there was no Chandan to strengthen him with hope and aspiration, he would be practically dead.

"Sarvanand lowered the wick in the lamp, bowed low before Mahadevi, applied the sacred water on to his eyelids and rushed out of the temple in the direction Chandan had left. She had reached the river-bank by that time. He raced to her side and seized her from behind, saying 'Chandan, come along, come back for my sake, for the sake of God Chandramaulishvar.' Partly because of his persuasion and partly because of his superior strength, Chandan allowed herself to be dragged back to his room in the temple courtyard. Once there, Sarvanand flung away his saffron clothes, put on the dress which he wore in his nightly adventures as a dacoit, tight pyjamas and the coat that went with it and the sword—all kept hidden under a heap of dried leaves in a corner. He literally dragged Chandan out of the temple. Several horses of the Thakore were grazing outside in the open fields in front of the temple. He seized one of them, put Chandan and the child on its back, jumped on it himself with practised skill and galloped towards Barkantha.

The Barkantha village lived another Thakore who bore hereditary enmity to the Thakore of Dhebaria. The servants of both the Thakores robbed the pilgrims night after night in the no-man's-land and often they came into conflict with each other. So, Sarvanand came to the Thakore of Barkantha under his original name of Rajubhatt."

My dear brother, the Swamiraj told this tale with singular skill. As he unfolded slowly one event after another he raised before my eyes living pictures of what he was describing. His voice was resonant. I was listening to the narrative with rapt attention, and had to be shaken out of my intense concentration by his saying "Child, you should go now. It is time to go to bed. To unravel good and evil actions is not easy. I shall continue the story tomorrow."

I started writing this letter immediately I reached home and have tried to put down the story as closely as possible in the Swamiraj's own words.

Everywhere there is quiet, peace, a deep silence. There is hardly a gurgle in the waters of the Narmada which continues to flow in stately silence. A gentle breeze blows, the moon scatters her beautiful light gently as far as my eyes can see. But my eyes search for Chandan. Why have we in these days, lost such faith as hers which works wonders? How can we hope to achieve without faith what faith alone can achieve?

Well, it is already late, good night.

Yours, Raj's Namaskars.

[To be continued]

The Divine Mango

It was the sixth day. Chaturya slept during the best part of the day so as to be ready for the

At nightfall Chaturya took his meal dressing himself appropriately up to the nuptial chamber which decorated like Indra's abode. Sitting himself on a couch he thought of a moment how best he could spend the night when the latch turned softly. It was the turn of the younger Princess and as her profile appeared against the background of the dull light, she looked a peach. Chaturya could not help looking at her figure readily.

The Princess came near him, placed her tray on the couch and after touching his feet reverently took the *veena* which she played in a manner that would have melted even Parameshvara. She then danced a couple of sequences by which time her tempo had risen. When ultimately she whirled round him in embrace, Chaturya said: "Tarry, my dear. Listen to this interesting story first and let us sleep."

Like a lamb the Princess sat before him when Chaturya told the following story.

The King of Brinda had no issues for a long time. On the advice of the learned pandits he performed innumerable *dharmaic* acts. One day a sage came to his palace. The King received him with due respects and after pro-

perly feeding him submitted: "Great Sage! By God's grace, I am having an excellent country to rule and my subjects love me as their father. But I have one great sorrow and that is I have no child to call my own and to whom I can hand over this kingdom when I retire. Kindly advise me on what I should do to overcome this sorrow."

The sage replied: "Brinda, as a result of certain past sins, you will have to suffer worse calamities soon. Late in life, however, you will be blessed with two sons."

"I am so happy, Sage, that I shall be blessed with children; I do not mind any calamity that might befall me. Even if I lose this kingdom, I won't mind!"

"Exactly," said the sage. "Some years hence, you will be driven out of this country and along with your wife, you will have to earn your living by doing menial work. But at the end, I can assure you, God will bless you!"

King Brinda happily looked forward to that day when he would be driven from his country! His *dharmaic* activities increased day by day. His people however had little knowledge of the King's fate or they would have felt it as their own.

According to the King's horoscope Saturn's *mahadasa* started. Not long after, a neighbouring King who had been on friendly terms quite unexpectedly turned against Brinda and

drove him out overnight in a coup. King Brinda and his wife had to run into the forest to escape being caught and imprisoned by the enemy.

They trudged along for many days in uncharted domain till at last they reached a far-off place. The royal couple were so exhausted that they fell down in front of a merchant's house. The merchant's wife being a kind woman seeing their condition gave them food and clothes.

Soon the couple were employed in the same household. The ex-Queen served in the kitchen while the ex-King tended the garden and did other odd out-door duties. In spare hours he went out into the forest, brought firewood and sold them in the market to make a few extra annas. In all these, the two exiles did not feel the least regret. They were looking for the day prophesied by the sage, part of which had already come true.

After a few years of service in the merchant's household, the ex-Queen became enceinte. One could not say which of the couple was happier. The ex-King, finding his wife advanced in pregnancy, improvised a hut in front of a dilapidated house at the far-end of the street where he kept her for the confinement while he himself did extra duty to make up the income. Soon the ex-Queen delivered a boy who bore all the 32 marks of kingship. It was then that the ex-King felt his poverty. He was greatly agitated that he could not buy the barest of necessities for his beloved wife and son. What a difference!

The merchant's wife who heard of the birth of a boy to her ex-servant, came to have a look at the child. Pity-

ing the condition of the poor woman, she undertook to look after her well till she became fit again. That took a great load off the ex-King's mind. Soon the couple resumed the work in the merchant's own house. After three years, another boy was born to them. He too was of royal mien. Between these two children, the ex-King and ex-Queen worked hard to give them a good education.

The boys came of age. One day the younger boy said to his elder brother: "Brother! It pains me to see our parents toiling so hard to give us a living. Don't you think it is time we relieved them of their bother and supported them?"

"Yes, brother. What shall we do?"

Between them the brothers agreed that they should stretch out their legs and earn well and support their parents. Deciding on travelling they begged before a few houses and getting a couple of measures of rice, took them to their mother and said: "Mother! Please prepare this into food that will take us for a few days. I and brother are going out of the city in search of job. We shall return soon and relieve you all further toil!"

The mother would not hear anything about it. When the father arrived, she told him. The couple felt themselves at their wit's end. But the boys were adamant. The father and mother wept at the prospect of having to separate from their beloved children whom they got after so much trouble. However the ex-King recalled the Sage's prophecy and consoled himself that it was all for the best. Did not Rama go to the forest?

The two sons bade adieu to their

parents and left. They had to cross a huge forest. Their resolve made them oblivious to fear; they trusted in God and briskly walked forward during the day and slept on tree-tops at night. One day as they were proceeding along a narrow path, they saw a huge mango tree which bore a solitary fruit. It was so luscious that the youngsters thought it would very well augment their food. So the younger boy climbed up the tree, plucked the fruit and wrapping it in his food parcel walked along. The mango tree was a divine tree. It bore one fruit once in a hundred years. It had divine powers. An ascetic had been doing penance under that tree for those years coveting to pluck it. At the time the youngsters had been passing that way, he had gone for his bath in a nearby pool. When therefore he returned and found the fruit missing, he was aghast. He felt a hundred years of watch had slipped through his fingers. He ran helter-skelter looking for the man who had plucked it. Soon he overtook the lads. He asked them: "Did you by any chance pluck a mango fruit from a tree on the way?"

"Why?" asked the younger boy. "There are many mango trees which are full with fruits. Why should you be so keen on one tree?"

"O, my boy! If you knew its properties you wouldn't ask that way. Whoever eats the fruit of that tree will become an emperor, and whoever partakes of its kernel will spill costly gems when he laughs! I have been at it for a hundred years and all my labour is wasted, for, it is missing!"

"O! Is that so? You may search us if you like," repeated the lad.

The ascetic could not see the fruit in their hands or clothes, it being folded pat in the food-parcel. So he went back thoroughly disheartened.

The two youngsters had a hearty laugh behind the old man's back. They honestly believed that he was a lunatic, for whoever would wrangle for one mango fruit while the forest was full of them? Yet in the heart of hearts they had a lurking fear that after all there might be some truth in the statement. They did not therefore want to take any chances.

The ascetic on the other hand had to lose it at the last moment because, his *tapas*, if it can be called one, was actuated by exclusive desire for material objects. Rather it was an instance of the devil guarding a treasure.

When the two brothers felt tired, they sat by the side of a running brook and ate their meal from out of the parcel their mother had given them. The younger boy took out the tell-tale mango fruit and gave the fleshy part to his brother to eat and himself ate a little out of the kernel and relaxed in the shade of a tree.

At the other end of the forest lay a city called Veera-Ghanta and its King Veera Marthanda had just died issueless. Before his death he had instructed his ministers to choose that person as his successor whom the state elephant would voluntarily garland.

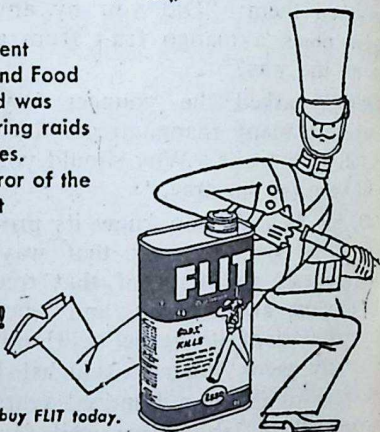
So, after the cremation, the ministers gave a garland to the state elephant which, holding it in its trunk, went about the city. Many were the heads that proffered themselves for the honour, but the elephant would



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not look at them. At last it entered the forest followed by the ministerial paraphernalia.

On reaching the place where our two youngsters were relaxing, the elephant sought out the elder boy and placing the garland squarely on his neck, lifted him up and placed him on its back while the ministers acclaimed him as the next King.

The officials explained to the boy the circumstances of the choice and on his agreeing to become the King, took him to the city in royal procession and at an auspicious time crowned him as the King to the joy of all citizens. While he started ruling the kingdom justly, the younger boy was left in the forest.

[To be continued]

Do not seek nor avoid anything ; take whatever comes, for it is freedom not to be affected by anything. Don't merely endure but remain unattached..

A mosquito sat long on the horn of a bull. Then its conscience pricked it. Said the mosquito to the bull: "O, bull! Have I troubled you by sitting long on your horn?"

But the bull replied "No, not at all. Bring your whole family and live on my horn, what can you do to me?"

Adopt the bull's attitude.

—Anon.

News & Notes

TENTH INTER-COLLEGIATE DRAMA COMPETITION

BHAVAN'S INTER - COLLEGIATE DRAMA COMPETITION conducted annually has established itself as a major drama festival of Bombay. Started in 1951 with the object of providing an impetus to theatre movement in this country, it has created tremendous interest and enthusiasm in the student community of Bombay. Almost all the colleges of the city participate and the number of participating teams has been increasing.

As a result of this Competition, scores of budding actors, playwrights and directors have been brought to the lime-light. The beautiful rotating trophies awarded by the Bhavan to the winning team in each language have become a coveted prize. Besides individual prizes for best acting, a rotating trophy presented by Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi is awarded to the best of all teams each year.

The 1960 Competition lasted for a fortnight from 19th August to September 2, 1960. Thirty colleges had sent 61 teams in four languages—English, Hindi, Gujarati and Marathi. Full details of the results of the Competition will be published in the next issue.

MADRAS KENDRA

THE annual meeting of the Madras Centre of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was held on 16th August, 1960 at 6-30 P.M. at "Sudharma", Edward Elliotts Road, Madras-4. The following members were present:

Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi (Chairman); Justice A. S. P. Aiyar (Retired High Court Judge); Sri O. V. Alagesan (President, Tamil Nad Congress Committee); Sri S. Anantaramakrishnan (leading industrialist and former Sheriff of Madras); Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar, M.L.C. (Secretary of Bhavan's Madras Kendra); Sri Chandrakant Trivedi (Dena Bank); Sri Haja

Shareef, M.L.C.; Sri Jasubhai S. Patel; Sri Keshavlal K. Shah; Sri W. S. Krishnaswami Naidu (Retired High Court Judge); Sri M. Patanjali Shastri (former Chief Justice of India); Sri Purushottam Jape; Dr. V. Raghavan (Professor of Sanskrit, Madras University); Sri Rajanikant V. Mehta; Sri S. Ramakrishnan (Executive Secretary, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay); Sri Ramdas Purshottamdas; Sri T. Sadasivam (Editor, Kalki, Madras); Sri N. Sankaranarayanan (General Manager, Higginbothams); Sri V. Subramaniam (Higginbothams); Sri Surajmal Mehta; Sri T. V. Viswanatha Aiyar (Advocate).

It was decided during the meeting (a) to organise Inter-Collegiate competitions, essay competitions and elocution competitions in the city of Madras and that a representative might be sent from the Head Office for advice in this matter; (b) to explore the possibilities of translating one or two books of Sri Munshiji and also the Book University Series, in Tamil.

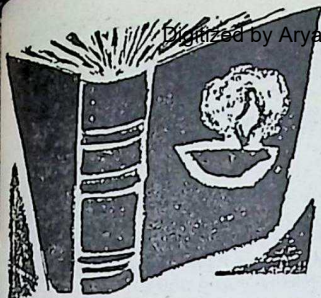
On the evening of the 17th, Kulapati Munshiji visited the Centre and saw the functioning of the classes and other activities.

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Readers may contact him to ensure regular supply of the Journal.

Editor.



Our Bookshelf

SEVENTY YEARS PLAN OF CULTURAL LIFE. By Swami Madhavatirtha. Published by Swami Madhavatirtha, Vedanta Ashram, Post Valad, Station, Medra. 1st Edition. Price: Rs. 2.

The book under review gives in a nutshell, in simple direct language, the Swami's reactions to the fundamental problems of life confronting us at the present moment. The key-note is struck in the introductory chapter. In the author's own words, "Former rulers were patronising poets and philosophers, but modern rulers are patronising scientists..." He goes on to say, "Modern life has not simplified but multiplied desires".

In the following five chapters the planning of one's life on the basis of basic truths of existence is dealt with in great detail. The ancient society was ordered on such truths; human life was divided into various stages with functions appropriate to each stage. He suggests that that plan can suit modern conditions. He suggests that the first 25 years should be given to study and acquiring of knowledge; the next 15 years to family with its responsibilities; the next 15 years to a life of semi-renunciation, where, though a man lives with family, he gets slowly detached from personal desires; and finally, 15 years of complete renunciation. Self-control and contemplation are stressed all through.

The author deplores the present-day tendency to ignore, in some cases positively disregard, religion. The true basis for morality and true spirituality is supplied only by religion. Secularisation carried too far is bound to undermine morality.

so-called "raising the standard of living", and shows that it will result only in a vicious circle. There can be no absolute standard in life, and the desire for raising the standard of living will only lead to multiplication of our wants and more complications in our life.

Speaking of values, the Swami observes that it is really a matter of attitude and cannot be described in terms of physical experiences. Passing reference is also made to the modern morbid attitude to sex. There is a real crisis of character which can be properly met only by holding firmly to the roots of our ancient culture. He describes culture as the process of



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man's progressive self-realisation and later on observes that "true culture cannot be captured in the forms of time and space..."

There are eight appendices which are all informative and interesting. Special mention should be made of appendix which contains an article on "Freedom and Culture" by C. Rajagopalachari and the last appendix which contains the Swami's reply to a letter from Swami Sivananda of Rishikesh.

—Prof. R. Srinivasan.

THE HISTORY OF ORISSA. Vols. I & II. By Dr. Harekrishna Mahtab. Foreword by Dr. Radha Kumud Mookerji. Vol. I (upto 1568 A.D.); Vol. II (upto 1960 A.D.). Published by Prajatantra Prachar Samiti, Cuttack-2. 1959 and 1960. Price: Rs. 12.50 and Rs. 7.50 respectively. We cordially welcome this creditable performance of the present Chief Minister of Orissa, surveying critically and interestingly the dynastic and cultural annals from the Vedic and Itihasic ages. The story is narrated of an broken pillar at Bhubaneswar converted into a *lingam* (pp. 28-32). The Nandaraja of the Hathigumpha inscription of Kharavela is identified with Asoka on the ground that his grandfather is described in the *Mudrarakasa* as Nandanvaya and Purvanandata. Kharavela is assigned to the 2nd century B.C. as the Hathigumpha inscription states that the interval between Nandaraja and Kharavela to be 3 (not 300) years: 257—103=154 B.C. the latter's fifth regnal year). The

age of the Salobhavas is discussed with reference to their copper-plate grants; it was a great epoch from the political, cultural and colonial points of view; the Sailendras of Suvarnadvipa are regarded as Sailodbhavas. The history of the Eastern Gangas (5th to 15th century) is well written and Anantavarman Chodaganga (1077-1147) brought Kalinga, Kangoda, Utkal and Trikalanga under one political authority. During this period the Oriya language was born and a new culture grew with Jagannatha as the centre. The long reign of Chodaganga is famous for his manifold achievements. A separate chapter traces the development of architecture and painting from the earliest days. The story of the Gajapatis is extensively told: Kapilendra (1435-66), Purushottama (1466-97) and Prataparudra (1497-1540). About 1465 the empire stretched along the coast from the Ganges to the Kaveri. The second volume covers the Mughal, Maratha and British periods. The last quarter of the 18th century witnessed the first phase of the resistance to the British. The Paik rebellion broke out in 1817 and there were risings in 1833, 1847 and 1857-61. The national movement in Orissa is sketched as well as the last chapter of British rule. The Appendices deal with the Khurda Raj Family (1568-1960), Integration of the States of Orissa, the August Movement and after (1942-47) and the Cult of Jagannatha. The last is "an epitome of almost all religions of India. Many schools of philosophy have gone to its

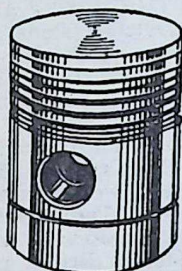
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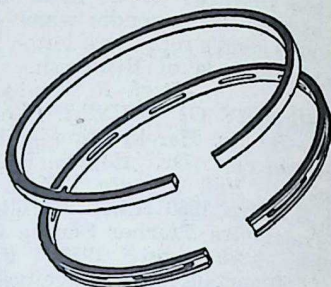
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making and it occupies a unique position among the different religions of India. It will be unfair to identify this supremely catholic and cosmopolitan cult with any particular religion or school of philosophy" (p. 526). We hope that in the next edition the numerous misprints like Trinavelli (p. 16) and coronated (p. 47) will be removed and that the book will be provided with a map.

—Prof. R. Sathianathaier.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND SIGNIFICANCE OF IDOL WORSHIP. By Swami Sivananda. Published by the Yoga-Vedanta Forest Academy, Rishikesh. Price: 40 nP.

The worship of the image has special significance. The idol in its right form is a symbol. The image itself is not a deity. It is a prop for the spiritual neophyte. This useful booklet gives us all the instruction we need in the art of worship. Man needs an object for concentration. The doctrine of *ishtha devata* according to the *adhiara* of the individual is an important Hindu doctrine. The worship of the *bhakta* of the idol goes through several stages and ends in the *upasana* of the *Upanishads*. This is a booklet that must be in the hands of all religious-minded Hindus.

—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.

SVANANDA: DAY-TO-DAY AND HIS PHILOSOPHY AND TEACHINGS. By Sri Atmaram M. Makhiyani. Vol. I. Published by the Yoga-Vedanta Forest Academy, Rishikesh. pp. 359. Price: Rs. 4.

THIS interesting volume under review is all about Sivanandaji, the great savant and saint of Rishikesh.

After serving as a doctor in Malaya with great distinction, Sivanandaji renounced his career and turned to the Himalayas. From a sympathetic doctor of the body, he by his *tapasya* has transformed himself into a ministering angel for the ailments of man's soul. In 1936, he established the Divine Life Society and founded the Yoga-Vedanta Forest Academy in 1948. This spiritual university has remained the great pilgrim centre for all aspirants in the East and West. He has given us his teachings in as many as a hundred volumes. His vigorous style and sympathetic exposition of Hindu thought has held the loyalty of countless followers. He has wrought a significant revolution in the hearts of men which has far-reaching influence. He edits two splendid journals called (1) *Divine Life* and (2) *Health and Long Life*.

The present volume is a tribute by one of his good disciples who was the personal assistant to several ministers at the Centre. It gives us the impressions of the author (from 15th November to 19th February, 1958) of all that happened in the presence of Sivanandaji. The second part of the book is more valuable than the first. It gives us a competent, close, readable and inspiring account of "The Philosophy and the Teachings of the Swamiji". The book contains the thoughts of Sivananda in his own words on as many as 334 topics. It carries at the

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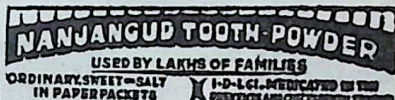
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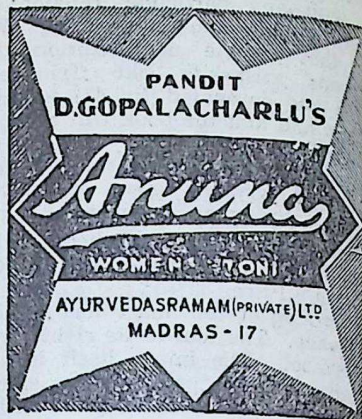
end a list of the books by Sivananda and their reviews in different journals. The volume is a very useful guide to an understanding of the mission of Sivanandaji.

—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.

GUIDE TO SIVANANDA YOGA MUSEUM. Commentary by Swami Jyotirmayananda. Published by the Yoga-Vedanta Forest Academy, Rishikesh. pp. 63. Price: Re. 1.

THIS little book presents in a brief but understandable manner the life and the message of Swami Sivanandaji. Sivanandaji has the effective method of imparting the wisdom of the Yoga and the Vedanta systems through pictorial representations and diagrams. The institute is called the Yoga Museum. In a short space of time, the Museum gives us a very clear idea of the vast literature and spiritual philosophy of the Yoga system. The book serves a very useful purpose. In addition to this, the booklet contains hints on the four traditional Yogas.

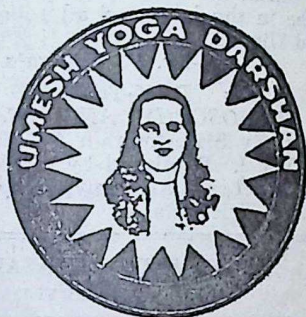
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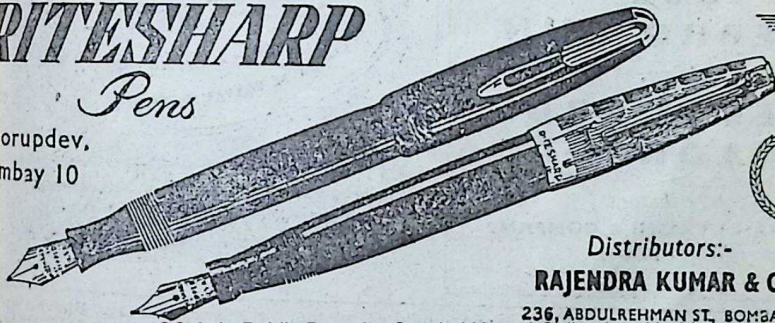
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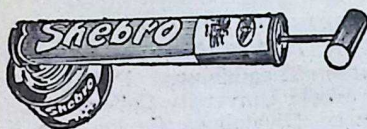
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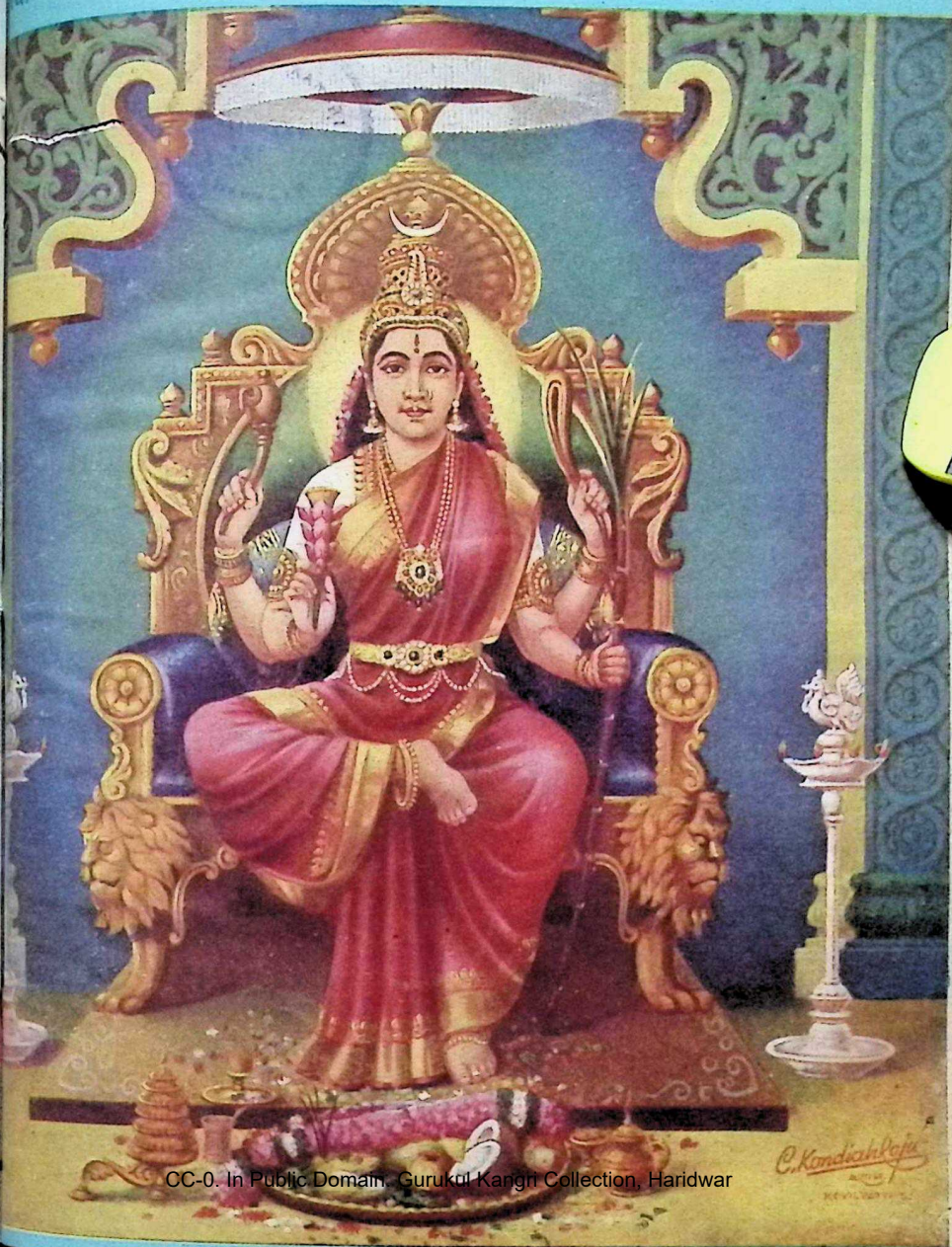
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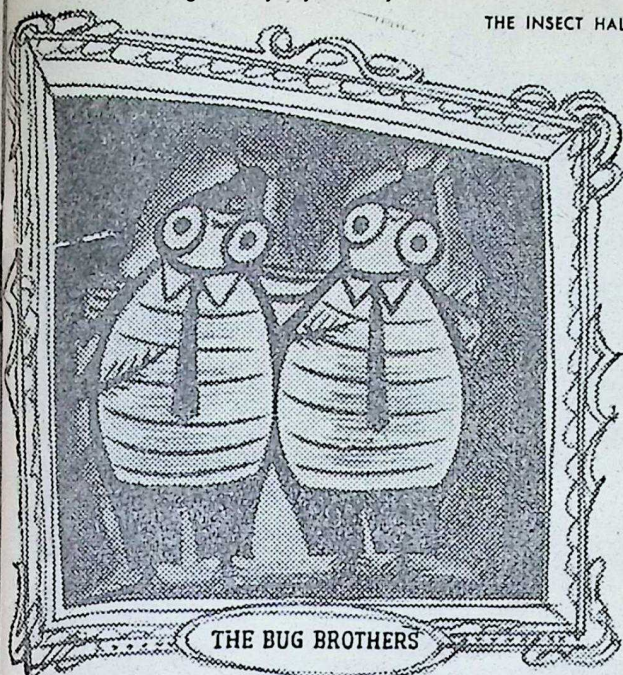
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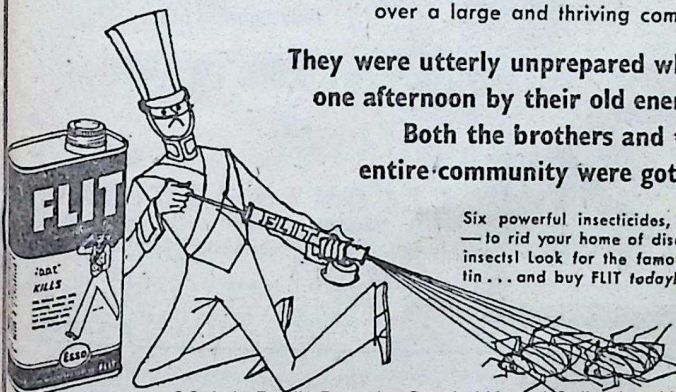
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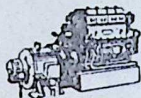
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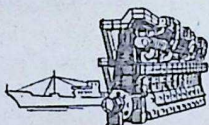
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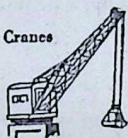
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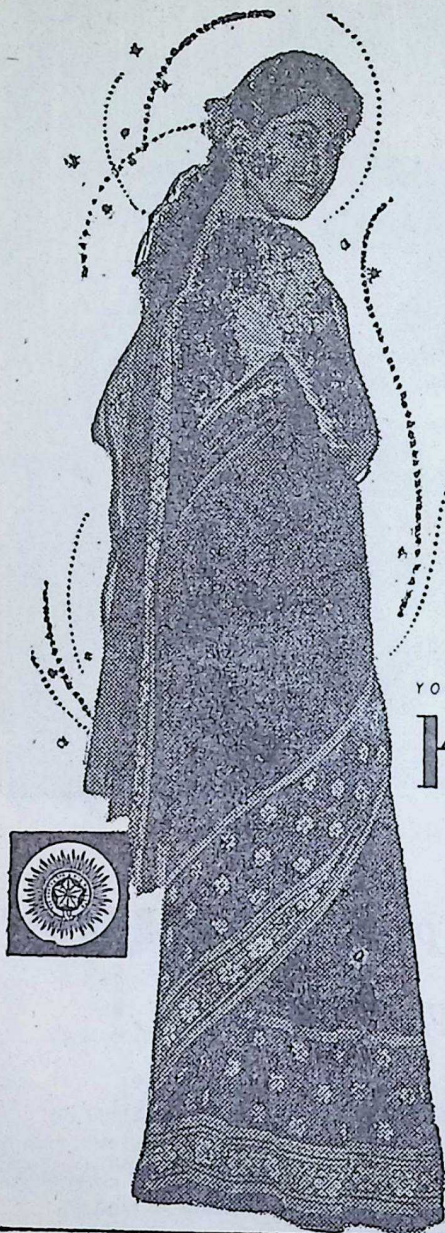


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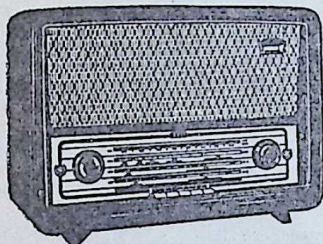
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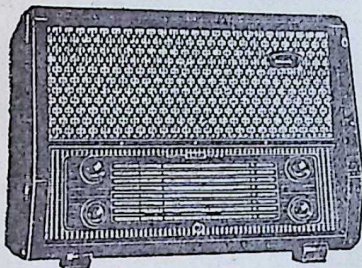


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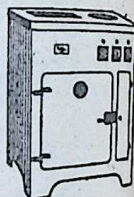
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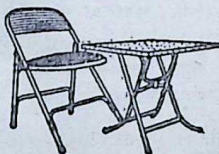
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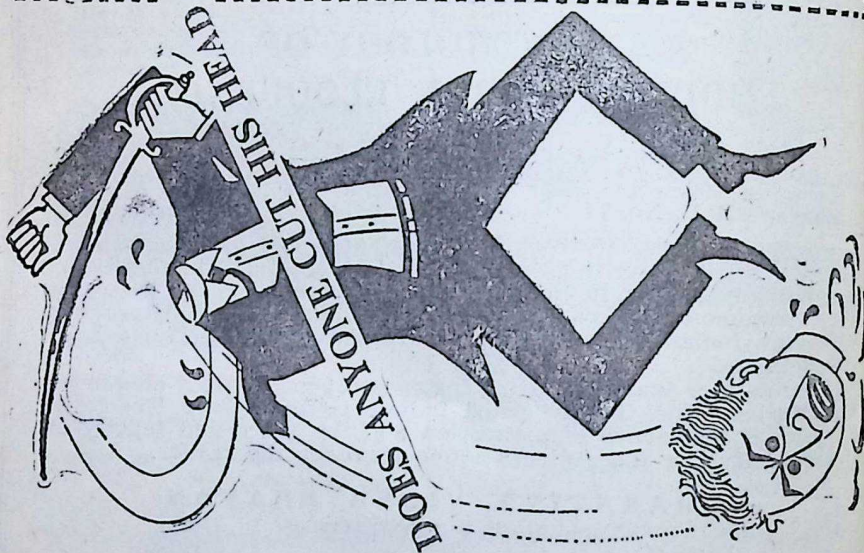
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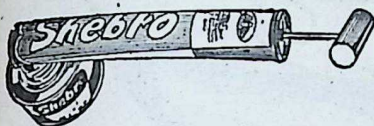
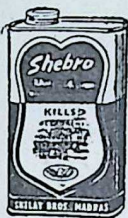
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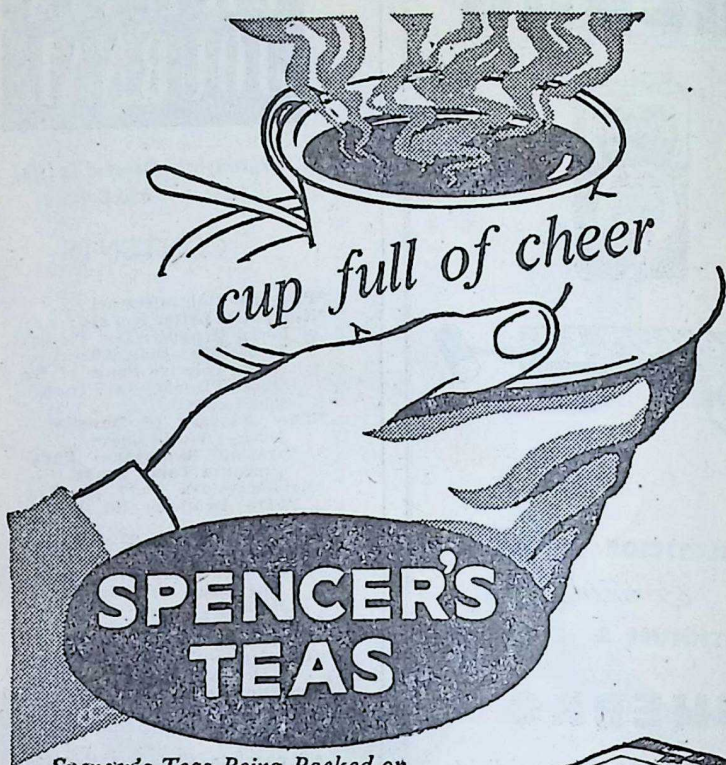
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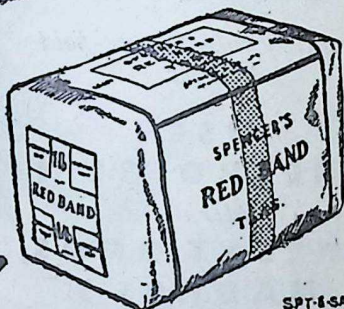
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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Vol. VII

SEPTEMBER 18, 1960

No. 4

PRAYER TO RAJA-RAJESWARI

चतुर्भुजे चन्द्रकलावतंसे
कुचोन्नते कुंकुमरागशोणे ।
पुण्ड्रेक्षुपाशांकुशपुष्पबाण-
हस्ते नमस्ते जगदेकमातः ।

Obeisance unto the Universal Mother who shines with the crescent moon on her head, breast full (with love for humanity); of saffron colour and holding in her four hands the sugar-cane (symbolic of the mind); the hook (symbolic of desire: *Ichha Sakti*); the goad (symbolic of righteous indignation and knowledge absolute: *Jnana Sakti*); and the arrow of flower (symbolic of the five *tan-matras*: *Kriya Sakti*).

—Kalidasa





Kulapatis Letter

LIFE LITERATURE & CULTURE



No. 214

★ SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION THROUGH
TRUSTEESHIP ★ ONLY ALTERNATIVE TO THE
COERCIVE POWER OF THE STATE ★ PLANNING
IN A TRUSTEESHIP SOCIETY

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,

Bombay.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IF society has to emerge out of its present coercive stage, so destructive of individual freedom and human dignity, it has to be based on the principle of trusteeship and to accept for the individual and the society, deliberate and voluntary restriction of wants or the 'adoption of voluntary simplicity'. This alone, as Gandhiji put it, promotes real happiness and contentment, and increases the capacity of service.

What is true of man is true of society. Restriction of wants in a trusteeship society has to be voluntary; the result of a self-denying ordinance imposed under the pressure of individual and collective conscience. Without such voluntary simplicity, imperialism and colonialism of the nineteenth century brand or the

twentieth century communism cannot be got rid of; the evils attributed to capitalism, socialism and communism cannot be eliminated; nor can the race of armaments be abolished.

Before going further into the problems of social relations in a trusteeship society, it may be useful to find out how capitalism, communism and socialism claim to solve them.

Capitalism of the *laissez-faire* variety is essentially 'exploitative'. It creates supreme value in money; it converts wealth into an instrument of ego-satisfying aggrandisement at the cost of others. By encouraging consumption and luxury, it closes the door to simple and efficient living. It exploits individual freedom to foist upon men the slavery of sweated labour. By obtaining control over other people's

SEPTEMBER 18, 1960

estments it undermines private property, which when widely distributed alone form the economic base of individual freedom.

In a society dominated by capitalism, there is no chance for anyone to adopt voluntary simplicity. Ostentatious living becomes the badge of respectability and shoddiness the lot of those to whom money does not come easy.

Communism is the antithesis of Capitalism. It is frankly based on the assumption that man is irretrievably wicked and is not capable of voluntary, moral or spiritual effort; that the gulf between the 'Haves' and the 'Have-nots' has to be exploited for assuming total power; that such total power, concentrated in the hands of a class of power monopolists, has to be used to regiment and coerce society to accept the 'economic justice' or 'social welfare' as conceived by it. This 'ism' accepts violence by the State against subjects as a legitimate instrument of economic distribution. It places no value on individual freedom or human dignity.

Socialism is shy of being so frank and so logical. In search of doctrinaire solutions, it remains blind to the fact that it is a shaky, half-way house to Communism. In spite of its vaunted democratic outlook, it has no basic regard for individual freedom, nor has it the urge to inspire voluntary effort at simple living. It does not recognise multi-centralism as a necessary safeguard against the growth of all-powerful power. It accepts as legitimate all forms of social coercion, legislative, judicial, social and economic—including, we saw in a recent case, war against

the society in the name of trade unionism—all, except frankly avowed forms of physical violence. It makes the holders of power the final arbiters of economic distribution. It accepts nationalisation and in its name destroys individual initiative and property, without which efficient living and individual freedom are illusory. To quote W. M. Chamberlain: 'Socialism, achieved and maintained by democratic means, seems definitely to belong to the world of utopias.'

If, therefore, society is to be reconstructed and man rescued from the nightmare of economic and political exploitation, and his freedom, dignity and ethico-spiritual basis of life rescued, social relations based on trusteeship is the only alternative.

This involves the frank recognition of certain facts:

First, the familistic and contractual bases for social relations are obsolete and the coercive basis being lawless, immoral and godless, is destructive of freedom and dignity.

Secondly, if life has to be lived in freedom and dignity, i.e. in Truth, Beauty and Love, a sense of moral and spiritual obligation in the nature of trusteeship should progressively inform all human relations.

If these facts are frankly recognised, men could be induced to develop motives which transcend greed and fear, by education and propaganda as well as by creating conditions in which corruption and coercion find it difficult to come into play.

It must further be recognised, particularly by the social scientists who claim to be the high priests of 'social welfare' at present and who keep the

conscience of the rulers of some modern States, that man cannot be transformed by merely changing external conditions or by spreading the cult of 'higher standards of living', or by imposing higher scales of taxation to keep down greed. Unless this is realised by thinking men, the coercive power of the State is sure to grow to such terrific dimensions that a world explosion would become inevitable.

However, this realisation is difficult as things are at present. Economists, who dominate modern thinking, think of man only in terms of money. Social scientists concern themselves with 'behavioural' patterns of life and regard the moral springs of action as useless, if not non-existent. Politicians want their country to emulate U.S.A. where material prosperity is an obsession, or U.S.S.R. where it is the creed of a militant, totalitarian state. Above all, quite a large number of Indians, who dominate our public life, are so obsessed with material prosperity that they have lost the faculty of boldly blazing a new trail.

But if we want to rescue ourselves from the grip of the Frankenstein of coercion, stupendous efforts will have to be made to find a solution, characteristic of the genius of our race and enlist messianic zeal in its service. When such an effort is made, the mad race of economic development divorced from any attempt at promoting moral and spiritual attitude, will end; ostentatious living will be replaced by simple living; economists will cease to recite the *mantra* of higher standard of living. Then the coercive power of the State will cease, by and large, to stifle freedom and dignity.

If this aim has to be achieved, the present concept of coercive planning should be rejected in favour of planning for swift production and just distribution of goods by developing trusteeship outlook on social relations.

The present-day planning, say in our country, borrowed with some changes from the communist model, is lopsided and coercive. It has an eye to physical targets. It concentrates on heavy industry by forcing long terms and severe sacrifices on the people. It relies upon regimentation of economic life even if the price has to be paid in the form of individual property and enterprise, which, as I stated, provides the only economic base of individual freedom. It is based on the assumption that welfare can be achieved without simultaneously evoking in the individual a response to ethico-spiritual obligations to his family, his group life and to general welfare.

In a trusteeship society, the planning will have therefore to be different. It will have to be based on certain fundamentals:

First, its paramount aim will be, besides the production and just distribution of goods, the development of a sense of individual and collective responsibility for the intellectual, moral and spiritual well-being of the community.

Secondly, through education and propaganda, it will develop a social opinion which will dissociate prestige from money-making and ostentatious living.

Thirdly, the aim of the taxation policy will not be to raise money for

Love Your Country



Love your country, your country is the land where your parents sleep, where is spoken that language in which the chosen of your heart blushingly whispered the first word of love; it is the home that God has given you, that by striving to perfect yourselves therein, you may be prepared to ascend to Him.

It is your name, your glory, your sign among the people.

Give it your thought, your counsels, your blood.

Raise it up, great and beautiful as it was foretold by our great men, and see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood or of servitude or dismemberment.

Love your country. Our country is our home, the house that God has given us, placing therein a numerous family that loves us and whom we love; a family with whom we love; a family with whom we sympathize more readily; and whom we understand more quickly than we do others; and which from its being centred round a given spot and from the homogeneous nature of its elements is adapted to a special branch of activity.

Our country is our common workshop whence the product of our activity is sent forth for the benefit of the whole world, wherein the implements and tools of labour we can most usefully employ are gathered together.

—Mazzini.

Journal
ieived, the specially-conducted 'welfare' schemes, planning, they to create conditions in which they may be diverted by individual planning to trusts for the welfare of the community.

Fourthly, it will recognise the basic activity of human dignity and its reality that individual freedom is a prerequisite for a voluntary response moral and social responsibility and multi-central activities which develop such response has to be encouraged all costs.

Fifthly, it will reject the technique of implementing a plan, however good, which, without evoking voluntary response from the people, has been enforced by legislative and economic sanctions, crippling or destroying the sense of moral responsibility.

In a trusteeship society the first requisite is to transfer prestige from accumulation of individual wealth and ostentatious living to the way in which wealth is spent. This necessarily involves the adoption of simple living under the pressure of the idea that all that is held or enjoyed beyond what is required for one's efficient living is left. This can be achieved in two ways:

First, by making food, clothing, housing, education and medicine cheaply available to all.

Secondly, by ostentation of wealth being deprived of its prestige value by education, propaganda and social opinion and boycott.

Any planning which does not give primacy to raising agricultural productivity is anti-social and coercive. It negates efficient living for the common people, as food items form 60 to 70% of their budget. Only if food,

clothing and housing are available at low cost, the cost of living can come down and spiralling wages be controlled. Then efficient living will be possible without hankering after higher standards of living.

Our taxation policy has been oppressive, expropriatory and coercive. When we attained freedom, the country had a very large amount of black money; a wise policy would have created conditions in which this money would have been channelled to education and health through private charity. But in an idiotic self-righteousness we started evader-hunting. The exchequer got an insignificant amount; most of the black money was spent on high living, an easily available drain for unaccounted money.

Today, the taxation policy squeezes out the spirit of trusteeship. It leaves so little to the tax-payer that it forces him to look after his own interest by black-marketing, thus drying up the impulse for a moral regard for others. The State collects the revenue in the name of social welfare but a substantial portion of it is spent in building up a gigantic army of official parasites.

If, on the other hand, moral responsibility has to be developed, the tax policy should encourage the use of personal income by the citizen for others' welfare. Tax deductions for right charitable uses, if authorised, will lead to a much faster tempo of welfare activities. The State-administered welfare schemes encouraged at present are both costly and corruption-breeding. They make party-politicians and bureaucrats the dispensers of charities who are generous, not out of a sense of moral obligation to share one's own

goods, but for the selfish purpose of advancing one's own career at the cost of the tax-payer.

In any planning for a trusteeship society, education and propaganda should have as its primary aim the development of moral responsibility towards others. This can only be done by releasing formative influences which foster courage, tenacity, and a will to lead a life consecrated to higher values.

Such a value system in education means training of teachers who would teach according to the system. It would involve training men to judge problems fearlessly, honestly, and to act with the integrity of trustees for their community. It would also involve creating a social climate in which public life is led on the basis of moral and spiritual obligations underlying trusteeship, and public men who flourish on peddling influence, are treated as outcasts.

Unless there is planning on these lines, the vicious circle of coercion and corruption would go on merrily expanding; the oligarch in power, seeking to perpetuate his position, would continue to flourish; man's freedom and dignity would be progressively eliminated.

If the race does not want to perish it must take the bold and revolutionary step by breaking, maybe step by step with the coercive stage in which modern society has been foundering, and of taking to the principle and practice of trusteeship in all social relations.

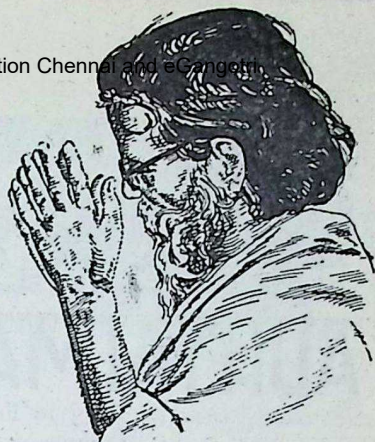
In this advance, the modern State alone, if it has any conscience left, cannot take a lead.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Mumbale

The Essence of Devotion

ACHARYA VINOBA BHAVE



THE essence of devotion is the feeling of oneness with God.

A man of devotion has a sense of unity with society and the world which are but manifestations of God. When he begins to be conscious of his separateness from others, the flow of devotion begins to dry up. This is what has happened today.

The Tamil classic *Tiruvachakam* says: "We have to live in communion with all. To be one with God really means to be one with the universe. Society, Universe and God mean one and the same thing for the devotee." Man is organically related with land and the world around him.

He will not be able to live even for a moment if he really cuts himself away from the world. The light and life he needs, the food and shelter he needs, compel him to accept his relationship with land and the universe around him.

Life is lived always in relationship. It is only when one is in complete harmony with the universe around him that one is healthy and happy.

Ill-health and sorrow are the inevitable results of disharmony.

Unfortunately, we have forgotten this. We have lost that sense of belonging to society. We have lost the sense of organic unity with society. We have become separate entities. We have even lost the spontaneous feeling of neighbourliness.

Almost every village borrows money when there is a marriage in the family. All thus get into debt.

Why should not every family in the village contribute something to the marriage expense of the neighbour? No one then will need borrow money.

Unfortunately, even when there is death, neighbours do not come out and freely help the bereaved! We have lost today even ordinary sympathy and fellow-feeling.

During the harvest season every peasant keeps awake at night to guard his standing crop. But they never think of forming a union and doing the work collectively by turns.

And we have the caste differences too.

So everything today divides and separates us from one another. There is no sense of unity, no genuine goodwill and trust. Each is against all.

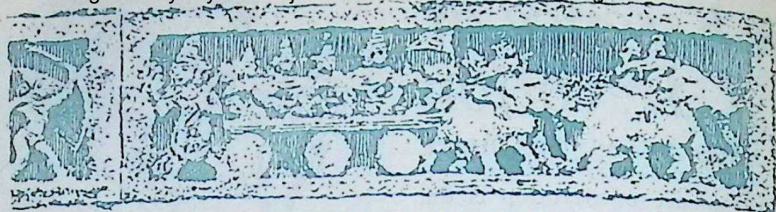
How can such a society ever prosper and be happy?

How can there be devotion to God in such a society, where people are full of envy, greed, anger and lust?

God is Love.

In a society where there is devotion to God, there will be the reign of Truth and Love.

Most every village borrows money when there is a marriage in the family. All thus get into debt.



ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

On their way back to Ayodhya from Mithila, Dasaratha and party met Parashurama. Challenged by the latter, Sri Rama called the bluff when Parashurama recognised the divinity in Sri Rama and prayed.

PARASHURAMA TAKES LEAVE

राम राम महाबाहो जाने त्वां परमेश्वरम् ।
पुराणपुरुषं विष्णुं जगत्सर्गलयोद्भवम् ॥

Said Parashurama:

"O, Rama, O Rama the valiant! I know that you are the Great Lord, that you are the Primeval Being Vishnu responsible for the origin, protection and destruction of the entire Creation.

बाल्येऽहं तपसा विष्णुमाराधयितुमंजसा ।
चक्रतीर्थं श्रुत्वा तपसा विष्णुमन्त्रहम् ॥
अतोऽद्य महत्मानं नारायणमनन्यधीः ॥

"While I was a young boy I went to Chakra Tirtha for propitiating Lord Vishnu. Reaching the auspicious Chakra Tirtha, I pleased the great Lord Narayana day after day with single-minded devotion.

उत्तिष्ठ तपसो ब्रह्मन् फलितं ते तपो महत् ।
मन्त्रिदंशेन युक्तस्त्वं जहि हैहयपुंगवम् ॥
कार्तवीर्यं पितृहृणं यदर्थं तपसः श्रमः ।

ततस्त्रिः सप्तकृत्वस्त्वं हत्वा क्षत्रियमण्डलम्
कृत्स्नां भूमिं कश्यपाय दत्त्वा शान्तिमुपावह ॥

"The Lord appeared before me and said: 'Give up, O Brahman, your tapas! It has achieved its result. I give you a part of My Chit (Self). By the virtue of it, slay the patricidal Haihaya Chief Kartaveerya for which purpose you propitiated Me. Later slay the brood of Kshatriyas for as many as twenty-one times. Afterwards make a gift of this world to Sage Kashyapa and obtain peace of mind.

त्रैतामुखे दाशरथिर्भूत्वा रामोऽहमव्ययः
उत्पत्ये परया शक्त्या तदा द्रक्ष्यसि मां तदा
मन्त्रेजः पुनरादास्ये त्वयि दत्तं मया पुरा ॥

"Early in Treta Yuga the indestructible Myself shall be born as Dasaratha's son Rama along with My Paraskati (Sita). You shall see Me there and return to Me My tejas I lent you

तदा तपश्चरल्लोके तिष्ठ त्वं ब्रह्मणो-
दिनम् ।

इत्युक्त्वाऽन्तर्दधे देवस्तथा सर्वं कृतं मया ॥
“After that carry on (till the end of the Kalpa) in the world performing tapas directed towards Brahman.” Saying this the Lord disappeared. I have done all that I was bidden to do.

स एव विष्णुस्त्वं राम जातोऽसि ब्रह्मणा-
थितः ।

मयि स्थितं तु त्वत्तेजः त्वयैव पुनराहृतम् ॥
अद्य मे सफलं जन्म प्रतीतोऽसि मम प्रभो ।

“You are the same Vishnu born as Parashurama in response to Brahma’s prayer. That tejas which you had lent to me and which had stayed in me till now has been taken back by you. I am happy my birth has borne fruit today. I have recognised you as my lord.

देव यद्यत्कृतं पुण्यं मया लोकजिगीषया ।
तत्सर्वं तव बाणाय भूयाद्राम नमोऽस्तु ते ॥

“In my effort to conquer the world, I have earned virtues. May all those virtues (punyas) become the target of your arrow, I pray thee again and again.”

ततः प्रसन्नो भगवान् श्रीरामः करुणामयः ।
प्रसन्नोऽस्मि तव ब्रह्मन् यत्ते मनसि वर्तते ॥
दास्ये तदखिलं कामं मा कुरुष्वान्न संशयम् ।
Greatly pleased, Sri Rama replied

full of grace: “I am greatly pleased, O Brahman! I shall grant you whatever your heart desires. Do not have any doubts about that.”

ततः प्रीतेन मनसा भागवो राममब्रवीत् ॥
यदि मेऽनुग्रहो राम तवास्ति मधुसूदन ॥
त्वद्भक्तसंघस्त्वत्पादे दृढा भक्तिः सदास्तु मे ॥

Pleased at this, Parashurama addressed Sri Rama: “O, Killer of Madhu, Rama! Bless me with constant association with your devotees. Bless me with constant and undeviating devotion to your feet!”

तथेति राघवेणोक्तः परिक्रम्य प्रणम्यतम् ।
पूजितस्तदनुज्ञातो महेन्द्राचलमन्वगात् ॥

“Just as you like,” replied Sri Raghava. Thereupon Parashurama went round and prostrated before Rama. After being worshipped by Rama and with his permission, Parashurama went to the Mahendra Hills.

राजा दशरथो हृष्टो रामं मृतमिवागतम् ।
अलिङ्ग्यालिङ्ग्य हर्षेण नेत्राभ्यां जल-
मुत्सृजत् ॥

Upon this King Dasaratha felt very happy. He considered it a rebirth for Rama. Embracing him therefore again and again, Dasaratha shed tears of joy.



K. M. Munshi

Krishnavatara

PART

4. THE FIVE BROTHERS

THREE days are gone. There is excitement in Mathura. Fore-runners have come to announce that Kunti, Father's sister and the widow of King Pandu of Hastinapur, is arriving to attend your *upanayana* ceremony. Her sons and minister Vidura are also coming with her.

Hastinapur, you know very well, is the most powerful kingdom after Jarasandha's. The Kurus rule there; they are the major branch of the Bharatas to which even you belong.

Dhritarashtra, their king, is blind and weak. The kingdom of the Kurus, however, is dominated by a mighty warrior, Bhishma. He was, you are informed, the pupil of no less a warrior than Parasurama. He is usually called the Grandfather.

The warriors of Hastinapur are trained and led by Dronacharya who

himself is a great warrior and also an old pupil of that great hero, Parasurama. Their minister, Vidura, who is coming with Aunt Kunti, is famed for his wisdom. Their policies are, you are told, often guided by no less a person than the venerable Veda Vyasa the Master of all learning, revered throughout the Aryan world.

On her arrival, you find that Aunt Kunti is very maternal in the way she treats you. Though she has never seen you before, she immediately recognises you, embraces you and smells your head in endearment.

'You have been a very bad boy, Krishna,' Aunt Kunti says in her inimitably sweet voice and with a laugh, tilting your chin. 'I have heard so much about you.'

Then she falls at Father's feet and hugs Mother with an effusive cordial-

These two as they stand together, each one laying her head on the other's shoulders for some time, smiling and crying alternatively, make a fine pair. Both have been through trying times and that gives them a common bond of suffering.

The five sons of Aunt Kunti are very attractive. They are handsome and well-built. Each one is faultless in his behaviour. The eldest, Yudhishtira, bears himself with a serene dignity even at this age; he is barely three years older than yourself. The second son, Bhima, though a head shorter than Balaram, is all muscles. His face is jovial and his eyes twinkle with fun. When you fall at his feet, as behoves a younger brother, he responds not in the usual way by placing his hand on your head; he gives you a resounding smack. It smarts for a time, but it shows his open-hearted affection for you.

The third son of Aunt Kunti, Arjun, carries a bow and arrows. He is about your own size—perhaps a little thin. He is well-shaped and has very intelligent eyes. He is remarkably well-mannered. When he falls at your feet—as he is younger than you—he does it with perfect grace. You immediately feel attracted to him, and embrace him with warmth.

The two younger boys, Nakula and Sahadeva, who are twins, are smaller in size, slender and shapely but very intelligent. They know that they are the juniors of the family and treat you with great respect.

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When the elders leave, the five brothers—they are all called Pandavas after their father—surround Balaram

and you and immediately Bhima, with a genial laugh, puts a blunt question to you.

'Now, Krishna, tell us the truth,' he says. 'Are all the stories about you true or you have invented them?' In another man's mouth, this question would have been offensive, but the wholehearted laugh and the affectionate glance which accompany it belie the tenor of his words.

'I do not know what stories you have heard about me,' you say with an equally affectionate smile. 'It depends upon whether the people of Hastinapur can invent good stories or not.' He—this Bhima—is an immensely likable fellow.

'Now don't be clever, Brother,' says Bhima, patting you on the back. 'Is it true that you killed Putana and Bakasura, Keshi and Arishta? Did you capture the fiery Kaliya? Did you lift Mt. Govardhan? Tell me the truth,' Bhima goes on asking, fastening his two hands on your shoulders.

'And made love to milkmaids too?' Arjun adds with a smile. His smile is very winning.

You had never expected such an effusion of affection from your cousins. You put a hand round Bhima and ask him 'What do you think I did, Bhima? Did I invent those deeds?' Your eyes are laughing too.

Balaram blurts out: 'And is it that we also invented the story of killing Kamsa, Chanur and Mushthika? Why don't you ask the people of Mathura as to what we did?'

Yudhishtira, the eldest of the five brothers, intervenes for the first time. He has a quiet, dignified way of talking. 'Brother, please forgive Bhima for

being so impatient. But you have achieved something which we will perhaps never be able to in the whole of our life,' interposes Arjun with his winsome smile. 'You rescued Mathura from a tyrant.' His voice is full of admiration and he looks at you in a very loving manner. '—and saved Dharma also,' says Yudhishtira. '—and made powerful enemies all round,' you say. Every one laughs outright at what you say. They don't realise that it is all too true.

'No, you are quite wrong, Brother,' says Bhima with his loud and good-natured laugh. 'If you, Krishna, have done all these things, I am frightfully jealous of you. I wish I could kill some of my cousins, say Duryodhana and Duhsashana, and wring the neck of that charioteer's son Karna, the same way you killed your maternal uncle.'

Yudhishtira, with a smile, raises a warning hand. 'Bhima, let us not tell Krishna and Balaram our family secrets all at once.'

'Anyway I would like to hear all about your wicked cousins,' says Balaram for once getting into the spirit of the banter. 'When you decide to finish them off, call me and we shall do the job together.'

There is no use talking about their unhappy lot in Hastinapur. You, therefore, change the conversation. 'Forget all about us,' you say. 'Tell us all you have learnt—*Vedas* and *Shastras*—and of the wonderful weapons which your *Guru* must have taught you to use. You have such excellent training, while we are two ignorant cowherd boys. We are going to school when you have practically finished your school-days.'

But you have achieved something which we will perhaps never be able to in the whole of our life,' interposes Arjun with his winsome smile. 'You rescued Mathura from a tyrant.' His voice is full of admiration and he looks at you in a very loving manner. '—and saved Dharma also,' says Yudhishtira.

'—and made powerful enemies all round,' you say. Every one laughs outright at what you say. They don't realise that it is all too true.

'We shall come to your rescue whenever you want us to,' assures Bhima.

'Don't be so sure,' says Arjun. 'Perhaps Krishna and Balaram will have to come to our rescue.'

You see the unhappiness in the eyes of Arjun and in a serious voice you ask: 'Are you so bad as that?'

'You could scarcely realise how unhappy we are,' replies Arjun in a sad voice which appears to suppress indignation. 'People think that we are cadets of the House of Kuru. In fact, we are its helpless dependants.'

'Now let us not make ourselves miserable by thinking of miseries to come. Let us enjoy ourselves while we are together today,' breaks in Balaram. He does not like sad reminiscences. 'Bhima, I am told you are an expert wrestler. Come along with me, we will teach each other a few tricks.'

'And, brothers, I would like to take you for a swim in the Yamuna,' you say to the rest.

'No. I want to go and tell Uncle all the news of Hastinapur. Mother wants Uncle Akrura to come with us when we return to Hastinapur,' says Yudhishtira as he leaves with Sahadeva.

'I would also like to go to Mother. I would not be happy till she is comfortably settled,' says Nakula and follows Yudhishthira.

So you two, Arjun and you, are left to yourselves. 'Let us go and swim. But tell me the latest you have learnt, say in archery. I am told that you are a master of the art,' you say, and place a hand affectionately on Arjun's shoulder, leading him towards the river.

'The latest I learnt was to shoot at a target in the dark. That annoyed Gurudeva Dronacharya very much,' says Arjun a little modestly.

'What was it?' you ask.

'One day, while I was sitting for my meal, there was a strong wind and the light was blown off. As I continued to eat, the thought came to me that if my hand could carry food to my mouth in darkness, why could I

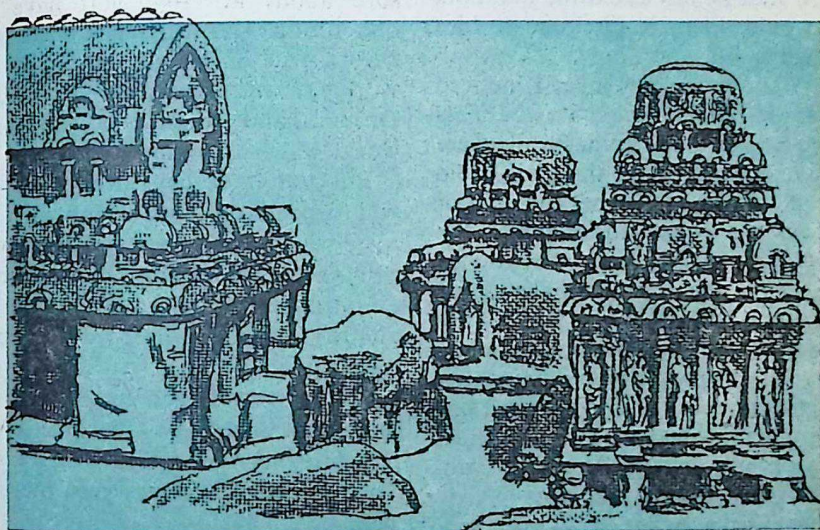
not send my arrow too to its target in darkness. Then I underwent the training, night after night, shooting at a target in the dark. It required long and continuous practice. But then ultimately I could do it,' says Arjun, looking at you to find out whether his achievement is taken by you as a boast.

'Your Guru should have been happy about it,' you say.

'I think he was. But as things are at Hastinapur, he could not show that he was happy. If we ever outstripped our cousins, he would immediately be blamed for not teaching them well,' confesses Arjun.

'But I hope all of you excel them,' you say.

'Perhaps we do,' says Arjun laughing. He has a very friendly, shy way of laughing. 'That is our trouble. Our cousins and even our Uncle, the emperor, would be very happy indeed had



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we turned out to be stupid.'

And then we plunge into the river, swim, perform tricks and are happy as water-birds. As we are enjoying our bath, Yudhishtira, Bhima, Nakula and Sahadeva come for their bath. Bhima leaves his brothers to bathe in shallow waters, plunges into the river, swims to where we are, tries to make fun of us by pressing our heads under water and dashes out before we can catch him, laughing all the time. Then the four of them leave for the palace.

Arjun and you come out arm in arm and fling yourselves on the river bank and close your eyes.

After some time, you open your eyes. 'Arjun, is it true that you were born of God Indra?' you ask, for you are reminded of a promise which you had made to a god.

'The venerable Vyas told me about it. And so did Mother,' says Arjun.

'That explains it,' you say.

'What explains what?' asks Arjun.

Now that he has asked the question, you would like to disclose to him what none but you know.

'You know, in Vrindavan I induced the people not to celebrate the Festival sacred to God Indra. People were doing it out of fear of the god. I told them not to worship the god out of fear. So we began to celebrate the festival in which we worshipped Govardhan, the trees and the cows. Then God Indra was wroth. He poured thunder and rain and lightning on us. All our people would have been washed away but for Giriraj, the Lord of Mountains, who rose cubits high to accommodate us. Thus we vanquished God Indra,' you say.

'Then?' asks Arjun.

'When Indra was humbled, we per-

formed a sacrifice in his honour. Then one day as I was grazing the cows, he came to me in a sort of daydream. "Krishna, you were right. I want the worship of love, not of fear." I did him honour by prostrating myself before him. Then I said to him: "Yes, I want you to love us, not frighten us." He said: "I only frighten the cowards. The brave I love and honour." Then he said to me: "Will you do me a favour?" I said: "Certainly." The god said: "I have a son. Stand by him. Promise me." I said "Yes, I promise." Then he disappeared without telling me who his son was and where he was to be found. I was all along wondering where I would find Indra's son. Then, Mother, the other day, told me that you are Indra's son. Now I have found you,' you tell Arjun as you lead him by the hand.

'I wish we could always be together,' Arjun says sincerely.

'We shall,' you say, for you feel sure about it. Now you have not one brother but six. The vista rises before you of all the seven of you working miracles to re-establish Dharma and reconstruct the sordid world which surrounds you.

But you feel convinced that that will depend on your being able not to dissipate your energy like other Princes but stand for Dharma above everything else and gather round you all those who are prepared to do so themselves.

But above all, you have to do the thing that faces you—become a perfect *brahmachari*, while you are one. Then time will show you the next step.

[To be continued]

STATESMEN and GENERALS

SIR IAN JACOB

IN the last few years there has been a spate of books written by men who took a leading part in the war. Nearly all of these have been autobiographical, giving an account of the events which took place as known to the author, but also including criticisms and judgments made at the time or subsequently. There is good reason to suppose that the people who read these books find themselves somewhat confused. First of all, they have been surprised by the strength of the criticism levelled by the writers at other leading military and political figures, many of whom occupied, and now occupy, dominant positions. It is true that these criticisms have not aspersed their characters; but they have called in question their strategic grasp and their military skill. Secondly, many people find it difficult to draw a clear picture of what really happened from accounts which differ, if not about the basic facts, at any rate about the surrounding circumstances. Thirdly, people become confused about the relationship between the various military authorities and between the military leaders and their political masters. They find it difficult to understand the respective roles of the statesmen, of the chiefs of staff and the commanders in the field. Let us try

here to sort out the responsibilities and throw light on the methods which were adopted by those who conducted these great affairs.

II

No one should be surprised by the fact that there were differing opinions, arguments and deep personal rifts. A great war is no light matter. The whole existence of the nation is at stake. As time goes on, the weaker men are eliminated and those who achieve and retain power, either civil or military, are the tough and the strong. Such men have powerful convictions, both personal and national. They have thousands of lives in their hands. It is not surprising, then, that there should be controversy, particularly within an alliance.

While the war is still in progress most of this controversy remains secret, especially when the outcome of the operations is seen to be successful. This was true in the last war, particularly from 1942 onwards, when the Allies held the initiative. It was not so true in the First World War. Then the lack of success, the enormous casualties and the changes that took place at the top revealed a good deal of what was going on. After 1942, however, what the public saw was a series of apparently harmonious conferences followed by victorious opera-

tions. The war ended with a blaze of adulation for the triumphant victors. Only now do the controversies come fully into the light of day.

On the question of what really happened, and why, many years will pass before final assessments can be made. Both official histories and numerous individual accounts are being published, and as time goes on further documentary sources will become available. Eventually historians will establish an approximation to the truth. They will always be confronted, however, with two difficulties.

First, they cannot recapture the atmosphere of the time or evaluate the pressures bearing at any given moment on the principal actors. It is here that the accounts of individual participants may help, because each makes some contribution to the ultimate truth and paints in a fresh piece of the canvas of human action.

Secondly, there cannot be a totally objective observer, or even historian. Each is bound to see things through his own national spectacles. Each is unconsciously governed by historical modes of thought and the judgment of each is to some extent swayed by considerations of national interest. For this reason, even though they may come very close to accuracy on the main facts, they will find it exceedingly difficult to weigh the great strategic controversies and arrive at definite judgments on the merits of the views so strongly expressed by the leading figures. Furthermore, they and their readers alike now see the results that flowed from the decisions actually reached; what might have happened if other decisions had been taken can

only be the subject of conjecture.

The difficulty can be illustrated by reference to one of the great controversies which arose after the successful breakout from the Normandy beachhead. After a crushing defeat, the Germans were in full retreat, pursued by the Allied armies. Up to this moment General Montgomery had been exercising command of the British and American armies. Now he was relieved of this responsibility, which was assumed by General Eisenhower. Montgomery held the view that the war could be brought to a rapid conclusion if one strong thrust were made by a single Army Group, all other forces being halted so that the logistical resources could be concentrated to maintain the momentum of the thrust. General Eisenhower, on the other hand, decided that the advance should continue on a wide front until all the armies had closed up to the Rhine, after which a powerful attack would be made across the river to isolate the Ruhr and drive on into the heart of Germany. The British Chiefs of Staff supported Montgomery. The American Chiefs of Staff thought that the question should be decided by General Eisenhower as Supreme Commander, and they were not prepared to interfere with his conduct of the battle.

The controversy was naturally vigorous and prolonged. I say naturally because great interests were at stake and powerful men held deep and sincere convictions which they were bound to express. What happened is there for us all to study. What we can never know is whether any other course of action would have pro-

duced better results. Each one of us must draw his own conclusions, and these will inevitably be influenced by personal and national considerations. Most of the principal actors have recorded their opinions. Although, as in all human affairs, personal relationships to some extent coloured their judgments at the time, their main motive was quite simply the desire to bring about victory as quickly as possible. They certainly thought that their own views were soundly based and it is no discredit to them that they criticize the perspicacity and skill of the colleagues with whom they shared the responsibility and with whom they disagreed.

III

To understand the individual accounts that are appearing, one needs a clear grasp of the status and responsibilities of the various authorities, civil and military, who participated in the conduct of the war. Who were these authorities and how did they interact? Let us look first at the national arrangements in the United Kingdom.

There were three principal British authorities. In the first place there was the Cabinet, answerable to Parliament and to public opinion. The essence of the British political system is that the Cabinet is collectively responsible for all the deeds of the Government. It holds power for as long as it can retain the support of the majority in Parliament. In the Second World War the Cabinet possessed two characteristics not normally present in peacetime. From May 1940 onwards it contained members drawn from all parties in Parliament and was there-

fore unlikely to fall unless the great body of public opinion turned against it. Then, it had at its head Mr. Churchill, who not only was Prime Minister but was also Minister of Defence. By virtue of this combination of offices Churchill was in a position to ensure unified control over the whole war effort, to inject political policy into the field of military operations and to interpret military strategy to the Cabinet. As time went on and confidence developed, the Cabinet increasingly devolved their collective responsibility for the conduct of the war to Churchill, who dealt personally and directly with the Cabinet's military advisers.

These military advisers were the three professional heads of the Navy, the Army and the Air Force. Together they constituted the Chiefs of Staff Committee. Not only did they have a collective responsibility for strategic advice to the Cabinet, but they also had the responsibility for carrying out the strategy which they had recommended, once it had been approved by the Cabinet or by the Prime Minister and Minister of Defence, acting for the Cabinet. The Chiefs of Staff Committee had come into existence after the experience of the First World War had shown the fatal results that flowed from diverse and some times irresponsible advice reaching the Cabinet from uncoordinated sources. When the Second World War broke out it had been in existence long enough to have "run itself in" as a piece of machinery, and was in a position to create and execute a military policy with an efficiency unknown in our previous history.

The Chiefs of Staff Committee had the duty to survey the whole scene of military activity, and, subject to the supreme civil authority of the Cabinet, to issue instructions to the commanders of all three services in all parts of the world. From this it follows that the responsibility of the commander in a particular theatre of war lay in planning and conducting operations so as to give effect to the directives received from the Chiefs of Staff, using to the best of his ability the resources allotted to him. The degree of control exercised by the Chiefs of Staff over a commander-in-chief might vary according to circumstances. There might be occasions when this control would be more rigorous than usual because the Chiefs of Staff would have to insist on a given line of action based on their wide view of the whole military situation and their knowledge of the state of the national war effort, or in order to secure compliance with conditions imposed on political grounds by the Cabinet. In general, however, the aim of the Chiefs of Staff would be to give the commander-in-chief in the field freedom of action, and to refrain from back-seat driving.

It can be seen that things have greatly changed since the days of Napoleon, or, to take a British example, from the days of the great Duke of Marlborough. Then the commander-in-chief would visit the capital during the winter lull in operations and take an active part in framing political policy. He would then return to conduct the summer campaign, and would himself carry on political and military negotiations with allies. Since Napoleon was appointed after the

had decided upon political policy and resolved on military action he would himself take the field and conduct the campaign. Today the three levels of responsibility are clearly defined. The Government takes care of all political action; the Chiefs of Staff formulate grand strategy; and the commanders in the field conduct the operations in their respective theatres.

Since the arrangements in the United States were very similar to those in the United Kingdom it was comparatively easy to set up Allied machinery to conduct the war. We also had the advantage of a common language. But just as apparently identical words often had quite dissimilar shades of meaning, so although the American governmental organization and distribution of authority appeared to be the same as ours it had many subtle differences. These worked at times to make the solution of awkward problems between the two Allies more difficult.

The same three tiers of authority existed in the United States. The prime civil authority lay with the President. In some respects his position was more clearly defined than that of the Prime Minister. He had more complete executive responsibility and he was Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. He was also Head of State. But he had a far less organized and coordinated governmental machine through which to operate. The U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff corresponded almost exactly to the British Chiefs of Staff, and the two groups came together naturally and easily to form the Combined Chiefs of Staff. At the third level were the commanders in

In the British view, the American authorities—including even the President—appeared to regard the war much more than we did as a purely military affair. Obviously the first aim in wartime is military victory. Indeed, Mr. Churchill, speaking to the House of Commons in May 1940, said: "You ask what is our aim? I can answer in one word: Victory." Nevertheless, once it can be seen that victory is assured, political considerations must come increasingly to the fore. What finally matters then is that the outcome of the military operations shall have created a much more favourable political situation than that which existed when the war began. It seemed to us that the United States authorities were slow to realize this. Consequently we felt that the President was inclined to leave too much freedom of action to his Chiefs of Staff and did not inject into their thinking the vital political considerations which would so deeply affect the post-war situation. Similarly, the U.S. Chiefs of Staff gave great freedom of action to their theatre commanders and were disinclined to impose conditions to govern their strategy. Right up to the end of the war they considered that purely military considerations must prevail, and that the judge of these must be the Commander-in-Chief. The immense and increasing military power developed by the United States produced a feeling of self-sufficiency and led to some disregard of the political necessities of the European situation. On occasion they produced those feelings of exasperation that now become so evident in the post-war accounts being published by British writers.

versely, the views expressed by American military writers show their natural impatience with allies who, they felt, were introducing ideas the validity of which they did not appreciate and which merely tended to hamper the progress of the great tide of American military might.

These difficulties should not be exaggerated. There were irritations and arguments; there were misunderstandings and personal antagonisms. Nevertheless the simple combination of President and Prime Minister, with the Combined Chiefs of Staff guiding and sustaining largely integrated field commands, produced by far the most successful warfare-by-coalition known to history. Never have two such powerful nations combined in an alliance with such a degree of harmony and with such absolute success.

Apart from the benefits of an easy dovetailing of the two sets of organs of authority, other advantages were secured to the Allies by the nature of the two principals—the President and the Prime Minister. Both were determined to work hand-in-glove, and as time went on they developed a close friendship. Both saw clearly that the close combination of the powers of the English-speaking world was of an importance that over-rode all other considerations. Thus, although divergences of policy arose in relation to France and to China, and although their methods of handling Stalin gradually evolved on different lines, the structure of collaboration that these two men built did not break fundamentally. They were men who knew the value of loyalty and who put their trust in the military leaders they had

chosen. Except for the replacement of Admiral Pound, who died in harness as First Sea Lord, the Combined Chiefs of Staff remained to the end as composed in January 1942.

It is evident that the President and the Prime Minister, starting with dominant constitutional positions and building up equally dominant personal positions, could have executed their power almost as they wished. They could, for example, have determined military as well as political policy by themselves issuing instructions to commanders in the field. They might have gone in the direction taken by Hitler, who assumed complete control of strategy, and in the end of tactics too. It was often suspected in England that Churchill, who had fought as a soldier in several campaigns in his youth, was bent on setting himself up as the supreme military authority. However, neither he nor the President did anything so foolish. Jointly they gave political guidance, where necessary, to the Combined Chiefs of Staff; they saw to it that the military strategy proposed was on a scale, and to a timetable, that they could approve; and they determined that it was likely to secure the results that would not only be militarily advantageous but would further the political interests of the alliance. It was the Combined Chiefs of Staff who drew up the military strategy and plans, who allocated the resources and who instructed the field commanders.

It is fair to say that the Prime Minister seemed to take more hand in discussions with the British Chiefs of Staff in the formulation of military policy than the President did on his

side. Roosevelt seemed more inclined to leave things in the hands of General Marshall. If this was so, it came partly from the different temperaments of the two men and from the disparity in the total resources that each could muster for the war. Up till 1944 this disparity did not effectively exist; but at that point the American potential was increasing by leaps and bounds whereas the British potential was stationary or declining. Churchill had to look more closely at the use which the military leaders proposed for the limited national resources. The important point, however, is that neither the President nor the Prime Minister ever over-rode his military advisers except for political reasons.

Another aspect of control that assumed increasing importance as the war came to a climax, and as the forces deployed in the various theatres of wars became increasingly powerful, was the degree of authority to be granted to a Supreme Commander. On this point there was some difference of opinion between the Americans and the British. The British held that the Chiefs of Staff, in close touch with their governments, must retain strategic control over all theatres, particularly as the approaching end of the war made political considerations of growing importance. The Americans preferred to give the Supreme Commander a broad directive and then leave him free to decide all points as they arose, military considerations being dominant. A good proportion of the disunity that prevailed from time to time stemmed from this divergence of outlook. On the landing in the South of

ASOKA THE GREAT

[c. 274-235 B.C.]

Dr. Radha Kumud Mookerjee

ASOKA is a unique character in the annals of royalty and indeed, as a man too.

H. G. Wells considers him as the greatest of kings.

He was great as the ruler of an extensive dominion (*mahalake hi vijite*) which was large like *prithivi*, as he himself describes it in his proclamations written on the rocks of ages (Rock Edicts XIV and V). This far-flung empire, extending from Persia to Ceylon, was his legacy from his grandfather Chandragupta who had acquired it by his conquests.

One of these was the eastern part of the Syrian Empire under its king Seleukos who invaded India under

Chandragupta in about 304 B.C. but was defeated and had to cede to the victor the provinces called Gedrosia (Baluchistan), Aria (Herat), Arachosia (Kandahar) and Paropamsidae (Hindukush).

Thus Asoka as his successor came to rule over a greater India which extended from Syria (Persia) to Tamraparni and was able to call the Syrian king Antiochus II (Amtiyaka) as his immediate neighbour (*Anta*).

The only addition he made to this empire was Kalinga which he conquered by a bloody war against an unconquered (*avijita*) people, cultured and socially advanced, whose heroic defence of their liberties against the aggressor resulted in colossal carnage and casualties in dead, wounded and captives.

This bloody battle wrought at once a moral revolution in Asoka who forthwith forswore all war as an absolute evil and changed completely from the cult of violence to that of *Ahimsa* or non-violence.

Thus Asoka's title to greatness was not only territorial but moral, not merely the geographical extent of his empire, but rather the principles of its administration.

He stands out as the pioneer of Peace, peace between man and man, and between man and every sentient creature, for the sanctity of life and for abolition of violence in every sphere, domestic and foreign, internal and international.

He organised measures for the relief of suffering of man and animals by

provision of medical treatment (*chikitsa*) with medicines derived from sources such as "herbs, roots and fruits" (*aushadha-mula-phala*) obtained by import where necessary and also by cultivation in the country of medicinal plants in specialised botanical gardens or plantations (Rock Edict II).

In his Rock Edict III, he reports that his humanitarian measures were making good progress in the country and also in the states on its frontiers (the *Antas*), while his religion of universal brotherhood impelled him to despatch to the more prominent foreign, western countries fully-equipped medical missions charged with the duty of introducing to them these measures of social service and welfare.

The Kings of these Western European countries who were his contemporaries are mentioned by him in the Inscriptions (RE XIII) as follows:

(i) Antiochus Theos II (*Amtiyoko nama yona Raja*) (261-246 B.C.) of Syria; (ii) Ptolemy II Philadelphos (*Turamaye*) (285-247 B.C.) of Egypt; (iii) Antigones Gonatas (*Amtikini*) (278-239 B.C.) of Macedon; (iv) Magas (*Maka*) (300-250 B.C.) of Cyrene; and (v) Alexander (*Aliskasudaro*) (273-258 B.C.) of Epirus.

As to the States on his frontiers within the purview of his humanitarian work, RE II mentions the Cholas, Pandyas, Keralaputras (modern Kerala State) and Satyaputras of the South up to Tamraparni; in the north-west, Yonas, Kambojas, and others; and in the interior Bhojas, Pitimikas, Andhras and Palidas.

From the measures for the relief of bodily suffering by treatment of phy-

sical diseases, Asoka went on to apply his idealism to a wider sphere, that of relieving mankind itself from the scourge and suffering of war.

He proposed the outlawry and abolition of war itself as an absolute evil (*adharmā*) and replacing bloody conquests by what he calls *Dharma-Vijaya*, the conquest of righteousness, the Triumph of Truth which is won by the willing consent of the conquered to be converted to this new doctrine in a feeling of spontaneous devotion (*priti-rasa*).

He declared that "there should not be any fresh conquest by violence" (*navam vijayam ma vijetaviya*). He applied this doctrine of Peace first to himself by stopping at the conquest of Kalinga as his last conquest in life.

Asoka was thus the first in history to declare disarmament and abolition of war as the foundations of universal Peace, and to apply to his own empire the principles that he preached.

These principles humanity has been still struggling to achieve through international institutions like the League of Nations and its successor, the U.N.O.

Asoka was thus far ahead of his age in his moral and political idealism.

He was more anxious to preach peace and spread morals than to extend his territory. By his Peace and Welfare Missions, he was building up a larger spiritual dominion and Kingdom of Righteousness, an empire of thought resting on the force of law, and not on the law of force.

He now devoted himself most assiduously to the moral uplift of his people by creating a separate Ministry of Morals, which embarked on a

whirlwind campaign for mass instruction in righteousness.

In his Inscriptions, he insists on the purity of the home and cultivation of domestic virtues as the foundation of religious life.

He lays a new emphasis on the view that religion is more a matter of conduct and character (*dharma-mangala*) than rituals and ceremonies (RE IX).

He points out that the best of gifts (*dharma-dana*) was not that of material perishable goods but the gift of character (RE XI).

In a country of multiplicity of sects and creeds, he emphasized toleration as the primary religion which must recognise that there is a *sara* or essence which is common to all religions, a universal moral standard as their fundamental basis.

This spirit of toleration is to be cultivated by followers of different religions by (1) coming together in assemblies (*samavaya*) to discuss their different doctrines in a breadth of outlook (*bahuka*); (2) studying their different religious texts like a *Bahusruta* and (3) restraining thoughtless criticism (*vachoguti*) (RE XII).

But Asoka was not merely an idealist and a religious reformer. He was also great as a builder. He was a builder of cities and palaces, of *stupas* and *viharas*, of rock-cut caves, and monolithic pillars and also of public works of utility of different kinds.

The Chinese traveller, Fa-hien, seeing his palace at Pataliputra, after a lapse of over 600 years, saw the royal palace and halls still existing now as of old, and as the work not of men but of spirits which piled up the stones, reared the walls and gates, and ex-



Samrat Asoka

cuted the elegant carving and inlaid sculpture work in a way which no human hand of this world could accomplish.

He built *stupas* as high as peaks of hills (*girisringa-kalpaih*) as described by the Divyavadana. He had caves cut as the abode of ascetics in the Khalatika hills of Barabar and Nagarjuni near Gaya, with their walls shining like mirrors.

The polish of the Asokan pillar is "the despair of modern masons" (Marshall). It was so shining that Tom Coryat and Whittaker (Kerr's *Voyages and Travels* IX, p. 423) coolly described it as "a pillar of brass", the Chaplain Terry as "a pillar of marble", and Bishop Heber as one of "cast metal".

The pillar also is an example of the

art of dressing, chiselling, and shaping of stones. The capitals of the columns were shaped into figures of animals which Marshall considers as "master-pieces in point of both style and technique, examples of finest carving".

The location of the pillars at their appointed sites presented a difficult problem of transport. They were huge monolithic shafts with a weight of 50 tons and height of 50 ft. which were hewn out of the neighbouring quarries of Chunar hills, fashioned at the central workshop at Pataliputra and transported to distances of 1,000 miles to be located at remote places like Meerut.

The *Tarikhi-Firozshahi* states that Sultan Firoz Shah Tughlak, to remove the Asokan Pillar from Topra (Ambala) to Delhi, had to employ the labour force of 8,400 men pulling at the 42 wheels of a cart to carry it. But, according to the Persian Mss., *Sirati-i-Firozshahi* of A.D. 1370 (20th year of Firoz Shah's reign), elephants were first tried and then 20,000 men for carrying the pillar to the river, placing it on boats, and for subsequent operations ending in its re-erection at Firozabad in Delhi (see *Arch. Memoir* No. 52 on Kotla Firoz Shah). Firoz Shah also removed to Delhi the other pillar from Meerut.

Mauryan engineering was quite up to solving these difficult problems of transport and haulage of stupendous weights by suitable mechanical contrivances.

It has also to its credit the construction of the earliest reservoir and dam for irrigation in India in Saurashtra.

According to the Inscription of the

Saka King Rudradaman I of 150 A.D. a beautiful lake (*tataka*) aptly called *Sudarsana* was constructed on the hills named Raivataka and Urjayat in the Saurashtra Province of the Maurya Empire with its governor (*Rashtriya*) named Pushyagupta Vaisya under emperor Chandragupta Maurya.

The reservoir was created by damming up the flow of the hill streams Palasini and others, and equipped with "conduits (*pranali*), drains, and means to guard against foul matters" by the Yavana Governor of Saurashtra named Tushaspha under Asoka.

Lastly, Asoka's greatness is proved by his solicitude for the welfare of the masses and the travelling public by the construction of public works of utility which included "(a) planting of shade-giving banyan trees and groves of mango trees on the highways, (b) providing wells (*udupana*) at every half *kos* of the roads, (c) construction of rest-houses (*nishadya*) and (d) providing watering places (*apana*) for use of men and cattle" (PE VII and RE II).

Asoka is also unique in leaving behind him a record of his work in Inscriptions which read like his autobiography. The Inscriptions are incised on stone, on rock and pillar to be read as his permanent proclamations of righteousness by the masses for whose convenience they were located and distributed all over his far-flung empire from Shahbaz Garhi and Mansehra in the north-west to Mysore in the south, Kalsi in the north, Dhauli in eastern India, and Maski and Kur-

Goddess DURGA

M. V. Sridatta Sarma

मंत्राणां मातृका देवी शब्दानां ज्ञानरूपिणी ।
ज्ञानानां चिन्मयातीता शून्यता शून्य साक्षिणी ।
यस्याः परतरं नास्ति सैषा दुर्गा प्रकीर्तिता ॥

"She, who is the mother of the sacred texts, whose form consists of the knowledge of words and sounds, whose knowledge (cognizance) transcends intelligence, who among the void serves as the witness of non-existence (Absolute). She, other than whom there cannot be any, is declared as Durga."

(Devayatharvasirsa).

INDU philosophy and theology recognise the meditation of the Absolute in the unconditioned (*nirguna*) and the conditioned (*saguna*) aspects. In the former case, the aspirant contemplates on *sat*, *chit* and *ananda* (Being, Consciousness and Bliss). In the latter, the Infinite is viewed in relation to the Universe as its source, guide and also as the omniscient and omnipotent Lord, who extends His Grace to all alike in the same manner as they approach. Thus, recourse is had to a symbol to represent the Supreme Spirit for purposes of worship. Generally, this symbol may consist of a word or syllable like the *pranava*, or an image (both physical and mental). This in turn depends on one's persuasions and serves as the Personal God.

The worship of Devi (godhead conceived as a female principle) is also recognised from time immemorial. Sri Sankaracharya includes Devi in his *panchayatana* or five-fold form of worship (Devi, Siva, Vishnu, Surya and Ganesa). The Saktas maintain that without the association of Sakti, nothing could be achieved by the Absolute Brahman. Also Sankara says in *Soundaryalahari*:

शिवः शक्त्या युवतो यदि भवति शक्तः
प्रभवितुं । नचेदेवं देवो न खलु कुशलः
स्पन्दितुमपि ॥

Sakti is energy personified. It is the psychic power which is centred in the human body. In *Yogasastra*, six cosmic planes are recognised with *Mooladhara* at the base and the *Ajna* at the summit. The *ojas* or energy flows through a channel (*nadi*) by name *Sushumna* and passes through the planes or nerve-centres and enkindles the latent *Kundalini* power. In the last centre *Ajna*, the Sakti becomes manifest in the form of a flash of light. These centres have their *gunas* or constituents (primordial modes) viz: (1) the *sattva* representing purity and knowledge, (2) *rajas* indicating passion and restless activity and (3) *tamas* representing ignorance or

indolence (a state of inertia). The planes are also identified with the *vyahrtis* or *lokas* (Bhuva, Suva, Maha, Jana, Tapa and Satya). According to Achyutananda, Sakti is identified with the three aspects of force (*Jnana* or consciousness, *iccha* or desire, and *kriya* or activity).

Sakti also implies the three stages through which the entire universe consisting of both macrocosm and microcosm have to pass (projection, preservation and dissolution). The functioning of the Trinity in the three phases are assigned to or associated with Saraswati, Lakshmi and Kali (the consorts of Brahma, Vishnu and Maheswara), who in turn sprang up from the Supreme Mahalakshmi.

In the Devyatharvasirsa hymn, a revelation is made by Devi to the gods thus: "I move with the Rudras as also the Vasus, the Adityas and the Viswa group of gods; I hold both Mitra and Varuna; I am Indra, Agni as also the Aswins; I preserve Soma, Tvasta (divine architect), Pusan (sun) and Bhaga (one of the twelve forms of the sun). I maintain Vishnu (who manifests himself and moves about in the three worlds), Brahma as also Prajapati. For the sake of the householder, I receive the wealth in the form of the oblations at the Soma sacrifice. I am the Supreme Spirit controlling the Universe. I am the granter of the desires cherished by the aspirants. I am the Spirit presiding over all sacrifices. I provide space for the released souls in the ethereal regions, in water and in the intermediary zones. My position rests in the intellects of persons, who always meditate on the form of the Self. The

person who meditates on Me will achieve celestial bounties."

Devi represents speech also. Says a hymn of the *Rigveda* thus: "The divine speech has its genesis from Devi and the omniscient beings speak of it. Let Devi confer strength by the sweet and mellifluous sounds (voice) and the milch cows in the form of speech entertain us."

In Puranic lore, Goddess Durga is described as a Vaishnavi Sakti. According to the *Suprabhedagama*, "She is the dear younger sister of Vishnu springing out of Adisakti." In a hymn of the *Taittiriya Aranyaka*, there is a description of Durga. The devotee offers supplications thus: "I seek refuge in Durga, who possesses the colour of fire, who blazes forth by Her austerities (or power), consorting with that self-luminous Lord and who is always worshipped by Her devotees with a view to obtain the fruits of their actions; this, my obedience to You, who serve as a barque for taking one to beatitude."

Durga means one who is inaccessible. She causes obstacles to ill conduct (*Durgam durgamam devim duracaravighatinim*). She is one who assists in crossing the ocean of mundane existence. The worship of Durga is either directly or indirectly associated with the Saiva cult. Durga is worshipped in many forms of which Navadurga is also one.

Generally speaking, the autumn or *saratkala* is associated with diseases and other ills being a period of danger. So, the worship of cosmic energy is enjoined. In benedictory verses, we see that the aspirants pray that they may be spared for a hundred au-

turns. States the *Durga Saptasati* thus: "One, who with fervent devotion conducts the Mahapuja annually during *saratkala*, recites or hears the readings relating to *Devi Mahatmya* will get himself absolved from all torments and afflictions. There is no doubt that he will obtain great possessions of wealth (including corn) by My Grace."

Durga is worshipped for nine days during the Navaratri commencing from Aswina-sukla-padyami. In the *Devi Bhagavata*, the worship of Devi during the nine days of the waxing moon in Chaitra and Aswina is held to be obligatory. The eighth day of Aswina is held sacred to Goddess Durga. For, on this day, Devi vanquished the Titan Mahisha. Hence She is otherwise known as Mahishasuramardini.

The *Varaha Purana*, *Vamanapurana* and the *Devi Bhagavata*, as also the *Mahatmya* describe the stories relating to the destruction of Mahisha (the buffalo demon), the very embodiment of Avidya. According to the version given in the *Devi Bhagavata*, the fiend Mahisha was the son of a demon Rambha. His mother was a lovely she-buffalo (Mahishmati). He performed severe austerities and prayed Brahma that he should be rendered immune from death at the hands of the Devas, Raksasas and men. He wished that if at all he should meet with death, it should be only through a woman. For, he thought that a woman would not be a match for him in a combat or strong enough to vanquish him. The demon became very powerful and harassed the Devas. Indra's capital was besieged and all his pos-

sessions seized. The three worlds were subdued. The Devas in turn met together. Suddenly, all the gods emitted flames of anger from their eyes and countenances. From this came forth a mountain of effulgence. From this *tejas*, sprang up the form of a maiden with eighteen hands. The gods in their turn gave this paragon of beauty all the missiles. Thus Siva gave Her his trident, Vishnu his discus and Varuna a conch. Agni in his turn gave his dart, while Surya a quiver and arrows. Indra's contribution was the thunderbolt. Kubera gave his mace. Brahma lent his rosary and water-pot, while Kala gave his sword and shield. The battle-axe and other weapons were sent by Viswakarma. Himavan, the king of mountains, gave a lion. Various other gods sent various arms as also varieties of ornaments for purposes of decoration.

Chanda and Munda, the two deputies of the fiend Mahisha, who saw the form of Devi were enamoured and gave reports of the goddess who had fixed her habitation on the Vindhya. The passionate Mahisha was determined to seize Her. He showered encomiums. He seized his army and marched. He demanded that Devi should become his spouse. Devi replied that a custom was in vogue in Her family according to which the wooer should conquer the damsel selected before being united in matrimony. The result was that a battle ensued. Vishnu presented Devi with an armour (as a protection against the weapons directed by the enemies). The battle took a heavy toll and countless demons were slain by Devi's shafts. The strength of Mahisha's followers dwindled gra-

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dually and so he chose to have an open combat. A terrible duel ensued. The Goddess employed Her weapons. Varuna's noose was hurled against the giant; but he escaped it by assuming a tiny form. Devi descended down from the lion and smote him with Her sword. Soon after this, the fiend toppled down senseless on the ground, when Devi trampled him and severed his head. This is the story of the fiend Mahisha as related in the Puranas. Mahisha's associates Raktabija, Sumbha and Nishumbha were also vanquished by Devi in Her terrible forms (as Kali, Chandi and Chamundi). The day on which the demoniacal forces were thus suppressed is known as Kalatratri (Dark Night).

The accounts as given in the *Padma Purana* disclose that the fiend Mahisha was killed by Vaishnavi on the Mandara mountains in the Swayambhuva Manvantara and that he was subdued a second time by Nanda in the Vaiswata Manvantara.

The story is rather allegorical. Mahisha is a byword for all evils and represents Avidya or ignorance, while Devi represents the Jnana sakti (consciousness) eradicating all that darkness or gloom which pervades. Scholars are inclined to believe that this story indicates the substitution of a goddess for purposes of worship in lieu of the buffalo totem, which was pre-

valent among primitive tribes.

Like the actor who on the stage assumes different forms, though he has only one (with the object of entertaining the spectators), so for the welfare of the world, the Supreme Spirit though formless, springs forth as if it were a pastime in manifold forms (both conditioned and unconditioned).

Thus, Devi manifests Herself in innumerable forms. She is designated as Vishnu Maya, the essence of all beings (the source of sensation). She settles Herself in the form of intelligence or talent. She enters into beings as sleep, hunger, shadow, power, avidity, forbearance, birth, modesty, tranquillity, lustre, faith, prosperity, steadiness, profession (being in a particular state), faculty of recollection, compassion, propriety (decorum), gratification and nourishment. She manifests Herself in the form of the mother. She appears also as delusion. She is the Parasakti and the presiding power over the faculties of the senses in respect of all beings in whom she has always pervaded. She has stretched out and settled in the form of knowledge into the entire Universe.

Thus says the Goddess: "As and when torment arising from the fiends becomes imminent, then in that case, I for My part descending down will bring about the destruction (termination) of the enemies."

It is a pleasure indeed to enjoy prosperity after experiencing adversity. It is like the lighting of a lamp in pitch darkness. But to revert to poverty from prosperity will only make a living corpse of a man.



Sir M. Visvesvaraya, born: 15, September, 1861.

शतमानं भवति शतायुः पुरुषः शतेन्द्रियः

अयमस्योपदेशो प्रतिपाद्यते

A CENTENARIAN'S ADVICE

THE way to build a better nation is to build better individuals.

A successful nation is usually composed of citizens, the majority of whom are efficient, of good character and possess a reasonably high sense of duty.

An individual who aspires to be trusted should have character.

The foundation of business, as we know it, is credit. Credit depends upon confidence, and confidence upon character.

The average Indian is inclined to take things easy. The amount of work or effort put in by him in the usual course is small. The efficiency and economic strength of the country are in consequence very low.

One common slogan of the West, the importance of which the Indian citizen has not yet sufficiently grasped, is:

*"If you do not work,
Neither shall you eat."*

In Western countries citizens work harder, the quality of their work is high and, therefore, both the income earned and the standard of living maintained happen to be comparatively far higher.

If work is done in a disciplined manner by assigning to it a fixed number of hours regularly every day, it will considerably enhance the value of effort.

Hard work performed in a disciplined manner will in most cases keep the worker fit and also prolong his life.

The popular belief, that rest under all conditions benefits health, should be discarded. Many people resort to change of work for relief; it is action-cure, not rest-cure, in their case.

Efficiency implies the possession, in a high degree, of the qualities of diligence, ambition, punctuality, discipline, precision, and a desire to do one's work of as high a quality as possible. Ordinarily, the higher the quality of work the greater will be the reward.

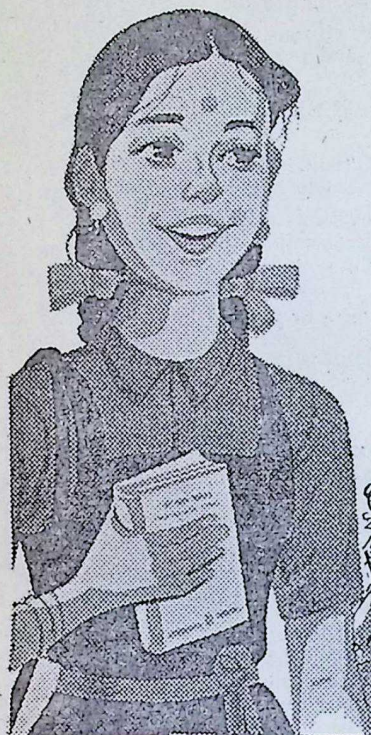
In Western countries the capacity to work in harmony with one's fellow men is highly appreciated. Friendly feeling between individuals to the same extent is lacking in India at present.

The behaviour of every citizen to fellow workers or neighbours should be marked by harmony and courtesy.

—M. VISVESVARAYA

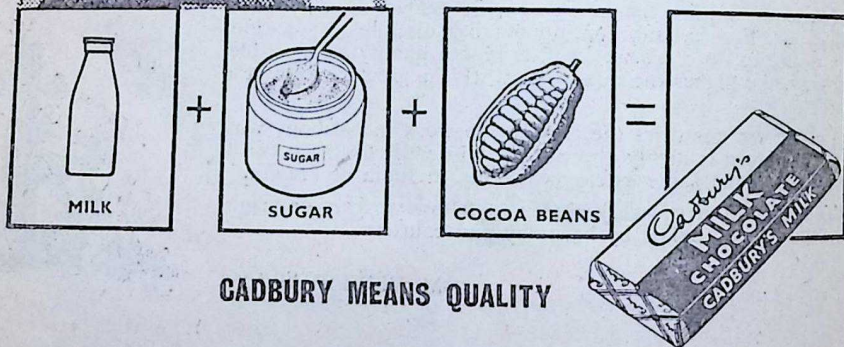
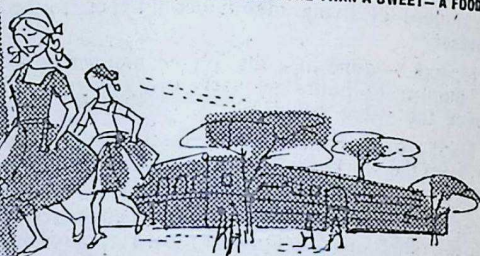


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The Care of

YOUR CHILD'S TEETH

Dr. P. N. Bansali

THE dictum that the mouth is the gateway to health is truer of the teeth than perhaps anything else, for there is closer relationship between them and general health. Indeed, failure to recognise this will lead to deterioration of health on a double count: one through infection and the other through imperfect mastication. The sooner therefore the child is made aware of this fact the better.

I may not be thought a purist when I suggest that the child be introduced to the dentist as soon as he has grown all the temporary teeth, say when he is three years old. It is only a precautionary measure, for if there are defects like caries, he may attend to it. Of course it is wise to follow it up with six-monthly check-ups. In any event, it is unwise to wait till the child complains of tooth pain, when it may be too late to save the decayed parts.

The widened scope of modern dentistry covers not merely the restoration of lost tooth-structure, but also the preservation of the supporting tissues of the teeth and the oral mucosa in tooth health and disease.

It is true that the milk-teeth will soon fall; all the same they should not be neglected. These are the teeth

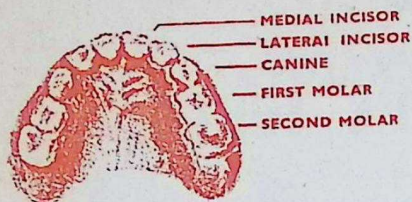
that help them chew their food upto the age of eleven.

The milk-teeth consist of four incisors in the front of each jaw, a single canine tooth on each side of the incisors and a pair of molars on each side beyond the canines.

The main function of the teeth is of course to masticate the food i.e. to reduce it to such a finely divided state that it may readily be acted upon by the various digestive fluids secreted in the system.

During mastication the mouth is full of saliva which blends with and softens the food. The saliva has a digestive ferment which plays a very prominent part in digesting the starch. Therefore the child must be taught to masticate the food more thoroughly and eat the food slowly, so that this ferment saves a good deal of digestive labour at a later stage.

The roots of bad teeth are laid in childhood, due mainly to the neglect of parents to teach dental hygiene to the children. When many of the parents themselves do not know the value of dental hygiene and the correct mode of cleaning the teeth, the children can hardly be blamed. The schools at the kindergarten level can take



The Baby teeth

the initiative in this matter with advantage.

This is how teeth decay. Due to improper chewing and cleaning thereafter, food particles stagnate in the crevices between teeth, as also on the rough chewing surfaces called pits and fissures. Our modern diet consists mainly of carbohydrates, refined sugar and starch. The deficiency of roughage is evident.

Micro-organisms of bacteria come in contact with the stagnated food as a result of which acids are formed. These acids corrode the enamel and disintegrate the organic and inorganic constituents of the teeth. Soon a minute hole or cavity is formed on the surface of the teeth where the bacteria comfortably settle and produce more acids which destroy more enamel. Even at this stage if the dentist is not consulted and the small cavity is not cleaned and filled, the decay in the cavity goes deeper and reaches the pulp which contains nerves and blood vessels, and then through blood vessels the bacteria enter the blood stream which goes to all the parts of the body carrying the disease-forming bacteria with it. The tooth may then start paining, and once the pulp is infected and abscesses have developed on the root

ends it is too late—it is the end of the tooth, the tooth has to be removed.

It has been found that in the modern man the jaw decreases in size sooner than dentition which causes overcrowding of teeth and other deformities.

Impaired third molar trouble is due to lack of space for the tooth to erupt. Irregular front teeth is also due to lack of space in the jaw to accommodate them. We have now treatment for correcting the irregularities of such teeth. Here again your dentist will be the best man to detect the irregularity from the start and guide you to treat the irregular or overlapping teeth. This treatment will give your child better look and help him develop a positive, confident personality, so important in modern life.

As I said, dental disease starts with soft food. It does not however end there. Impaired dentition makes hard chewing more and more difficult. Hence the food has to become softer still. It thus becomes a vicious circle. The only way to break this circle is to have good periodical dental check-ups throughout life and competent treatment for disorders, if any, besides of course the formation of healthy dental habits during early childhood.

Due to lack of oral hygiene not only do teeth start decaying but the gums get irritated due to stagnation of food particles. This results in gingivitis i.e. inflammation of gums. These type of gums bleed very easily.

As no pain accompanies it, the patient neglects this, and this by unseen degree leads to pockets in which pus develops and eventually the patient is a prey to pyorrhoea.

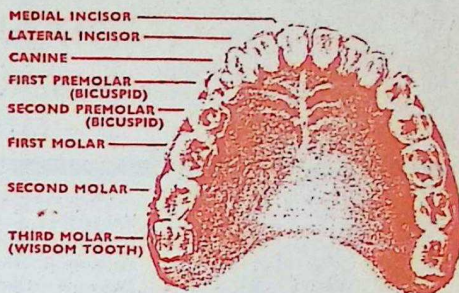
Pan-chewing results in coating the teeth with a dark brown crustation. Due to this, the gums tend to separate from the teeth and eventually the teeth become loose.

Chewing of betel-nut and pan puts a lot of strain on the supporting tissues of the teeth, which slowly break down, thus weakening the teeth. The worst point is that this process of damage is not accompanied by pain. Therefore the chewer does not realise this till it is too late when the supporting structures have completely broken down and the teeth start shaking and become sensitive to sweets, sour and cold-drinks. Pan with tobacco does greater damage.

Using *dantan* (babul or other twig) for cleaning teeth is a very good habit, as far as it gives good exercise to the supporting tissues of the teeth during its process of chewing besides removing suspended impurities. These green twigs exude certain medicinal juices which have a beneficial effect on the mouth. But the *dantan's* obvious drawback is that it cannot reach all the surfaces of the teeth and especially those between the teeth of the molars (grinders). Here the tooth-brush scores.

Though it is not within the scope of this article to discuss the correct method of tooth brushing in detail, which could be only done by your dentist at chair-side, I will attempt to place before you some important points.

Never brush across the teeth. Brush each tooth in turn using the brush from gum to tooth. Brush each jaw separately. Use your tooth-brush like



The Permanent teeth

a paint brush and not like a scrubbing brush.

In brushing the back teeth at the top, place the brush in your mouth so that the tips of the bristles may point upwards and the sides of the bristles may contact the teeth and the gums. Press the sides of the bristles firmly against the gums and teeth with slight vibratory motion. Then drag the brush slowly from the gum towards the biting surface of the teeth. Remember to maintain steady pressure and vibrate gently.

The steady friction and the pressure massage the gums and help keep them healthy. Brushing down on the top teeth and up on the bottom teeth helps remove food particles from the crevices in the teeth. The inside of the teeth has to be similarly brushed. The brushing of the teeth should be done for three to five minutes and then the mouth has to be rinsed vigorously with water.

Brush the teeth at least twice a day with the brush. In order to get greater benefit teeth should be brushed within ten minutes after eating. School-going children should be instructed to rinse their mouth well after the lunch in the

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school. The same goes for adults too. If I may say so, it is better to have the brushing habit checked by the dentist from time to time.

More than tooth-pastes and tooth powders, which should be smooth in consistency, the better you brush your teeth, the better you keep your mouth healthy.

Roughages in food have a cleansing action and as such detergent foods like raw vegetables, lettuce, carrot, cabbage or turnip, or fruits like apples, sugar-cane, etc. should preferably be taken at the end of a meal.

I may emphasise at the end that there is nothing in preventive medicine that equals mouth-hygiene and the preservation of teeth. Verily mouth is the gateway to health, guard it.

EXAMS?

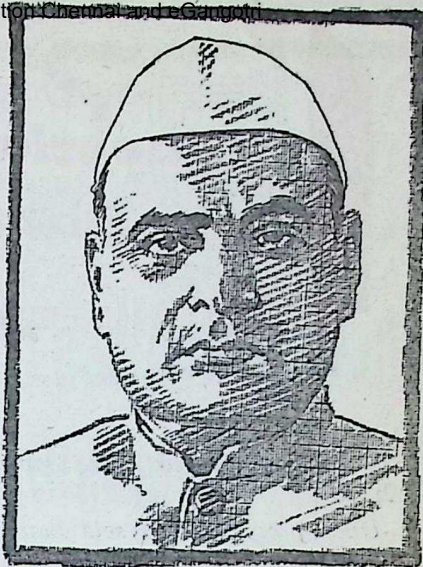
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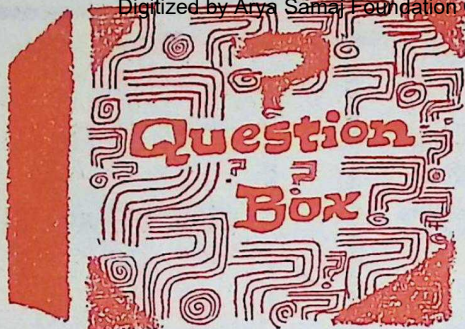
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LATE SRI FEROZE GANDHI

In the sad and sudden demise of Sri Feroze Gandhi at the early age of 48, India has lost a great patriot and energetic parliamentarian. A leading journalist and forceful speaker, his speeches in the Parliament were listened to with utmost care and attention. He had the crusading spirit in him. He was a conscientious and painstaking worker. A tireless champion of the cause of the underprivileged, his interests were nevertheless wide and catholic. He was a Member of the Public Accounts Committee of the Parliament and Chairman of the Oil Refineries Ltd. sponsored by Govt. A popular figure in the lobbies, he had his own corner in the Assembly. May God give Smt. Indira Gandhi and Prime Minister Nehru the strength to bear this irreparable loss. May Sri Gandhi's soul rest in peace.



ANSWERS by

K. M. Munshi

827

Sri Tadikonda Vanakrishna Sarma,
Undi.

Q: One of my teachers said that a "wife is a knife to cut your life." My friend, however, insisted that a "wifeless life is a moonless night." Will you kindly give your views in this matter so as to assist me in coming to a decision for getting married myself?

*A: Your teachers—if what you attribute to them is true—are fond of playing on meaningless words. Your friend also wants to rhyme wifeless with moonless. Life is incomplete without man and wife discovering harmony of the body, emotions and spirit. When they are united as Parvati and Parameshvara, to use Kalidasa's simile, like word and sense—*vagartha-viva sampriktau*—life attains its fulfilment.*

828

Sri P. Pothan Setty, Rayadrug,
Anantapur Dist.

Q: Can one become a Sannyasi without proper Gurupadesa?

A: Unless we are inspired by a Guru

and for a few years live in his company, it is very difficult to change our mental content. Unless it is so changed Sannyasa does not become real.

However there have been gifted souls who have taken to real Sannyasa without a Guru, but those souls have been very rare.

829

Sri K. Krishna, Gulbargh, Hyderabad (Dn.).

Q: According to St. John 14:6, Jesus sayeth unto him, "I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me". How far can we believe this statement?

A: Jesus Christ was one of those, in whom, according to me, God hād descended, as in an avatar. His way was the way of love, which is both Truth and Life. When he used the words 'no man cometh unto the Father but by me', he only meant that without realizing Truth and Love—which he represented—no one could attain God, or, to use the words of Sri Krishna, "Live in Me".



A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar

IN these days of academic chaos in our country, to be chosen as the Vice-Chancellor of a University for the seventh consecutive term (of three years each) admits of only one explanation: that man must be extraordinarily capable, particularly when he can well afford to shine in his own light without this honour. You have now before you a picture of Dr. Arcot Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, the Vice-Chancellor of Madras University. The entire academic world will recognise him instantly by his lily-white turban with its Jari border and the vertical saffron mark shining on his forehead. The highest international conferences have not discouraged him from wearing these two adjuncts which to him are more or less emblems of national honour and religious piety.

Dr. Mudaliar is one of the twin sons of his parents, the other being the famous statesman-cum-industrialist, Sir A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar.

The problem of twins is of great interest not only to the science of medicine and psychology but to astrology as well. In the present case, both are males and both have become famous in their own ways. The writer knows of a case in which one of the twins is a male and the other a female. While the female has become very prosperous, the male suffers from grinding poverty. To argue that God is partial to women is to forget that He could at least have made both prosperous! This is by the way.

Born 73 years ago of a respectable family of Kurnool, now of the Andhra Pradesh, Dr. Mudaliar has carved for himself a unique place in the academic

world of this country. During his long tenure of over eighteen years of Vice-Chancellorship, the Madras University has grown by leaps and bounds: the departments have increased; education of women has progressed considerably; a high standard of education is being maintained; above all, student-unrest is unknown.

The story is told that when on a previous occasion the Senate of the Madras University sent Dr. Mudaliar's name as its unanimous choice for Vice-Chancellorship, the then Chancellor is reported to have remarked, jocularly of course, "You deprive me of my power to choose between three nominees as required by the University Act!" Since then, it is said, three names are being sent for the sake of formality although he is the unspoken choice.

Recently Dr. Mudaliar hit the headlines by his difference with the State Education Minister when he plumped for the English medium for higher education as against the State Minister's plea for adopting the regional language. (Examples are not wanting in this country of Vice-Chancellors standing up to bureaucratic inroads in the academic sphere. The late Sir Asutosh Mukerji's was a shining example.) While the outcome of the pilot experiment at Coimbatore at the Minister's behest is awaited with interest, the University Senate is apparently solidly behind Dr. Mudaliar by its near unanimous choice of him for the Vice-Chancellor's post for the seventh time.

Academics is not the only field that claims his attention. Equally important is the medical world where his

services continue to be in great demand. As a leading obstetrician and gynaecologist, his contribution to that field has won international recognition. His books on those subjects have become classics in medical lore. As leader of the opposition in the Madras Legislative Council to which he was elected by overwhelming majorities his contribution to its discussions has been uniformly profound and fruitful.

Dr. Mudaliar was educated at the Christian and Medical Colleges of Madras. Joining the Madras Medical Services, he served as Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology in the Madras Medical College for eight years from 1934 and was appointed first Indian Principal of the same College in 1939.

He has been connected with the University education of the State in one form or another ever since 1924. He was Chairman of the Inter-University Board and its Standing Committee. Of the Indian Medical Council, he has been a member since its inception. Other bodies with which he has been connected are: The All India Council of Technical Education, All India Council of Scientific and Industrial Research, etc. He had been the Chief Commissioner of the Provincial Boy-Scouts Association. He did valuable work as Chairman of the Secondary Education Enquiry Commission in 1952-53. When the affairs of the Banaras Hindu University were in the doldrums, the Rashtrapati in his capacity as Visitor asked Dr. Mudaliar to inquire into them and make a report which he did. He is Chairman of the Health Survey and Development Committee of the Third Five-

Year Plan. His international connections include the Chairmanship of the Executive Board of the WHO and the UNESCO.

Deeply religious by temperament, Dr. Mudaliar is justly famous for his equanimity, tolerance and just appreciation. An able administrator, he is known for his integrity and grasp of details. He has the unique gift of steering clear of disputes and presenting a united formula. His very presence exudes an atmosphere of dignity and respectability. Age sits lightly on his shoulders. Beneath bushy eye-brows his keen and alert eyes inspire con-

fidence in other men.

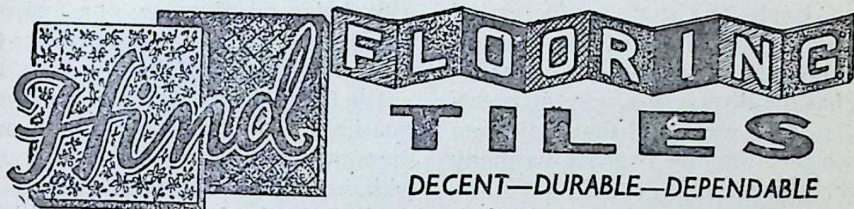
A recipient of Padma Bhushan (1954), he has been honoured by conferment of a number of honorary degrees too. He has been our cultural Ambassador in his constant trips abroad. A great friend of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in its manifold activities, he is the Chairman of the Bhavan's Madras Kendra. That in his age of retirement he should give his very best to the country speaks volumes of his high sense of mission in the great cause of humanity, for no cause is greater than education.

May he live long!

Good company imparts some goodness to wicked men, but wicked company cannot impart wickedness to good men. The rose does not partake of the smell of the earth on which it falls but the earth does.

—Wise Saying.

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France, on the organization of the command of land forces under Eisenhower, on the direction of the final advance and the liberation of Prague and Berlin —on all these points the British Chiefs of Staff, backed by the Prime Minister on occasion, sought to convince the U.S. Chiefs of Staff of the rightness of their view and to get them to join in instructing the Supreme Commander accordingly. In every case the U.S. Chiefs of Staff sought the opinion of the Supreme Commander, and then took the line that they saw no reason to question his right to decide the matter. They declined to exercise a close supervision over his military policy, nor were they pressed to do so by the President. Roosevelt's powers were failing as his end drew near, but in any case he preferred to be guided by General Marshall. It is a matter of opinion whether different decisions would have brought about a more favourable political situation in post-war Europe. The study of the art of control in war will dwell for long on these matters. We can at least be thankful that the divergences were no greater than they were, and that they were outweighed by the over-all harmony of the alliance.

One wonders how the strong-minded men who led the Allied forces in the war were able to bear the strain not merely of responsibility and hard work, but of interference, prodding, criticism and complaint coming from their political masters. How, in turn, could the politicians cope with the frustrations of ill-success and the heavy casualties in operations which they found difficult to understand and whose limiting factors they often

could not appreciate? In the First World War the relations between the politicians and the soliers were marked by ill-will and intrigue. Was it the same this time? Generally speaking, it was not, and the main reason for this was that as a result of the lessons of the past the correct functions of the civil and military authorities had been defined and machinery had been built up through which each could exert its proper force without disruption. One sees in Lord Alanbrooke's book how severe the strain became and how at times fatigue and exasperation grew to be almost more than he could bear. The dynamic concentration of his great master, who could never relax and who exerted constant pressure on every point, coming on top of his endless daily burden of work, was at once an inspiration and a penance. We must make allowances for the fact that we are reading a diary in which the impressions are immediate and not always balanced. Even so, one feels the atmosphere which always pervades the conduct of great affairs.

The fact is that powerful forces generate heat as well as motion, and only those men who can pursue their course without being bent and charred by the heat survive in their high positions. Nearly every great commander in history has been driven to the limit by the importunity of his government at home, and often by its lack of understanding and support. This is one of the hazards of high command.

Fortunate were those commanders who served men who, while driving them hard, gave them consistently loyal support and encouragement.

HANUMATI REJOINS

[Continued from issue dated July 24, 1960. Due to circumstances beyond our control, this series could not be resumed before now. The inconvenience is regretted.]

The gardener woman is advising her cripple son not to associate with artisan friends. She is relating the story of how an artisan betrayed his friend Samba. The latter had entered a monkey body leaving his own to pick some fruits for his wife when the artisan entered the vacant body of his friend and claimed Samba's wife.—Ed.]

WHEN the drama of transmigration was taking place between Samba and the artisan friend, Samba's wife was a mute spectator. There was little outward manifestation to warrant suspicion. But intuitively she suspected that something was going wrong. The strange behaviour of the monkey which all but spoke and was shedding tears lent ground for her suspicion.

As she walked, it was no doubt the body of her husband that accompanied her. But certain modes of expression and thought on his part appeared to be foreign to her. As they proceeded, a child of some forest-dweller they had previously met was standing beside a tree, yet the new Samba walked away ignoring him. All these added to her suspicion.

Although she consoled herself for the time being that the body was that of her husband, she could not entirely reconcile herself to the situation. She recalled the *puranic* anecdote. Two brothers-in-law made an offering of their heads to Parvati. Pleased with the prayers of their wives

Parvati gave their husbands back to them by piecing together the heads and bodies. But it so happened that one man's body was linked to the other man's head, yet they came alive. The two women were flabbergasted at this strange transformation and did not know who should accept whom as her husband. The learned men of the time conferred and gave the ruling that as the head was the prized organ of the body, the choice should be determined by the proper heads. Accordingly the women took back as their husband the one with the former husband's face.

In the present case, it was even simpler. The body did not change at all, although the spirit inside seemed different. Yet for the time being, following the above precedent, she lived with new Samba.

Old Samba despite his monkey form, could not easily forget his former love and so little by little he came down and started hovering about his former wife. Fake Samba too noticed the monkey. Realizing the danger of permitting it to come near them, he set

the vandals of the place against it. They booed it, threw stones and by other means started driving it away. Unable to bear these persecutions, the monkey started running helter-skelter seeking shelter in all sorts of places. The persecutors becoming merciless, the monkey ultimately receded into the forest where, tired by hectic running, it drank mouthfuls of clear water and ate the forest-fruits.

As the monkey rested for a while, it saw the dead body of a parrot by the wayside. Seeking to escape from persecution at the hands of his artisan enemy, Samba left the monkey-body and entered that of the parrot. Unable to bear the separation from his beloved, Samba in parrot-form flew once again into the city with the intention of living close to his beloved and draw consolation from her face at least.

One day the Samba pair were witnessing a prize-fight between their pet goats. It so happened that Samba's goat fell down dead, pierced by the horns of the other. Suddenly fake Samba, hurt by the defeat, left off his body and entered that of the dead goat to resume the fight to the finish. That was the chance for which the parrot had been waiting. So, real Samba left the parrot body and re-entered his original body left vacant by the action of the artisan.

Coming into his own, Samba's next action was to cut the throat of the goat into which the artisan had entered into two. His anger did not subside even at that. He therefore held the dead goat by its hind legs and hurled the carcass sky-high which fell on this hillock and from that day

blood has been flowing like a river down this hill. Yama's messengers control the flow lest it should break the bunds.

Finally Sage Kaundinya asked: "Is there anything so sinful as the betrayal of a friend?"

Komala Bhaskara and his friend fell at the feet of the sage and once again expressed their sense of obligation to the sage.

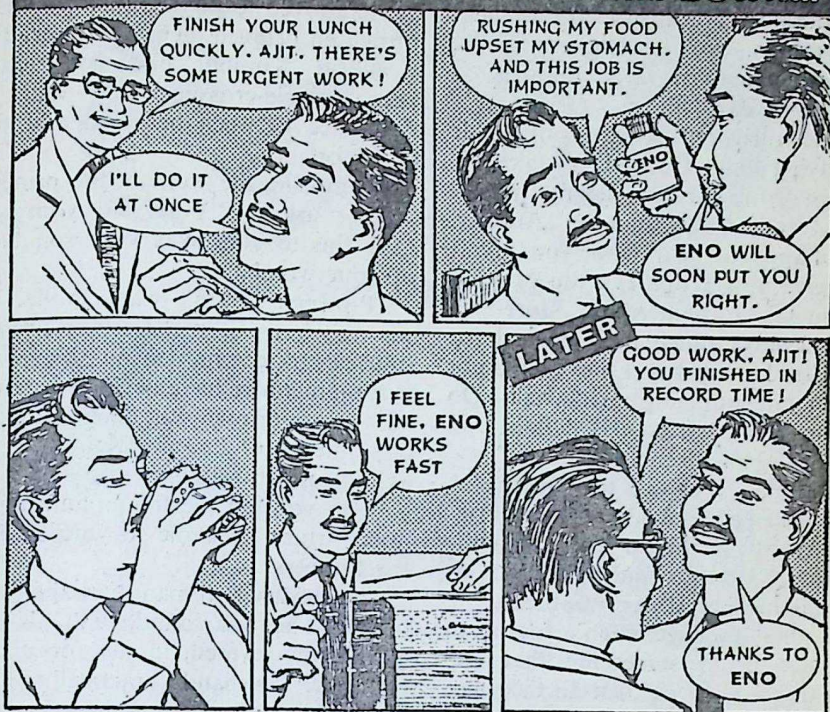
Completing this story, the gardener-woman said to Pavaka: "My child, I have heard the above story from my elders. That is why I had to warn you against untrustworthy friends. Such people never fail to harm you, or your relatives. It is in their blood. Do not go near them. Even if they force themselves on you, refuse to look at them. Do you hear?"

Pavaka could not believe his own ears because what the old woman had been telling was hundred per cent true in his life. The betrayal of Kumbhi appeared before his mind's eye like a cinema show in all its ramifications. He wondered if his adopted mother could have intuition, or heard all about him. However that be, her words were all true and that fully lent support to the hellish action that Kumbhi had undertaken against him.

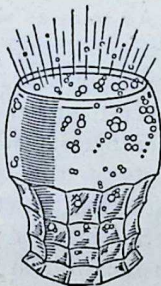
The last part of the story she related started working on Pavaka's mind. Thought he: "Of what use is my life if I do not tear my betrayer to pieces with my own hands?"

Disturbing his trend of thought, the old woman said: "My son! The princess of this country Hanumati is the most good-natured girl I have seen. She has become very devoted to me. She lays all the flowers and garlands

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your father takes or I take to her every day. She would wait for us to bring the flowers rather than buy them from others. She is devoted to the poor. She feeds a large number of them every day."

These words fell like drops of nectar to a dying man. Deciding to take advantage of the liaison accidentally established by her, Pavaka said: "Mother, I am happy to hear what you say. I shall give you a tip. Tell the princess all you know about me. I assure you she will show much more regard for you. You know what it means. Do not think I am indulging in idle talk. Do this once, as I tell you. If it fails, you need not listen to me any more."

"My son! You are too optimistic. Where are you and where is the princess? What are we to gain from the narration? I don't think I shall do as you tell me," said she sceptically.

"Mother, I am not such a fool as to ask you to do something that will bring discredit to us. Just do this once and see if you do not get a reward for it," said Pavaka.

Pavaka further gave the woman a golden head-ornament and told her: "Mother, take the princess aside and show her this piece of jewellery. She will be extremely delighted and she will ask you who gave this. Then tell her I did. Don't fear. Good-bye."

Accordingly the gardener-woman took the jewellery to the princess and when she showed it to her, the princess evinced very great pleasure. Said she: "This is my head-ornament (*chudamani*). Who gave it to you?"

"My son," she replied.

This put a stop to the anxious moments of the princess. Her life's

episodes unrolled before her like a film. She recollected how her husband Pavaka loved to possess this ornament of hers in beloved memory of her. The wretched Kumbhi had consistently been double-crossing her. What a difference between her lord and this impostor!

Addressing the woman, the princess further asked: "You said your son gave this to you. Was your son born of your womb?"

"Princess! I don't want to lie. He was not born of me. Certain circumstances brought him to me. From the first moment we have been looking upon him as our own. But does that make any difference? Did not Krishna grow as the son of Nanda?" said she.

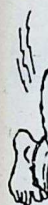
"Can you tell me the circumstances under which he came to you?" asked the Princess.

The gardener-woman thereupon told her how he was found, with his legs and hands severed, in the forest and how her husband practically gave him rebirth, how they had become fond of him and how, though a cripple, he looked after their garden efficiently.

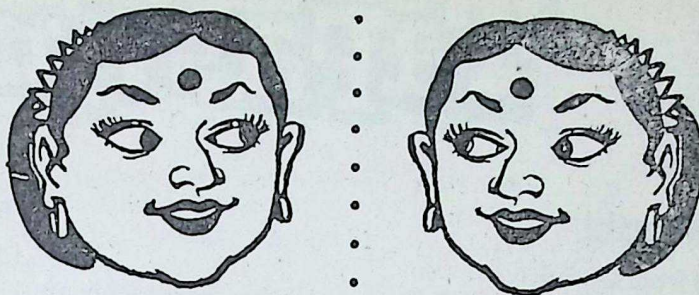
As soon as she heard this, Princess Hanumati had little difficulty in recognising that this cripple son was no other than her husband Pavakaroma. Her breasts heaved as she shed torrents of tears at the series of misfortunes that beset her lord.

She made a present of a costly sari to the woman and said: "From your account it appears that your son should be very good-natured. May I see him one of these days?"

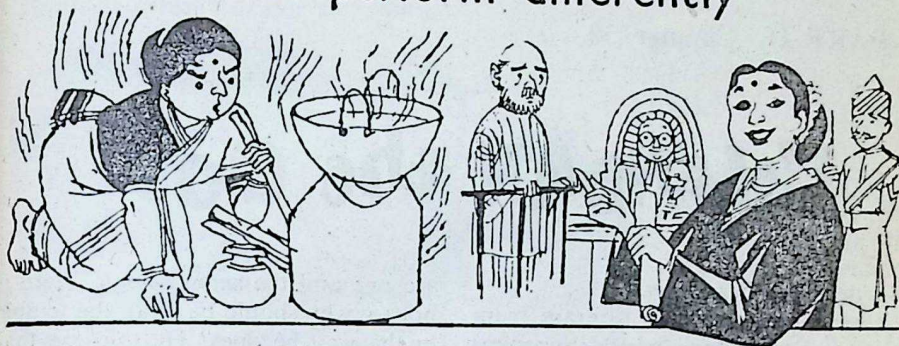
(To be continued)



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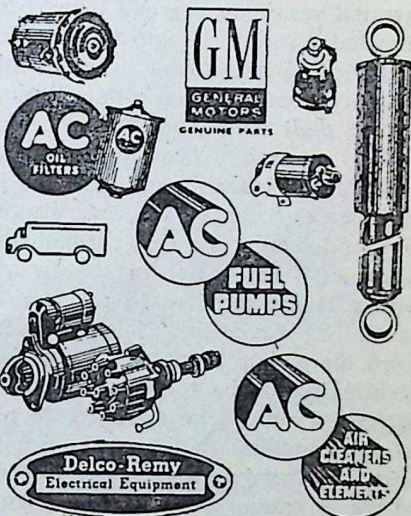
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Tapasvini

by

K. M. Munshi

Translated from Gujarati

by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II Chapter 30

CHANDAN the GOD

My dear brother Uday,

I have not been able to erase from my mind the story which Swamiraj narrated yesterday nor can I just forget what I saw in the private temple. Even now I am unable to say with certainty whether it was all an illusion or the *thali* containing the offerings to God was really floating in the air.

Evidently Swamiraj sees his God in Chandan and that is why every morning and evening he goes through the ritual of feeding her in that secret temple. I am tempted to ask him if he really believed that Chandan's soul lived there, but I dare not, as I feel I shouldn't probe too much into his secrets; I must take special care not to ask anything that I ought not to ask, for Swamiraj has been so good to me. I cannot yet reconcile myself to the thought that he and Sarvanand

are one and the same person. Were it not so, why should he go to the temple in the way he does? He told me that he has done so for the last thirty-five years; not even once has he missed it.

The following day he continued the story of Sarvanand and Chandan:

Both the Thakore and Ba Sahab (his mother) of Barkantha were delighted in securing the services of someone who was not only a good soldier but also a learned Brahman. The fact that he was formerly in the service of their hereditary enemy gave edge to their happiness. They accommodated him in the temple of Bhutanath, and soon after, made him officiate as its Pujari.

After completing his routine devotional practices, Rajubhatt went out with Thakore's men on their

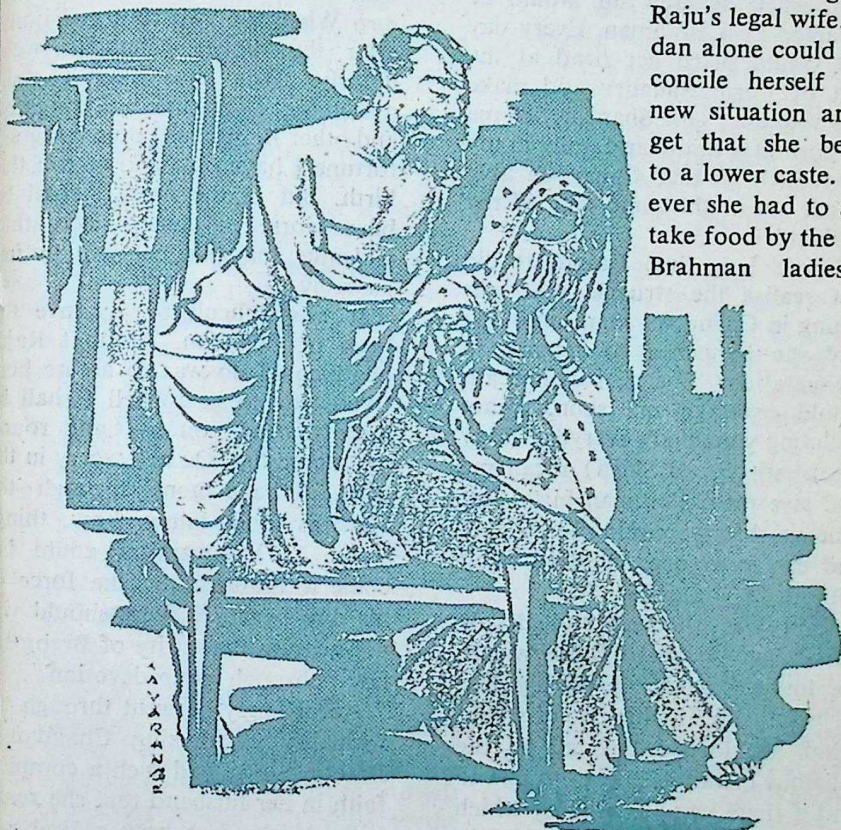
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nocturnal adventures in search of loot. The Thakores of Dhebaria and Barkantha themselves bade their men commit dacoities and appropriated the loot. These bravados spread terror right from Baroda to Broach. They were complete masters of the highway. The police of the Baroda State and the British police appeared helpless against their might.

In this hundred square mile area there were none to rival Rajubhatt in horsemanship or swordsmanship.

He was as unsparing of himself as he was fearless. Small wonder that in a very short time he became the right-hand man of the young Thakore of Barkantha. The Thakore who was barely twenty years of age had come to the *gaddi* only two years before. The administration lay for the most part in the hands of Ba Saheb, his mother, who too became extremely fond of both Rajubhatt and Chandan.

Everyone naturally accepted Chandan as a Brahman girl and Raju's legal wife. Chandan alone could not reconcile herself to the new situation and forget that she belonged to a lower caste. Whenever she had to sit and take food by the side of Brahman ladies, she



would, as explanation, first show three days. Her devotion to her husband was as complete as ever. Their son, Shambhudatt, who was strong and healthy, grew into a fine youngster. Chandan had really no cause for unhappiness except what her own conscience inflicted on her by reason of her having to live in the midst of Brahmans, which she thought was committing sin. That was why she always cooked things in milk for Rajubhatt. She also kept asking herself whether Shambhudatt, when he grew up, would be accepted as a Brahman. Every day she would place her head at the feet of Lord Mahadev and make one request: 'Oh! Shankar, let me be born in a Brahman family in my next birth so that I may be able to eat out of the same *thali* of my husband.'

For a long time Rajubhatt did not realise the struggle that was raging in Chandan's mind until one day she happened to remark in exasperation: 'Bhattji, I wish death would overtake me soon. I am polluting your body everyday. May Bholanath (Lord Shiva) recall me and give me a Brahman birth next time so that we could marry duly and eat from one another's hand without feeling guilty.'

Raju was shocked and deeply hurt when he heard those words. He loved Chandan so dearly that he would do anything to ease her mind. He looked through all the religious literature known to him to find if there was any way by which he could make Chandan a Brah-

man. For his part he had no doubt whatsoever that he could do so. Chandan was part of himself as was Parvati that of Lord Shiva. He blamed orthodoxy for making Chandan feel that he could not eat the food cooked by her.

One day Ba Saheb had invited them along with other Brahman guests. It was impossible for them to refuse. They went and had to take their meal along with other Brahman couples. Being very fond of Chandan, Ba Saheb greeted her with affection and offered her a *sari*. When the two returned home after the dinner, Chandan wept bitterly. 'What sins have I committed that I continue polluting you and other Brahmans? By some good fortune I have obtained you in this birth. But in the next, I shall be born worse in consequence, thus widening the gulf between us impassably.'

It was difficult to disprove the logic of Chandan. All that Rajubhatt could do was to assure her: 'Were you to go to hell I shall be there to lead you by hand round the sacred fire. Do not worry in the least. I have gone through the Shastras and know how things stand. If Vishwamitra could become a Brahman by the force of his dire penances, why should you not acquire the purity of Brahmanhood through your devotion?'

Accordingly he went through the formality of making Chandan a Brahman. She had such a complete faith in her husband that she really believed she was now a Brahman

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reborn. She was delighted, and she could now eat with Raju. Indeed before commencing their meal they made it almost a ritual to put one morsel into each other's mouth.

That accounted for Swamiraj's ritualistic fervour. For forty-five years now he had taken his meal only after offering food symbolically to Chandan. Although born in a low caste family, Chandan had raised herself to the level of a Brahman through her single-minded devotion. Now-a-days, we need make neither penance nor earn merit. Our restaurants are the public levellers at little cost. Which is better—Chandan's selfless devotion to her objective, or our self-indulgence?

Swamiraj resumed his tale of Rajubhatt on the following day.

One night the men of the Thakore of Barkantha with Rajubhatt at their head attacked a marriage party which was proceeding from Chandod to Baroda and robbed them of everything. On their way back with their booty, however, they, in their turn, were ambushed by men of the Thakore of Dhebaria. In the encounter some Barkantha men were killed and the booty was seized and carried away by the Dhebarias!

At this the Thakore of Barkantha became furious as he felt deeply humiliated. He vowed to wreak revenge on Dhebaria.

Both the Thakores belonged to the same family. About two hundred years back the younger brother of the then Thakore of Dhebaria quarrelled with his brother and left Dhebaria vowing to destroy the other. He was a brave man. Re-

maining in exile he captured Barkantha and established his family there. He built a fortress round it. Ever since that time a blood feud had raged between Barkantha and Dhebaria.

Therefore when the news of the disaster came to Barkantha, the Ba Saheb took a vow not to touch food or water until Barkantha had avenged itself upon Dhebaria. She ordered Rajubhatt to attack Dhebaria and sent her sixteen-year-old younger son to accompany him.

Accompanied by the self-willed prince Vijaykumar and twelve other men Rajubhatt set out on horseback to Dhebaria at midnight. They were full of spirit when they left Barkantha. Their war cry 'Har Har Mahadev' and 'Jay Jay Bajrang, could be heard for miles around.

Then the skirmish followed. The Barkantha men fought boldly and killed several of the Dhebaria men, where some among them were left dead on the field. Rajubhatt had bravely led them. He had personally accounted for ten of Dhebaria's dead and about fifteen wounded. Indeed he had taught Dhebaria a lesson.

Early next morning when Rajubhatt's party returned to Barkantha, such of the men who came back were dog-tired. The wounds of some of them were still fresh, while the clothes of others were bespattered with blood. Many had their wounds bandaged with their own turbans. A few horses, too, had been wounded. While returning, these men had a tough job, keeping their horses

from dropping down dead on the road. But they had won a victory and were hoarse shouting 'Har Har Mahadev'.

River Narmada was in full spate and the cold wind that blew from the river refreshed their tired bodies. Rajubhatt's hand carried the trophy of his blood-stained sword. But there was no joy in his heart. The sixteen-year-old Vijaykumar was dead. His corpse lay sprawling somewhere on the outskirts of Dhebaria. Along with him had been killed another brave warrior, Randhir, his loyal lieutenant. No more would he ride a horse and shout 'Har Har Mahadev'.

On the border of Barkantha was the temple of Bhutanath, where Chandan awaited Rajubhatt. Thither went all those heroes, washed their blood-stained hands and feet in holy Narmada and sat down in the courtyard. Chandan offered them all bread, baked rice, ground-nuts and whatever she could lay her hands on by way of eats in the house, and then gave them cold water to drink. After partaking them those men fell asleep.

The victorious cry of 'Har Har Mahadev' delighted the awaiting mothers, sisters and wives in the village of Barkantha as well as in Thakorvada where Thakore's family lived. Ba Saheb had spent the day in the temple of Mahadeva offering worship. She felt happy that she had been able to avenge the affront offered by the enemy of Dhebaria.

Although quite early, the people of Barkantha were soon up and

moving, eager to greet the heroes and to know first-hand what had happened and how many Dhebaria men and horses had been killed and wounded. The women when they arrived at the temple saw their men fast asleep. They made a tally of all who had returned. Those who found their men were happy and heaved a sigh of relief. Soon it was known that among those who had not returned from the fight was Randhir. When his wife, Mangla, learnt this, she went wild with grief. She ran to Rajubhatt who was lying asleep and shook him awake: 'Where is my little son's father? Where have you left him, you, butcher? May you and your family be exterminated,' she said.

Mangla raved, cursed and wept in turn and became uncontrollable. When Raju sat up she resumed her attack. 'You wretched man, you took him with you to fight. And now you have left him behind to be eaten up by ravens. How could you? I have lost my man, my everything. May you lose everything you hold dear.' Mangla's distress was unbearable to witness.

How was Rajubhatt to bring back Randhir? His body lay sprawling on the outskirts of Dhebaria. Mangla wept bitterly. Raju had dealt innumerable blows and had received quite a few in return. He had been encircled by riders whom he had hacked to death and remained unmoved. Now, at the sight of this disconsolate widow, he lost his composure and addressed Mangla: 'Sister Mangla, how can I bring back Randhir? He has served his

Thakore gloriously and faithfully.'

'Faithfully?' asked Mangla with bitterness and dashed her head against the wall. 'What do I care for your Thakore? He (Randhir) might have eaten Thakore's salt, I don't care. I only want my husband back. Bring him back, bring my son's father'.

It took some time before Mangla could regain mastery over herself, when she piteous wailing recounted herself the good deeds of her husband. There was none as brave as he in the whole of Barkantha. He was incomparable. 'Oh my son's father! Where have you gone?' cried she in anguish. Her woeful distress moved Rajubhatt, who realised that what was real was Mangla's sorrow, while loyalty to Thakore was the unreal.

By that time all the other men had woken up, Ba Saheb too had arrived. She was accompanied by two maid-servants who carried a supply of bandages, medicines and food. She asked the girls to dress the wounded men and feed them, while she sought Rajubhatt and patted him affectionately.

'I am glad you have come back—thanks be to Bholanath', said she.

Rajubhatt did not reply. How could he? The young prince entrusted to his care had been killed and he did not have the courage to face the mother. Ba Saheb went on to remark, 'I have heard of what has happened'. This gave Rajubhatt some courage and he said, 'Ba Saheb, if I could have had my way, I would have brought Kunwar Saheb back alive. I did all

I could to protect him. I assure you, Ba Saheb, I would have gladly given my life for his.'

There was no exaggeration in what Raju said. His men had attacked the enemy in pitch darkness, but before long Raju could see that the young prince had fallen from his charger. Immediately Raju whipped his horse to his side and vigorously attacked the enemy who were about to overwhelm the young prince, but to no purpose.

Rajubhatt turned to Ba Saheb and said, 'I did all I could to save Kunwar Saheb.'

'I know, my son', replied Ba Saheb. Those few words assured Raju of Ba Saheb's full faith in him.

'I know, my son,' repeated Ba Saheb. 'When I was offering worship to Lord Mahadeva earlier in the evening, my rosary suddenly snapped and I realised at once what was coming.'

'Ba Saheb, Kunwar Saheb laid down his life protecting the honour of Barkantha.'

'My dear brother, I am an illiterate woman. For the moment all I can think of is that you have saved the honour of the Rajputs. I lay great store by honour, yet it is a pity we had no worthier occasion to die for. I had a vision of Lord Bholanath. He spoke to me in words which I could not hear but which I could understand. "My daughter," said the Lord, "you cannot conquer evil by evil." I am ignorant, but I am certain I heard those words from Bhola Shambu Himself'.

Raju was stunned by these words



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and kept looking at his bleeding hands and blood-stained clothes. 'Perhaps I am a fool, and perhaps I am confused,' continued Ba Saheb. But, Raju, you are well-read. Someone had been telling me that you were once a Sadhu. Is that true?"

Ba Saheb suddenly stopped speaking when she heard a deafening clatter of a horse's hooves and saw a rising cloud of dust in the distance. A galloping horseman was speeding towards them. Evidently, he was a picket racing to give them a warning. Everyone guessed what it portended. The Thakore of Dhebaria was coming, escorted, of course, by the police officers of the Baroda State with a warrant of arrest against them. The picket shouted at the top of his voice asking them to clear out. All ran to safety. Those who were unable to move were helped to escape by their wives.

Chandan came up to Rajubhatt carrying her son, Shambhudatt. Said Raju to Ba Saheb: 'I am afraid this is going to be the end of my life. Everyone knows that I was leading the attack and that I have personally slain several of Dhebaria's men. Under the circumstances, you and Thakore Saheb cannot intervene in this matter, for you will lose your State. Look after Chandan and Shambhu after I am gone'. Saying this he ran for safety.

Ba Saheb was a true Rajput woman. She quickly followed him. Chandan and Shambhudatt too followed them into the fort. The gates were closed. Ba Saheb then took Rajubhatt by the back-door into

the part of the palace reserved for women. With the help of Chandan, she pushed him into a cellar and closed the trap-door. She placed on it a manually-operated grinding mill. From down below Raju could hear Chandan's voice chanting the Lord's name as she worked the grinding mill ceaselessly.

Not long after, police officers of Baroda and Dhebaria's men arrived and were met by the Thakore. They inquired where Rajubhatt and his men were. The Thakore denied all knowledge of their whereabouts and of course asserted that they had nothing to do with the dacoity. The Thakore played host to the policemen for a fortnight and pretended to help them in their search for Rajubhatt. They searched many houses. The Thakore even moved his women-folk from their part of the palace to enable the police to satisfy themselves. Their search was in vain.

Day and night Chandan sat turning the stone mill used for grinding corn which had been placed on the trap-door of the cellar. At midnights Ba Saheb would come there and with Chandan's help move the grinding stones aside and open the trap-door. She and Chandan would then bring Rajubhatt out of the cellar, so he could breathe fresh air. The two women would then offer prayers to Mahadevji on behalf of Rajubhatt. Rajubhatt would also offer prayers; he assured them that the prayers of his two guardian angels would not go in vain. And God appeared to have listened to their request. For a whole fortnight

Chandan kept on turning the grinding mill all day and half the night. She refused to desist for a moment from her task. She feared that if she stopped for a moment, the police would find the trap-door and trace Rajubhatt.

Fifteen days' strenuous grinding, all day and half the night, took a heavy toll of Chandan's health. Her palm was lacerated and bleeding. She had started vomiting blood due to the strain. But she made no complaint and nothing would move her from the trap-door. On the day the policemen left, they removed the grinding stones and brought Rajubhatt out from the cellar. When he saw Chandan in daylight he was aghast. 'What has happened to you, Chandan? Why are your palms bandaged?'

'O, nothing much,' replied Chandan. 'I will bring you some food.' She was coughing every other minute and her voice was feeble.

By the time Rajubhatt had his bath and was ready to say his prayers. Chandan arrived with a *thali* full of food in her hand. Despite her persistent cough she tried to smile. She affectionately fed him from out of her hands, then put the plate down on the floor. As usual, Rajubhatt tried to feed a morsel in Chandan's mouth. As she opened her mouth to receive the food, she looked affectionately at

Rajubhatt. The food so placed however stuck in her throat; she could not swallow it. After a little struggle, she threw out the morsel and along with it vomitted blood, collapsed on the floor and died.

"Poor Chandan!" I could not help remarking, as the Swamiraj concluded the story. "What a pity that after all this suffering, her life should have been cruelly cut short!" said I.

My dear brother, you need not be surprised to know that for Rajubhatt Chandan is still alive, for Swamiraj's eyes smiled when he heard my spontaneous reaction and said in an affectionate voice, "No, you are wrong; she is still living with me in the form of my God."

There was no grief in his voice. There was the certainty that he was telling something which was clear to him as daylight. I could now understand the full significance of his mode of worship at his private temple. When I realised what it all meant, I fell at his feet.

"My daughter," said Swamiraj, "it is entirely in us to discover the form in which God reveals Himself to us."

My dear brother, I was deeply moved by this story. I am still somewhat in an agitated frame of mind. Anyhow it is late now. I shall write to you again tomorrow.

Yours,
Raj.

[To be continued]

Sacrifices by the wealthy, forbearance of the mighty, courage in sorrow, unostentation in righteous conduct are the marks of greatness.

THE YOUNGER PRINCE AT LARGE

DESTINY works in strange ways. While one may see in it the helping hand, others may see in it a serpent and experience its concomitant fear. Perhaps it is inherent in it and destiny meant it that way.

When the royal elephant voluntarily placed the garland on the elder brother's neck and hoisted him aloft with its trunk for an exalted purpose, the younger brother saw in it the hand of death and without caring even to pause or look back, fled into the jungle convinced all the while that his brother was killed by a rogue elephant pursued by a party of shikars.

When he thought he was at a safe distance, he paused and looking back, shed copious tears crying: "O, my beloved brother! Is it for losing you that we started from home? How shall I answer our father and mother? How indeed shall I move alone in this vast world without your help? O, brother!"

Consoling himself in many ways, the younger brother walked ahead, reaching a city by nightfall. He was greatly fatigued by hunger and thirst. As he walked along the streets of the city, he saw a large mansion where he thought he might begin with success. So, ascending its steps, he knocked at

the door when a maid appeared to whom he said: "Mother, I have had no food for three days. I am hungry. Will you give me a morsel?"

That mansion happened to belong to a prosperous danseuse of the city and when the maid saw the thirty-two royal marks on the young beggar's person, she called her head mistress from inside and whispered her findings into her ears. The head mistress of the house was an old woman who was well versed with the ways of the world. She was a connoisseur of men and nothing would escape her shrewd eyes. At the very first look she sized the young man up to be of royal stock but could not at once account for his present condition. She held the view that everything on God's earth had its own use provided one tapped it at the right time and place. She would not discard even a broken screw, unless she was convinced after a period of waiting and watching, it was absolutely of no use. Persons of royal origin could never depreciate in their intrinsic value. The conch does not lose its whiteness even after being roasted by fire. She concluded that she could put him to good use.

So, she smiled at him, took him inside the house, gave him a wash and fed him sumptuously. The old woman's daughter who was the most sought-after danseuse of the place, cultivated the young man's friendship with the object of knowing all about his past and future plans.

One day in the course of a conversation the danseuse said something funny which made the young prince laugh. It may be recalled that as a

It was during the reign of Emperor Sher Shah that India's famous national highway—the Grand Trunk Road—was built. To tend the needs of the traveller and his horse, *sarais* or rest houses were built at an interval of two *kos* (roughly four miles) along the entire stretch of the road. Today, there is a network of roads covering the country, and still more are being built to convert the nation into a neighbourhood. It is along these roads that merchandise can move to the remotest village or hamlet in the country. They are the highways to economic progress.



As a new source of supply of a versatile road building material, the newly commissioned asphalt plant of the Stanvac Bombay Refinery will be a big help to India's road-building programme. Completed in ten short months at a cost of 102 lakhs of rupees, this plant can turn out in one year enough asphalt to surface 12 parallel roads, each 12 feet wide, running all the way from Delhi to Calcutta. Furthermore, the plant has increased the foreign exchange savings generated by the Company's Refinery—the first large modern one to be built in India. Since its completion in 1954 more than 73.56 per cent of all the petroleum products sold by Standard-Vacuum in India has been refined here.

The initial cost of the Refinery was Rs. 1,193 lakhs. Of this total initial investment Stanvac advanced Rs. 793 lakhs and Indian sources provided another Rs. 400 lakhs. Since 1954, Stanvac has made additions totalling Rs. 401 lakhs for plant expansion and improvements. It now provides more than 20 per cent of India's total needs for refined petroleum products.



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result of eating the kernel of the divine mango-fruit, the prince had the faculty of spilling valuable gems from his mouth. He did so. The old woman who was witness to the phenomenon rushed towards him and artfully collected them all in her hand. While she picked, she patted herself on her back on her acumen in judging the value of the stranger.

Seating herself along with her daughter beside him, the old woman put the young prince at his ease and asked: "How is it, my son, that you spill these gems as you laugh? You do so often?"

"No. This is the first time I did. Recently I happened to eat a little kernel of a divine mango. On account of its great power, I am able to do so."

"Who gave that fruit to you? Not that I am interested in it."

"A sage gave it to me in the forest. Even that sage cannot do it for a hundred years to come."

"How so?"

"This mango-fruit grows only once in a hundred years."

"I see! I am so glad you got that precious fruit. You are indeed lucky."

She left the conversation at that point instructed her daughter privately to use all her arts to make the youngster laugh as often as possible. In his new-found love, the young man never suspected her intentions. The danseuse was amassing great wealth by collecting all the gems.

Human nature is apt to overreach itself in its eagerness. In her greed to possess the potentialities of the divine mango entirely the old woman decided on secreting the kernel of the divine mango which, according to her,

was still in his close possession if not in his abdomen since he continued to confer the benefits. She struck on a plan.

So she told him one day: "My son, I think it is good once in a while to take a purgative as it will help maintain your health in good trim."

Little suspecting, the young prince drank the potion she gave. That medicine was a strong purgative and under its effects weaker men were known to have succumbed. Naturally our young man too became very weak as a result of excessive purging. When he lost consciousness, the mother and daughter searched him. Not succeeding, they had him thrown out of their house into the street.

By God's grace, the young man's purge stopped. When he woke up, he was so weak that he was unable to move. A kindly soul gave him thin gruel. This revised his strength. He soon walked to the river-side and had a wash there. As he sat there, he brought back to his mind all that happened to him in the house of the danseuse and how he had been defrauded. However he did not take it seriously.

Just as he was musing thus, he saw a few yards before him a sage surrounded by four disciples. The former was apparently in his last stage. He was telling his four disciples: "After I am dead, you four divide among yourselves my turban, *kurta*, the cane and my sandals—one each. My turban will create at will large buildings. My *kurta* will give any amount of food at will. The cane will win over enemies and my sandals will take you anywhere here or in other worlds. May

God bless you!" As he said these words, his life departed.

Those four disciples who lived like brothers till then found to their horror that their preceptor's gifts proved to be a veritable apple of discord. They quarrelled among themselves as to who was to inherit which of the four gifts. Ultimately they agreed to refer the dispute to Kalimata after the cremation of their *guru* was over. So, hiding those four precious gifts in the womb of a tree, the four *chelas* carried the dead body of their *guru* to the cremation ground.

The young prince who was watching this strange drama decided that it was God's will that the four gifts of the departed sage were really meant for him. Otherwise why should this drama at all be acted before his eyes when, of all times, he needed divine help? And why should they quarrel in the way they did and finally why should they leave the precious gifts right before his nose and go away, although for the nonce?

The young prince walked to the tree where the precious gifts were hidden, rescued them from the cavity and cleverly hid them at another place for the time being and slept at some other corner.

The foolish disciples returned after cremating their *guru* and when they found to their consternation their *guru's* gifts missing, they looked at

one another suspiciously, although they knew for certain no one of them had stayed behind. Ultimately one of them advanced the theory that the gifts must have returned to the *guru* as they had quarrelled. Although not quite satisfied with the explanation, they departed from the place in disgust in opposite directions.

As soon as his coast was clear, the young prince came to where he had hidden the four gifts of the sage, took them out and contemplating on the sage, said: "O great soul! Pardon me if I have misappropriated your gifts bequeathed to your disciples. You know very well they quarrelled and I think it was your intention to punish them and I came in conveniently. At all events, I am your disciple now. Please bless me!"

Saying this, the youngster wore the turban on his head, put on the *kurta*, stepped into the sandals and holding the cane in his hand walked to the cool shade of a tree. Seating himself comfortably on the green grass he will ed the *kurta*: "May I have good food!" No sooner said than came before him a tray of most inviting food and drink. He satisfied his hunger and thirst. Belching contentedly, he directed his will at the sandals and said: "I must now go to the danseuse's house," when lo! he was floating in the air and soon descended in the courtyard of her house.

[To be continued]

Even in the worst of circumstances good men do not become mean. Does not camphor give out more of its fragrance when it is burnt?

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News & Notes

BHAVAN'S MADRAS CENTRE

SRI SISIRKUMAR MITRA, Jt. Director of Education, Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education, Pondicherry, delivered a lecture on "Rabindranath Tagore and Sri Aurobindo—Some Reminiscences" at the Bhavan's premises on Saturday, the 20th August 1960. Sri K. Chandrasekaran, M.A., B.L., presided.

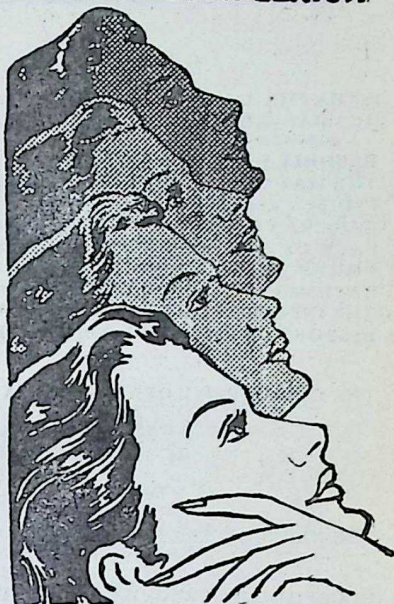
DHARMA SAMMELAN

UNDER the auspices of the Veda Dharma Shastra Paripalana Sabha, Kumbhakonam, the 20th Sammelan took place at Bangalore on the 21st of last month under the presidentship of Brahmasri Sengalipuram Anantharama Dikshitar. In connection with this conference a three-day programme was held at Sri Rama Bhajan Mandir Hall, Malleswaram, where on each day lectures and discourses on topics like the Samskaras were delivered by learned men. Three of the Heads of Mutts of Karnatak graced the occasion by their presence. There was *Avahanti-homa* on the 20th. The Conference which was inaugurated by Sri. A. G. Ramachandra Rao, Ex-Education Minister of Mysore, was attended by more than five thousand delegates. There were Vedic recitals by Vidwans. The President, Sri Dikshitar, distributed the prizes to Vidwans and exhorted the public to cultivate Dharmic way of living which emerged from the eternal Vedas, the fount of all Dharmas.

BODHENDRA JAYANTI

THE 268th 'Aradhana' Festival of Sad-guru Bodhendra which falls on September 17, is being conducted under the joint auspices of Thakurli Bhajana Samaj and the residents of Wadala, at 'PRABHA', Plot No. 89, Bombay-31, on September 16, 17 and 18. Sri Bodhendra who was a great exponent of the efficacy of Ramanama was the 59th Acharya of the Kanchi Kamakoti Peeth. His life story can be had free from the above address.

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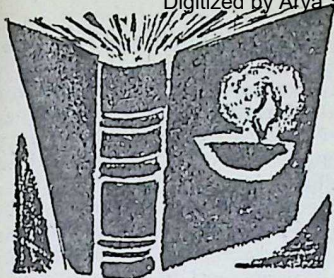
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Our Bookshelf

THE LIFE OF SWAMI PURUSHOTHAMANANDA. Published by P. Narayan, Ashok Bhawan, City Station Road, Agra. First edition, 1959. pp. 218+6. Price: Rs. 2.50 nP.

BASED on the *Atma Katha* in Malayalam of Swami Purushothamananda, this book on the life of the Swami in English is a well-written narrative. Neelakanthan, as the Swami was in his *purva ashram*, was born in a conservative Hindu family in Thiruvalla in the old Travancore part of the Kerala State. Quite early in life the call for a higher life had come to him as it did to many great sages of Bharatavarsha. Unlike, however, Sri Ramana Maharshi of Tiruvannamalai, Neelakanthan was not able to sever completely his ties in the early years of his life. However, on his mother's death, renunciation became easy. He was fortunate in having *satsanga* quite early in his life and the old Hindu traditions of people around him quickened the pace in him for a life of renunciation and service. Frequenting the temple near his house,

the young Bhakta forgot himself in meditation and prayer. Illness quite often proved a handicap to him which he had to overcome as he did when he sought the feet of Lord Krishna at Guruvayur.

Obstacles were constantly threatening to thwart his material progress and these made him take more and more to a life of meditation. Swami Nirmalananda of the Ramakrishna Mission, who became his Guru, named him Neelakantha Bhaktan and moulded his formative years by his spiritual guidance.

The book gives an account of the places of pilgrimage visited by Bhaktan all over India. The frequent bodily illness which would have incapacitated ordinary mortals made Bhaktan more and more determined to live a life of renunciation and service.

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which stretches from Hardwar to Kedar and Badrinath. Vasishtha Guha on the banks of the Ganges north of Hrishikesh cast a spell on Bhaktan who was given *Sannyasa* in the Ramakrishna Order and had assumed the name of Purushothamananda. Sage Vasishtha of the *Ramayana* chose the cave near the lovely wooded spot on the slopes of the Himalayas and the cave had an overpowering attraction for the Swami, perhaps on account of a *purva janma vasana*. Even today the Swami is adorning this spot and is a great solace and a spiritual leader not only to the inhabitants around but also to his many disciples all over India and particularly on the west coast of South India.

Among his contemporaries Swami Sivananda of Hrishikesh has played his part in the onward march of the Swami. Many are the sages and saints who have come into contact with this great spiritual Guru of Hrishikesh and have borne the impact of his influence.

The Swami is yet another example of the Hindu Sannyasi who preaches by his life and by word of mouth the undying and eternal truths of the Upanishads. He does not establish a new creed. The Ramakrishna Order itself can proudly claim the Swami as one of its shining leaders moulded in the cast of the Paramahansa Ramakrishna himself. The remarkable trait in the Swami is his conquest of his senses and his renunciation of all worldly goods.

This book will be a useful addition to any library containing philosophical and religious works as an absorbing life-sketch of a genuine saint who has travelled all over India and is shedding his lustre from Vasishtha Guha.

—Sri C. R. Pattabhi Raman.

HAPPINESS OF MANKIND. By Dr. T. K. N. Trivikram. Published by K. Raman, Congress House, Bombay. pp. 129. Price: Rs. 3.

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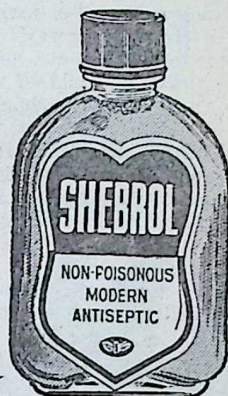
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thought and has proposed a reconstruction of our political philosophy in the light of ancient Indian thought. This should not be mistaken for a revival of the past, resulting from a nostalgia for all that is ancient. He examines critically the different aspects of the clashing ideologies that are competing for the mastery of man's soul and imagination today. He examines the current political ideologies—democracy, socialism and communism—with great scholarship and profuse documentation and condemns them for lack of moral excellence and right appraisal of the nature of man and his happiness. He believes that the State should not merely exist for the sake of life but also make good life possible as Aristotle envisaged. Dr. Trivikram puts forth a passionate plea for the supremacy of the moral law. He writes "Happiness is the reward not of constitution and legislation, nor of forms of government, but of discipline and virtue." In another context he writes, "Unless we are prepared to remove the defects in ourselves, our institutions will never serve us right...without moral excellence in the governors and the governed, a Welfare State is not possible. Inner strength is the solution to the ills of the world."

Dr. Trivikram puts forth the conception of a Sattvic State as the ideal one. He does not underrate the significance of economic life but pleads for the internal development which makes proper enjoyment of economic life possible. He pleads for a State which respects individual personality and makes it possible for the individual to contribute creatively. He is not for a police-State nor a semi-police-State, nor for States which are the way to it. Dr. Trivikram has his roots in Indian classical view. He stresses the need for moral excellence in the individual, in the family, in society and the State.

Dr. Trivikram has no patience with a secular State. He makes the interesting suggestion and vigorously pleads for the Sattvic State, for the establishment of a Ministry of Moral Excellence in the governments of India.



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believes that India with its glorious past should give the world a lead in this matter. Trivikram has Manu's sanction for such a dream: Manu did put India so high:

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मानवाः॥

Manu. II 20.

Dr. Trivikram discusses many interesting things and the entire book is full of learning and passion for a moral life. He is right when he declares "that constitution is no use, if the man refuses to build himself up into a being of character." Plato in his *Republic* said "Constitutions are as the men are and grow out of their character." Dr. Trivikram's challenge has a topical value in the materialistic world of today.

—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.

THE DIVINE AWAKENER. By Swami Rajeshwarananda. Published by Sevashramam, Eesanaya Road, Tiru-

vannamalai, N. A. District, South India. pp. 480. Price: Rs. 5.50 nP.

THE book under review is a collection of editorials written by Swami Rajeshwaranandaji for the monthly *The Call Divine*. The book deals with diverse topics of philosophy, ethics and religion.

A few extracts alone are enough to give an idea of the way Swamiji writes. "Prayers are quiet communion wherein man speaks and God listens, and while God speaks man listens." "Vice digs its own grave and builds its own tomb because the seeds of destruction are in its very womb". Hence when it knocks at your door, be able and bold to say "no room for your ladyship, pass on". "Arjuna acting, acts not; killing, kills not, since the action is minus the poisonous sting". "Man is an expression of God, and God is the reality of man". "Behave not like the husband who threatens to make a widow of his wife. Be not a square peg in a round hole. Be not a superanimated yesterday in-

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The author has revealed in the present book the wisdom of Vedanta with profundity and grace. This is a brilliant book full of lofty ideas and inspiring thoughts. Though the style of the author is apothegmatic, sententious and high-falutin, yet it is laconic, perspicuous and mellifluous. The more one reads the book, the more he will like it. Swami Sivananda writes about this book, "This is a scripture for your swadhyaya and it is your guru". The book is really so.

—Prof. Dayal Sharan.

SANSKRIT

SRIMAD VALMIKI RAMAYANAM (Sanskrit Text). Edited by Mulla-kudy R. Sunderesa Sastry. Foreword by Swami Sivananda. Price: Rs. 15/-.

THIS work which is critically compiled from a number of ancient sources has some innovations in the text. While the common conception is that the great work consists of 24,000 verses after the Gayatri, this volume consists only of 20,000 verses. Sundarakanda has only 54 and not the usual 68 sargas; the familiar Chandrodaya Varnana and Akshakumara Vadha are missing from this sarga; Aditya Hridaya forms the 87th sarga; in the phala-sruti of Samkshepa Ramayana the famous verse Patthan Dwija is missing; many verses like Namosthu Ramaya are considered by the author as interpolations.

The author who is reputed for his

Ramayana expositions is entitled to his views but he should show such differences separately by footnotes.

The editor's thesis appears to be that verses not in *anushtub* metre cannot be Valmiki's because of the poet's admitted preference for that metre.

The volume is neatly printed and produced.

—Sri V. S. Mahalinga Sastri.

GUJARATI

CHAR TIRTHAMKAR (Four Tirthamkaras). By Pandit Sukhlal Sanghavi. Published by R. D. Kora, 48 Gowalia Tank Road, Bombay 26. pp. 8+182. 1960. Price: Re. 1.50 nP.

THIS is a collection of ten articles and studies pertaining to the four Jain Saviours Rishabha, Nemi, Parshva and Mahavira. They reveal all the usual characteristics of the author's writings: objectivity, rational approach, originality of interpretation and social purposiveness.

In the first study of the collection he has construed the traditional life-story of Rishabha, the first Saviour, as connoting a disinterestedly active participation in worldly life (and *not* its denial). If this interpretation is accepted, the conclusion that Jainism had an activist slant near its origin becomes inescapable. The conjecture is well-reasoned and has startling implications for the history, evolution and the present-day practice of Jainism. In another study the author has attempted to show—and according to the reviewer, quite convincingly—that the

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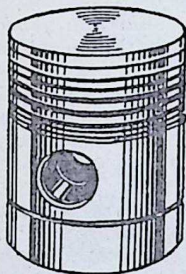
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traditional biography of Mahavira was substantially influenced by the rich and highly popular Krishna legend of Hinduism. His comparative study of Parshva's and Mahavira's respective roles in moulding Jainism succeeds in placing some of the basic differences between the Shvetambara and the Digambara sects of Jainism in their historical perspective.

The publisher deserves credit for selecting these valuable contributions to Jain religion and history for the purpose of a memorial publication.

—Dr. H. C. Bhayani.

TELUGU

AAKUNDI VYASAMURTI SASTRI CAARI JEEVITA CHARITRA. By V. Ramachandra Keerti, Lecturer in Economics, Government Arts College, Rajahmundry. Published by A. Venkata Sastri, Kakarparuru, via Tanuku, West Godavari Dist. Price: 50 nP.

AAKUNDI VYASAMURTI SASTRI was an 'Ashtavadhani' of great renown who adorned the chair of Sanskrit for more than 20 years in Government Arts College, Rajahmundry, and retired in 1915. He was a versatile Sanskrit scholar well-versed in Telugu also and he has enriched the latter literature with translations of as many as 13 *parvas* of the *Mahabharata* and also translated Sanskrit dramas like *Prabodhachandrodaya*, *Anargharaghava* and also the lyric *Surya Shatakam*. Similarly he has written other Telugu works also like *Ritu Samharamu*, *Bhaamini Vilasamu*, *Adhyatma Ramayanamu*, *Parashara Smriti* and attempted a Telugu rendering of that high watermark of Sanskrit literature, the *Naisadhamu*, but his death prevented him from completing it. The present biography is written by his affectionate grandson who is also a learned Professor now in the same college. The biographer could have provided a historical touch by supplying actual dates, as provided in the appreciative articles that have already appeared in the Telugu journals.

Bharati. We wish him all success in his efforts to produce a commemoration volume, but we would urge that it avoid typographical errors (as are found in the book) and provide us with more authentic source material (with correct dates).

—Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

TO THE PATRIOTS (A Historical Review). By Prabhata Rainjana Sarkar. Published by Ananda Marga Pracaraka Sangha, P.O. Jamalpur, E. Rly. 25nP.

CHESHTA-BALA SIMPLIFIED. By R. N. Ramasubban. Published by the author, Ravanasamudram, Tirunelveli Dist. Re. 1.

GURU-RAMANA-V A C H A N A -MALA. By "WHO". Published by Sri Ramanasramam, Tiruvannamalai. Re. 1.

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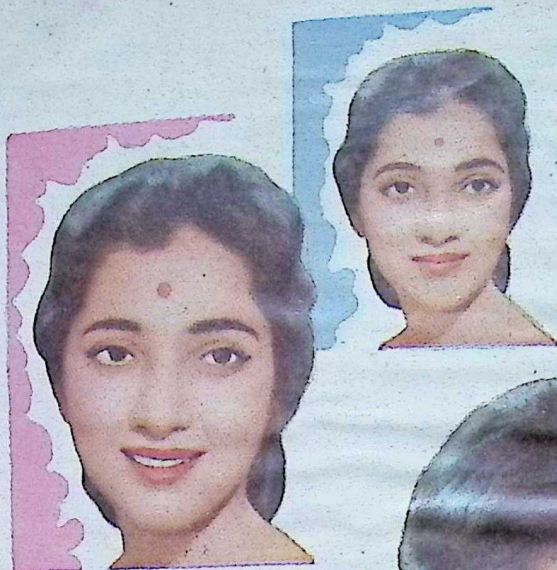
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